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## NEW YORK SOCIETY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

To lament the days that are gone, and believe the past better than the present, is a tendency which has been remarked as far back as the days of Solomon. "Say not thou," says the wise King, "What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." However this may be, it is a propensity, which has always existed, to compare unfavorably the present with the distant past. The Golden Age of which poets sang was in "our fathers' day, and in the old time before them."

From this feeling the writer realizes that he is not free, and, in many respects, might be inclined to impute his estimate of the present to the waning light in which he sees it. When dealing, however, with facts with which he is well acquainted, he feels that he cannot be prejudiced; and in this way it is that he contrasts the society of the present with that which once existed in New York. From his distant home he looks back on the rush and hurry of life as it now exists in his native city; and, while he realizes its increased glitter and splendor, he feels that it has depreciated from the dignity and high tone which once characterized it.

Of the society of the olden time he can, of course, know but little by ac-

tual experience. His knowledge of it began when the old *régime* was just passing away. In the days of his childhood, the men of the Revolution were fast going down to the grave. Of these he knew some in their old age. His father's contemporaries, however, were somewhat younger, though brought up under the same influences. But when that generation departed, the spirit which had aided in forming their characters had gone also, never again to be felt. To many of these men he looked up as if they were superior beings; and, indeed, he has felt, in all his passage through life, that he has never seen the equals of those who then stood forward prominently in public affairs.

The earliest notice we have of colonial society is in Mrs. Grant's delightful "American Lady." She was the daughter of a British officer who came over with troops during the old French war, and her reminiscences begin about 1760. Her residence was principally in Albany, with the Schuyler family. Still, she was brought in contact with the leading families of the colony, and as she was in the habit of often visiting New York, she learned much of the state of things in that city. She writes thus of the old Dutch and colonial families of that day: "They bore about

them the tokens of former affluence and respectability, such as family-plate, portraits of their ancestors executed in a superior style, and great numbers of original paintings, some of which were much admired by acknowledged judges." In New York, of course, the highest degree of refinement was to be seen, and she says: "An expensive and elegant style of living began already to take place in New York, which was, from the residence of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, become the seat of a little court."

Society, in that day, was very stationary. About 1635 the first Dutch settlers came out, and the country was much of it occupied by their large grants, many of which had attached to them manorial rights. They brought with them some of the social distinction of the old country. In the cities of Holland, for a long time, there had been "great" and "small" burgher rights. In Amsterdam the "great burghers" monopolized all the offices, and were also exempt from attainder and confiscation of goods. The "small burghers" had the freedom of trade only. In 1657 this "great burgher" right was introduced into New Amsterdam by Governor Stuyvesant.

In Paulding's "Affairs and Men of New Amsterdam in the Time of Governor Peter Stuyvesant," we find a list of the recorded GREAT CITIZENSHIP, in the year 1657. As a matter of the olden time, it is here given entire:

- Job. La Montagnie Jun.
- Jan Gillesen Van Burgh.
- Hendrick Kip.
- De Heer General Stuyvesant.
- Domanie Megapolensis.
- Jacob Garritsen Strycker.
- Van Virge.
- Wife of Cornelis Van Teinhoven.
- Hendrick Van Dyck.
- Isaac Kip.
- Hendrick Kip Jun.
- Capt. Martin Criegier.
- Carel Van Burgh.
- Jacob Van Couwenhoven.
- Laurisen Cornelisen Van Wel.
- Johannes Pietersen Van Burgh.
- Cornelis Steenwyck.
- Wilb. Bogardus.
- Dañiel Litachoe.
- Pieter Van Couwenhoven.

"These twenty names," says William L. Stone, writing in 1866, "composed the aristocracy of New York two hundred and nine years ago. . . . We have also before us the names of the 'Small Citizenship,' which numbered two hundred and sixteen. In a few short years it was found that the division of the citizens into two classes produced great inconvenience, in consequence of the very small number of great burghers who were eligible to office. It now became necessary for the Government to change this unpopular order. In the year 1668 the difference between 'great' and 'small' burghers was abolished, when every burgher became legally entitled to all burgher privileges."\*

About fifty years after the arrival of the early Dutch settlers, they were followed by the Huguenots, driven abroad principally by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and including, in their number, members of some of the best families in France. Thus came the Jays, De Lanceys, Rapaljes, De Peysters, Pintards, &c. In 1688 the English took possession of the colony, and, from that time, English settlers increased. The colony became (as Paulding says) "a place in which to provide for younger sons." Still, this often brought out scions of distinguished families and the best blood in England.

Thus matters stood until the Revolution. The country was parcelled out among great proprietors. We can trace them from the city of "New Amsterdam" to the northern part of the State. In what is now the thickly-populated city were the lands of the Stuyvesants, originally the *Bouerie* of the old Governor. Next above was the grant to the Kip family, called "Kip's Bay," made in 1638. In the centre of the island were the possessions of the De Lanceys. Opposite, on Long Island, was the grant to the Laurence family. We cross over Harlaem River and reach "Morrissanea," given to the Morris family. Beyond this, on the East River, was

\* Stone's "History of New York City," p. 33.

"De Lancey's Farm," another grant to that powerful family; while on the Hudson, to the west, was the lower Van Courtlandt manor, and the Phillipse manor. Above, at Peekskill, was the upper manor of the Van Courtlandts. Then came the manor of Livingston, then the Beekmans, then the manor of Kipsburgh, purchased by the Kip family from the Indians, in 1686, and made a royal grant by Governor Dongan, two years afterwards. Still higher up was the Van Rensselaer manor, twenty-four miles by forty-eight; and, above that, the possessions of the Schuylers. Further west, on the Mohawk, were the broad lands of Sir William Johnson, created a baronet for his services in the old French and Indian wars, who lived in a rude magnificence at Johnson Hall. All this was sacrificed by his son, Sir John, for the sake of loyalty, when he took up arms for the king and was driven into Canada. The title, however, is still held by his grandson, and stands recorded in the baronetage of England.

The very names of places, in some cases, show their history. Such, for instance, is that of Yonkers. The word Junker (pronounced *Younker*), in the languages of northern Europe, means the nobly-born—the gentleman. In West Chester, on the Hudson River, still stands the old manor-house of the Phillipse family. The writer remembers, in his early day, when visiting there, the large rooms and richly-ornamented ceilings, with quaint old formal gardens about the house. When, before the Revolution, Mr. Phillipse lived there, "lord of all he surveyed," he was always spoken of by his tenantry as "the Yonker"—the gentleman—*par excellence*. In fact, he was the only person of that social rank in that part of the country. In this way the town, which subsequently grew up about the old manor-house, took the name of Yonkers.

This was a state of things which existed in no other part of the continent. In New England there were scarcely any large landed proprietors. The country was divided up among small

farmers, and, when the Revolution commenced, the people almost unanimously espoused its cause. The aristocratic element, which in New York rallied around the Crown, was here entirely wanting. The only exception to this, which we can remember, was the case of the Gardiners, of Maine. Their wide lands were confiscated for their loyalty; but, on account of some informality, after the Revolution, they managed to recover their property, and are still seated at Gardiner.

At the South, where so much was said about their being "the descendants of the Cavaliers," there were no such feudal relations. The planters had no tenantry; they had slaves. Their system, therefore, was similar to that of the serfdom of Russia. With the colonial families of New York it was the English feudal system.

Hereditary landed property was, in that day, invested with the same dignity in New York which it has now in Europe; and, for more than a century, these families retained their possessions, and directed the infant colony. They formed a *coterie* of their own, and, generation after generation, married among themselves. Turn to the early records of New York, and you find all places of official dignity filled by a certain set of familiar names, many of which, since the Revolution, have entirely disappeared. As we have remarked, they occupied a position similar to that of the English country gentleman, with his many tenants, and were everywhere looked up to with the same kind of respect which is now accorded to them. Their position was an acknowledged one, for social distinctions then were marked and undisputed. They were the persons who were placed in office in the Provincial Council and Legislature, and no one pretended to think it strange. "They," says a writer on that day, "were the gentry of the country, to whom the country, without a rebellious thought, took off its hat."

In that age the very dress plainly marked the distinctions in society. No one who saw a gentleman could mistake

his social position. Those people of a century ago now look down upon us from their portraits, in costumes which, in our day, we see nowhere but on the stage. Velvet coats with gold lace, large sleeves and ruffles at the hands, wigs and embroidered vests, with the accompanying rapier, are significant of a class removed from the rush and bustle of life—the “*nati consumere fruges*”—whose occupation was not—to toil. No one, in that day, below their degree, assumed their dress; nor was the lady surpassed in costliness of attire by her servant. In fact, at that time, there were gentlemen and ladies, and there were servants.

The manner in which these great landed estates were arranged fostered a feudal feeling. They were granted by Government to the proprietors, on condition that, in a certain number of years, they settled so many tenants upon them. These settlers were generally Germans of the lower class, who had been brought over free. Not being able to pay their passage-money, the captain took them without charge, and then they were sold by him to the landed proprietors for a certain number of years, in accordance with the size of the family. The sum received remunerated him for the passage-money. They were called, in that day, *Redemptioners*; and, by the time their term of service—sometimes extending to seven years—had expired, they were acquainted with the ways of the country and its manner of farming, had acquired some knowledge of the language, and were prepared to set up for themselves. Thus both parties were benefited. The landed proprietor fulfilled his contract with the Government, and the Redemptioners were trained for becoming independent settlers.

From these Redemptioners many of the wealthy farming families, now living in the Hudson River counties, are descended. In an early day they purchased lands which enriched their children. The writer's father once told him of an incident which occurred in his grandfather's family. One of his Ger-

man tenants, having served out his time of several years' duration, brought to his late owner a bag of gold which had come with him from the old country, and was sufficient to purchase a farm. “But,” said his master, in surprise, “how comes it, Hans, with all this money, that you did not pay your passage, instead of serving as a Redemptioner so long?” “Oh,” said the cautious emigrant from the Rhine, “I did not know English, and I should have been cheated. Now I know all about the country, and I can set up for myself.”

These tenants, however, looked up with unbounded reverence to the landed proprietor who owned them, and it took much more than one generation to enable them to shake off this feeling, or begin to think of a social equality.

There was, in succeeding times, one curious result of this system in the confusion of family names. These German Redemptioners often had but one name. For instance, a man named Paulus was settled as a tenant on an estate. As his children grew up, they needed something to distinguish them. They were Paulus' Jan and Paulus' Hendrick. This naturally changed to Jan Paulus and Hendrick Paulus, and thus Paulus became the family name.

This was well enough. But they frequently took the name of their proprietor. He was known as Morris' Paulus, and this, in the next generation, naturally changed to Paulus Morris, and his children assumed that as their family name. In this way there are many families in the State of New York bearing the names of the old landed proprietors, which have been thus derived.

Some years ago a literary gentleman, who was compiling facts with regard to the early history of the State, came to the writer, very much puzzled. “Who,” said he, “are these people? I find their names in Dutchess county, and yet, looking at Holgate's pedigree of that family, I see they cannot belong to it. Where did they come from, and where do they belong?” The above account was a satisfactory solution of the mystery.



But to return to this system. It was carried out to an extent of which, in this day, most persons are ignorant. On the Van Rensselaer manor there were, at one time, several thousand tenants, and their gathering was like that of the Scottish clans. When a member of the family died, they came down to Albany to do honor at the funeral, and many were the hogsheads of good ale which were broached for them. They looked up to the "Patroon" with a reverence which was still lingering in the writer's early day, notwithstanding the inroads of democracy. And, before the Revolution, this feeling was shared by the whole country. When it was announced in New York, a century ago, that the Patroon was coming down from Albany by land, the day he was expected to reach the city crowds turned out to see him enter in his coach-and-four.

The reference to the funerals at the Rensselaer manor-house reminds us of a description of the burial of Philip Livingston, one of the proprietors of Livingston manor, in February, 1749, taken from a paper of that day. It will show something of the customs of the times. The services were performed both at his town-house in New York, and at the manor. "In the city, the lower rooms of most of the houses in Broad-street, where he resided, were thrown open to receive visitors. A pipe of wine was spiced for the occasion, and to each of the eight bearers, with a pair of gloves, mourning ring, scarf and handkerchief, a *monkey-spoon* was given." (This was so called from the figure of an ape or monkey, which was carved *in solido* at the extremity of the handle. It differed from a common spoon in having a circular and very shallow bowl.) "At the manor these ceremonies were all repeated, another pipe of wine was spiced, and, besides the same presents to the bearers, a pair of black gloves and a handkerchief were given to each of the tenants. The whole expense was said to amount to £500."

Now, all this was a state of things and a manner of social life totally unknown in New England. We have al-

ready mentioned that most of its inhabitants were small farmers, wringing their subsistence from the earth by hard labor. Here were literally no *servants*, but a perfect social equality existed in the rural districts. Their "helps" were the sons and daughters of neighboring farmers, poorer than themselves, who for a time took these situations, but considered themselves as good as their employers. The comparatively wealthy men were in their cities.

No two races of men could be more different than the New Yorkers of that day and the people of New England. There was a perfect contrast in all their habits of social life and ways of thinking. The Dutch disliked the *Yankees*, as they called them, most thoroughly. This feeling is shown, in a ludicrous way, through the whole of Irving's "*Knickerbocker*." "The Dutch and the *Yankees*," he says, "never got together without fighting."

There is a curious development of this prejudice in the following clause, which was inserted in the will of a member of a distinguished colonial family of New York, dated 1760. "It is my desire that my son, ———, may have the best education that is to be had in England or America; but my express will and directions are, that he never be sent, for that purpose, to the Connecticut colonies, lest he should imbibe, in his youth, that low craft and cunning so incidental to the people of that country, which is so interwoven in their constitutions that all their acts cannot disguise it from the world, though many of them, under the sanctified garb of religion, have endeavored to impose themselves on the world as honest men."

Once in a year, generally, the gentry of New York went to the city to transact their business and make their purchases. There they mingled, for a time, in its gayeties, and were entertained at the court of the Governor. These dignitaries were generally men of high families in England. One of them, for instance—Lord Cornbury—was a blood-relative of the royal family. They cop-

ied the customs and imitated the etiquette enforced "at home," and the rejoicings and sorrowings, the thanksgivings and fasts, which were ordered at Whitehall, were repeated again on the banks of the Hudson. Some years ago the writer was looking over the records of the old Dutch Church in New York, when he found, carefully filed away, some of the proclamations for these services. One of them, giving notice of a thanksgiving-day, in the reign of William and Mary, for some victory in the Low Countries, puts the celebration off a fortnight, to give time for the news to reach Albany.

During the rest of the year these landlords resided among their tenantry, on their estates; and about many of their old country-houses were associations gathered, often coming down from the first settlement of the country, giving them an interest which can never invest the new residences of those whom later times elevated through wealth. Such was the Van Courtlandt manor-house, with its wainscoted rooms and its guest-chamber; the Rensselaer manor-house, where of old had been entertained Talleyrand and the exiled princes from Europe; the Schuyler house, so near the Saratoga battle-field, and marked by memories of that glorious event in the life of its owner—(alas, that it should have passed away from its founder's family!), and the residence of the Livingstons, on the banks of the Hudson, of which Louis Philippe expressed such grateful recollection when, after his elevation to the throne, he met, in Paris, the son of his former host.

There was one more of these old places of which we would write, to preserve some memories which are now fast fading away, because it was within the bounds of our city, and was invested with so many historical associations connected with the Revolution. It is the house at Kip's Bay. Though many years have passed since it was swept away by the encroachments of the city, yet it exists among the recollections of the writer's earliest days, when it was still occupied by the family of its

founder, and regarded as their first home on this continent. It was erected in 1655, by Jacobus Kip, Secretary of the Council, who received a grant of that part of the island. There is, in the possession of the family, a picture of it as it appeared at the time of the Revolution, when still surrounded by venerable oaks. It was a large double house, with three windows on one side of the door and two on the other, with one large wing. On the right hand of the hall was the dining-room, running from front to rear, with two windows looking out over the bay, and two over the country on the other side. This was the room which was afterwards invested with interest from its connection with Major André. In the rear of the house was a pear-tree, planted by the ladies of the family in 1700, which bore fruit until its destruction in 1851. In this house five generations of the family were born.

Then came the Revolution, and Sargent, in his "Life of André," thus gives its history in those stirring times: "Where now, in New York, is the unalluring and crowded neighborhood of the Second avenue and Thirty-fifth street, stood, in 1780, the ancient *Bouerie* or country-seat of Jacobus Kip. Built in 1655, of bricks brought from Holland, encompassed by pleasant trees, and in easy view of the sparkling waters of Kip's Bay, on the East River, the mansion remained, even to our own times, in possession of one of its founder's line. Here" (continues Sargent, incorporating the humorous recollections of Irving's "Knickerbocker") "spread the same smiling meadows, whose appearance had so expanded the heart of Oloffe the Dreamer, in the fabulous ages of the colony; here still nodded the groves that had echoed back the thunder of Henry Kip's musketoon, when that mighty warrior left his name to the surrounding waves. When Washington was in the neighborhood, Kip's house had been his quarters; when Howe crossed from Long Island on Sunday, September 15th, 1776, he debarked at the rocky point hard by, and his

skirmishers drove our people from their position behind the dwelling. Since then it had known many guests. Howe, Clinton, Kniphausen, Percy, were sheltered by its roof. The aged owner, with his wife and daughter, remained; but they had always an officer of distinction quartered with them; and, if a part of the family were in arms for Congress, as is alleged, it is certain that others were active for the Crown. Samuel Kip, of Kipsburgh, led a cavalry troop of his own tenantry with great gallantry in De Lancey's regiment; and, despite severe wounds, survived long after the war, a heavy pecuniary sufferer by the cause which, with most of the landed gentry of New York, he had espoused.\*

In 1780 it was held by Colonel Williams, of the 80th royal regiment; and here, on the evening of the 19th of September, he gave a dinner to Sir Henry Clinton and his staff, as a parting compliment to André. The aged owner of the house was present; and, when the Revolution was over, he described the scene and the incidents of that dinner. At the table, Sir Henry Clinton announced the departure of André, next morning, on a secret and most important expedition, and added (what we have never seen mentioned in any other account, and showing what was to have been André's reward), "Plain John André will come back Sir John André."

André—it was said by Mr. Kip—was evidently depressed, and took but little part in the merriment about him; and when, in his turn, it became necessary for him to sing, he gave the favorite military *chanson* attributed to Wolfe, who sang it on the eve of the battle of Quebec, in which he died:

Why, soldiers, why  
Should we be melancholy, boys!  
Why, soldiers, why,  
Whose business 'tis to die!  
For should next campaign  
Send us to Him who made us, boys,  
We're free from pain;  
But should we remain,  
A bottle and kind landlady  
Makes all well again.

\* "Life of André," p. 267.

His biographer, after copying this account, adds: "How brilliant soever the company, how cheerful the repast, its memory must ever have been fraught with sadness to both host and guests. It was the last occasion of André's meeting his comrades in life. Four short days gone, the hands then clasped by friendship were fettered by hostile bonds; yet nine days more, and the darling of the army, the youthful hero of the hour, had dangled from a gibbet."\*

After the Revolution the place remained in its owner's possession, for his age had fortunately prevented him from taking any active part in the contest. And when Washington, in the hour of his triumph, returned to New York, he went out to visit again those who, in 1776, had been his involuntary hosts. Dr. Francis relates an interesting little incident which occurred at the visit: "On the old road towards Kingsbridge, on the eastern side of the island, was the well-known Kip's Farm, preëminently distinguished for its grateful fruits—the plum, the peach, the pear, and the apple—and for its choice culture of the *rosacea*. Here the *élite* often repaired, and here our Washington, now invested with Presidential honors, made an excursion, and was presented with the *rosa gallica*, an exotic first introduced into this country in this garden—fit emblem of that memorable union of France and the American colonies in the cause of republican freedom."†

In 1851 this old place was demolished. It had then stood two hundred and twelve years, and was the oldest house on the island. It was swallowed up by the growth of the mighty metropolis, and Thirty-fifth-street runs over the spot where once stood the old mansion. A short time after it was deserted, the writer made his last visit to it, while most of it was still standing, and the stone coat-of-arms over the hall-door was projecting from the half-demolished

\* "Life of André," p. 268.

† "Old New York"—Anniversary Discourse before the New York Historical Society, Nov. 17, 1857, by John W. Francis, M. D., LL. D.

wall. As he stood in the old dining-room, there came back to him visions of the many noble and chivalrous men who, in the last two centuries, had feasted within its walls. But all these, like the place itself, now live only in the records of the past.

Such was life in those early days among the colonial families in the country and the city. It was simple and unostentatious, yet marked by an affluence of every thing which could minister to comfort, and also a degree of elegance in the surroundings which created a feeling of true refinement. Society was easy and natural, without the struggle for precedence which now is so universal; for then every one's antecedents were known, and their positions were fixed. The intermarriages, which for more than a century were taking place between the landed families, bound them together and promoted a harmony of feeling now not often seen. There were, in that day, such things as old associations, and men lived in the past, instead of, as in these times, looking only to the future.

The system of slavery, too, which prevailed, added to the ease of domestic life. Negro-slaves, at an early day, had been introduced into the colony, and every family of standing possessed some. They were employed but little as field-laborers, but every household had a few who were domestic servants. Like Abraham's servants, they were all "born in the house." They shared the same religious instruction with the children of the family, and felt, in every respect, as if they were members of it. This mild form of slavery was like the system which existed under the tents of the patriarchs on the plains of Mamre, and there certainly never were happier people than those "men-servants and maid-servants." They were seldom separated from their families, or sold. The latter was reserved as an extreme case for the incorrigible, and a punishment to which it was hardly ever necessary to resort.

The clansmen of Scotland could not take more pride in the prosperity of

their chief's family than did these sable retainers in New Amsterdam. In domestic affairs they assumed a great freedom of speech, and, in fact, family affairs were discussed and settled as fully in the kitchen as in the parlor. The older servants, indeed, exercised as full control over the children of the family as did their parents. As each black child attained the age of six or seven years, it was formally presented to a son or daughter of the family, and was his or her particular attendant. This union continued often through life, and of stronger instances of fidelity we have never heard than were exhibited in some of these cases. Fidelity and affection, indeed, formed the bond between master and slave, to a degree which can never exist in this day with hired servants.\*

This state of things continued far down into the present century. In the writer's early day his father owned slaves for domestic servants, and he well remembers, when visiting the place of a relative on the Hudson River, seeing the number of slaves about the house. At that time, however, the system was just going out; it had lost its interesting features, and the slaves, still remaining at these old places, had become a source of care and anxiety to their owners.

The charm of life in that day was its stability. There was no chance then for *parvenuism*—no stocks in which to dabble, no sudden fortunes made. There was but little commerce between the colony and the mother-country, and men who embarked in this business were contented to spend their lives in acquiring a competence. They never aspired to rival the landed families. With the

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\* "Almost every family in the colony owned one or more negro-servants; and, among the richer classes, their number was considered a certain evidence of their master's easy circumstances. About the year 1703—a period of prosperity in wealth and social refinement with the Dutch of New Amsterdam—the Widow Van Courtlandt held five male slaves, two female, and two children; Colonel De Peyster had the same number; William Beckman, two; Rip Van Dam, six; Mrs. Stuyvesant, five; Mrs. Kip, seven; David Provost, three, &c."—Stone's "History of New York," p. 90.

latter, life flowed on from one generation to another in the same even way. They lived on their broad lands, and, when they died, the eldest son inherited the family residence, while the others 'were portioned off with farms belonging to the estate, but which it could well spare. On their carriages and their silver were their arms, which they had brought with them from Europe, by which every one knew them, which were used as matters of course, and were distinctions no one ventured to assume, unless entitled to them. Sometimes these were carved in stone and placed over their doors. This was the case with the Walton House, which we believe is still standing in Franklin Square (Pearl-street); and, as we have already mentioned, with the Kip's Bay House. The windows of the first Dutch church built in New York were filled with the arms of the families at whose expense it was erected.

In 1774, John Adams, on his way to attend the first Congress, stopped in New York. The honest Bostonian was very much struck with "the opulence and splendor of the city," and "the elegance of their mode of living," and, in his Journal, freely records his admiration. He speaks of "the elegant country-seats on the island;" the Broad Way, a fine street, very wide, and in a right line from one end to the other of the city;" "the magnificent new church then building, which was to cost £20,000;" the Bowling Green, which he describes as "the beautiful ellipse of land, railed in with solid iron, in the centre of which is a statue of His Majesty on horseback, very large, of solid lead, gilded with gold, on a pedestal of marble, very high." He records that "the streets of the town are vastly more regular and elegant than those of Boston, and the houses are more grand, as well as neat."

The most amusing display is when he is invited to one of these country-seats, "near Hudson's River." He writes: "A more elegant breakfast I never saw; rich plate, a very large silver coffee-pot, a very large silver tea-pot, napkins of

the very finest materials, toast and bread and butter in great perfection. After breakfast a plate of beautiful peaches, another of pears, and a muskmelon, were placed on the table."

It is evident, however, from his Journal, that he saw little of the best families. He was not in a situation to be fêted by them, for they had no sympathy with the object of his journey. His principal entertainers were two lawyers—Scott and Smith—who had grown wealthy by their profession. Among all he mentions as extending civilities to him, the only persons belonging to the aristocracy of the city were some members of the Livingston family, who, even then, were putting themselves forward as leaders in the coming movement.

The Revolution broke up and swept away this social system. It ruined and drove off half the gentry of the province. The social history, indeed, of that event has never been written, and never will be. The conquerors wrote the story, and they were mostly "new men," who had as much love for those they dispossessed as the Puritans had for the Cavaliers of England, whom, for a time, they displaced. In a passage we have quoted from Sargent's "Life of André," the author says: "Most of the landed gentry of New York espoused the royal cause." And it was natural that it should be so, for most of them had for generations held office under the Crown. Their habits of life, too, had trained them to tastes which had no sympathy with the leveling doctrines inaugurated by the new movement. They accordingly rallied around the king's standard; and, when it went down, they went down with it, and, in many cases, their names were blotted out of the land.

We once read, in an old number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, some discussion about the impolitic course pursued by England towards her colonies. The remarks about the manner in which she lost her American colonies were peculiarly judicious. The writer says the Government should have formed an



aristocracy in America, by giving titles, and thus gathering the great landed proprietors about the throne by new ties. These extensive landholders, previous to the Revolution, were as able to keep up the dignity of a title as were the English nobility of that day; and the effect which would have been produced, in the strengthening of their loyalty, is obvious. Had the head of the Livingston family been created Earl of Clermont, and that of the Laurences been made Lord Newtown, would they have taken the side of the Revolutionists? We trow not. Instead of this, these powerful landed families were neglected, until some of them became embittered against the Government. No title, as a mark of royal favor, was given to a single American, except a baronetcy to Sir William Johnson.

Of the few landed families who took the popular side, perhaps the Livingstons and Schuylers occupied the leading position. The former had not been in favor with the Government, but were the political antagonists of the De Lanceys, by whom they were excluded from office. They therefore welcomed the new order of things.

Religion, in those days, had a good deal to do with the state of parties. As far back as 1745, the De Lanceys were the leaders of the Church of England party, and the Livingstons of the Dissenters. Religious bitterness was added, therefore, to that which was political. "In 1769" (says Stone, in his "Life of Sir William Johnson"), "the contest was between the Church-party and the Dissenters, the former being led by the De Lanceys and the latter by the Livingstons. The Church, having the support of the mercantile and masonic interests, was triumphant; and John Cruger, James De Lancey, Jacob Walton, and James Jauncey, were elected by the city." During the election a song was published in the German language, which became very popular with the Germans, the chorus of which was:

"Maester Cruger, De Lancey,  
Maester Walton and Jauncey."

"The De Lancey interest," wrote

Hugh Wallace, a member of the Council, to Sir William Johnson, "prevails in the House greatly, and they have given the Livingstons' interest proof of it, by dismissing P. Livingston the House, as a non-resident." It was an old feud, therefore, which, at the Revolution, induced them to take different sides.

To the popular side, also, went the Jays, the Laurences, a portion of the Van Courtlandts, who were divided, a part of the Morris family, which was also divided (while Lewis Morris was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, his brother, Staats Morris, was a General in the British army, and married the Dowager Duchess of Gordon), the Beekmans, and some few others. The "Patroon"—Mr. Van Rensselaer—was fortunately a minor, and therefore, not being obliged to take either side, saved his manor. Many of the prominent leaders were from new families, made by the Revolution. An upturning of this kind is the time for new men. Peculiar circumstances brought some forward who otherwise would have had no avenue for action opened before them. Alexander Hamilton, for example, had just arrived in New York, a young man from the West Indies, when the popular outbreak gave him, at a public meeting, an opportunity of exhibiting his peculiar talents.

The history of a single family will show the course of events. Probably the most powerful family in the State, before the Revolution, was that of the De Lanceys. Descended from the *ancien noblesse* of France, and holding large possessions, they had exerted a greater influence in the colony than any other family. James De Lancey administered the government of the colony for many years, till his death, in 1760. Most of the younger members of the family were in the British army, previous to the Revolution. When that convulsion took place, they, of course, remained loyal, and became leaders on that side. Oliver De Lancey was a Brigadier-General, and organized the celebrated corps styled "De Lancey's Battalion." His



fine mansion at Bloomingdale was burned, in consequence of his adherence to the royal cause. They forfeited their broad lands, and their names appeared no more in the future history of the State. Some fled to England, where they held high offices, and their tombs are now to be seen in the choir of Beverley Cathedral. Sir William De Lancey died at Waterloo, on the staff of the Duke of Wellington. Just two months previous, he had been married to a daughter of Sir Benjamin Hall; and his friend, Sir Walter Scott, thus alludes to him in his ode, "The Field of Waterloo":

De Lancey changed Love's bridal wreath  
For laurels from the hand of death.

The son of General De Lancey, Oliver De Lancey, Jr., who succeeded André as Adjutant-General of the British army in America, rose through the grade of Lieutenant-General to that of General, and died, at the beginning of this century, nearly at the head of the English army-list.

In 1847 the late Bishop of Western New York (William Heathcote De Lancey) told the writer a curious story of his recovery of some of their old family papers. In the Spring of that year, being in New York, a package was handed to the servant at the door by an old gentleman, on opening which the Bishop found an anonymous letter directed to him. The writer stated that, being in England between thirty and forty years before, he found some papers relating to the De Lancey family among some waste paper in the house where he was staying; that he had preserved them, and, seeing by the newspapers that the Bishop was in the city, he now enclosed them to him. These the Bishop found to be: 1st, the commission of James De Lancey as Lieutenant-Governor of the colony; 2d, his commission as Chief-Justice of the colony; 3d, the freedom of the city of New York, voted to one of the family in 1730; 4th, a map of the lands owned by them in West Chester county and on New York island, prepared by the Bishop's grand-

father. He advertised in the New York papers, requesting an interview with his unknown correspondent, but there was no response, and he heard no more from him.

Some branches of this family remained in New York, and we cannot point to a more striking evidence of the change wrought by the Revolution than the fact that, since that event, the name of De Lancey, once so prominent, is never found in the records of the Government. It is in the Church only that it has acquired eminence, in the person of the former distinguished Bishop of Western New York.

This is the kind of story which might be told of many other loyalist families. Ruined by confiscations, they faded out of sight, and, being excluded from political office, they were forgotten, and their very names would sound strange in the ears of the present generation of New Yorkers. Many years ago, in the old country-house of a relative, the writer amused some days of a summer vacation by bringing down from the dust of a garret, where they had reposed for two generations, the letters of one of these refugees, who, at the beginning of the Revolution, was obliged to seek safety on board a British ship-of-war off New York harbor (from whence he writes his farewell, commending his wife and children to the care of the family), and then made his home in England, until, as he hoped, "these calamities be overpast." It was sad to read his speculations, as night after night he attended the debates in Parliament and watched the progress of the war, and, to the last, confidently trusted in the success of the royal arms, which alone could replace him in the position from which he had been driven into exile. When these hopes were ultimately crushed, a high appointment was offered him by Government, but he preferred to return to his own land to share the straitened circumstances of his family, and be buried with his fathers.

The withdrawal of so many of the gentry from the country, and the world-

ly ruin of so many more, was necessarily detrimental to its social refinement. It was taking away the high-toned dignity of the landed proprietors, and substituting in its place the restless aspirations of men who had to make their fortunes and position, and get forward in life. Society lost, therefore, much of its ease and gracefulness. Mrs. Grant, to whose work we have already alluded, who in her youth had seen New York society as far back as 1760, and lived to know what it was after the peace, thus speaks of the change: "Mildness of manners, refinement of mind, and all the softer virtues that spring up in the cultivated paths of social life, nurtured by generous affections, were undoubtedly to be found in the unhappy loyalists.

. . . Certainly, however necessary the ruling powers might find it to carry their system of exile into execution, it has occasioned to the country an irreparable privation. What the loss of the Huguenots was to commerce and manufactures in France, that of the loyalists was to religion, literature, and amenity in America. The silken threads were drawn out of the mixed web of society, which has ever since been comparatively coarse and homely." \*

This is somewhat of an exaggeration. The tone of society was, indeed, impaired, but not lost. There were still enough of the old families remaining to give it dignity, at least for another generation. The community could not suddenly become democratic, or throw off all its old associations and habits of reverence. As a writer on that day says, people were "habituated to take off their hats to gentlemen who were got up regardless of expense, and who rode about in chariots drawn by four horses." It took a long while for the community to learn to act on the maxim that "all men are created equal." Not, indeed, until those were swept away who had lived in the days of the Revolution, did this downward tendency become very evident. Simultaneously, too, with their departure came a set of the *nouveaux riches*, which the

growing facilities of New York for making commercial fortunes brought forward, and thus, by degrees, was ushered in—the age of gaudy wealth.

The final blow, indeed, to this stately old society was given by the French Revolution. We know how every thing dignified in society was then swept away in the wild fury of democracy, but the present generation cannot conceive of the intense feeling which that event produced in our own country. France had been our old ally, England our old foe. We must side with the former in her struggles against tyranny. It became a political test. The Republicans adopted it, and insensibly there seemed to grow up the idea that refinement and courtesy in life were at variance with the true party-spirit. In this way democratic rudeness crept into social life, and took the place of the aristocratic element of former days. Gradually it went down into the lower strata of society, till all that reverence which once characterized it was gone.

The manners of an individual at last became an evidence of his political views. Goodrich, in his "Recollections," speaking on this very point, gives an amusing instance of it. A clergyman in Connecticut, who was noted for his wit, riding along one summer day, came to a brook, where he paused to let his horse drink. Just then a stranger rode into the stream from the opposite direction, and, as his horse began to drink also, the two men were brought face to face.

"How are you, priest?" said the stranger.

"How are you, democrat?" inquired the parson.

"How do you know I am a democrat?" said one.

"How do you know I am a priest?" said the other.

"I know you to be a priest by your dress," said the stranger.

"And I know you to be a democrat by your address," said the parson.

Even the dress was made the exponent of party views, as much as it had been by the Cavaliers and Puritans of

\* "American Lady," p. 330.

England. As republican principles gained ground, large wigs and powder, cocked hats, breeches and shoe-buckles, were replaced by short hair, pantaloons, and shoe-strings. It is said that the Marquis de Brézé, master of ceremonies at Versailles, nearly died of fright at the first pair of shoes, divested of buckles, which he saw on the feet of a revolutionary minister ascending the stairs to a royal *levée*. He rushed over to Dumouriez, then Minister of War. "He is actually entering," exclaimed the Marquis, "with ribbons in his shoes!" Dumouriez, himself one of the incendiaries of the Revolution, solemnly said, "Tout est fini!"—"The game is up; the monarchy is gone." And so it was. This was only one of the signs of the times. Buckles and kings were extinguished together.

Such being the feelings of the *sans culottes* in France, the favorers of Jacobinism in this country were not slow to imitate them. Jefferson eschewed breeches and wore pantaloons. He adopted leather strings in his shoes instead of buckles, and his admirers trumpeted it as a proof of democratic simplicity. Washington rode to the capitol in a carriage drawn by four cream-colored horses with servants in livery. All this his successor gave up, and even abolished the President's *levées*, the latter of which were afterwards restored by Mrs. Madison. Thus the dress, which had for generations been the sign and symbol of a gentleman, gradually waned away, till society reached that charming state of equality in which it became impossible, by any outward costume, to distinguish masters from servants. John Jay says, in one of his letters, that with small-clothes and buckles the high tone of society departed.

In the writer's early day this system of the past was just going out. Wigs and powder and queues, breeches and buckles, still lingered among the older gentlemen—vestiges of an age which was just vanishing away. But the high-toned feeling of the last century was still in the ascendant, and had not yet succumbed to the worship of mammon

which characterizes this age. There was still in New York a reverence for the colonial families, and the prominent political men—like Duane, Clinton, Colden, Radcliff, Hoffman, and Livingston—were generally gentlemen by birth and social standing. The time had not yet come when this was to be an objection to an individual in a political career. The leaders were men whose names were historical in the State, and they influenced society. The old families still formed an association among themselves, and intermarried one generation after another. Society was, therefore, very restricted. The writer remembers, in his childhood, when he went out with his father for his usual afternoon drive, he knew every carriage they met on the avenues.

The gentlemen of that day knew each other well, for they had grown up together, and their associations in the past were the same. Yet, what friendships for after-life did these associations form! How different this from the intimacy between Mr. Smith and Mr. Thompson, when they knew nothing of each other's antecedents, have no subjects in common but the money-market, and never heard of each other until the last year, when some lucky speculation in stocks raised them from their "low estate," and enabled them to purchase houses "up-town," and set up their carriages!

There was, in that day, none of the show and glitter of modern times; but there was, with many of these families, particularly with those who had retained their landed estates, and were still living in their old family-homes, an elegance which has never been rivalled in other parts of the country. In his early days, the writer has been much at the South; has stayed at Mount Vernon, when it was yet held by the Washingtons; with Lord Fairfax's family at Ashgrove and Vanclose; with the Lees in Virginia, and with the aristocratic planters of South Carolina; but he has never elsewhere seen such elegance of living as was formerly exhibited by the old families of New York.

Gentlemen then were great diners-out. Their associations naturally led to this kind of intimacy, when almost the same set constantly met together. Giving dinners was then a science, and a gentleman took as much pride in the excellence of his wine-cellar as he did in his equipage or his library. This had its evils, it is true, and led to long sittings over the table, and an excess of conviviality which modern customs have fortunately corrected.

There was a punctiliousness, too, in their intercourse, even among the most intimate, which formed a strange contrast to the familiarity of modern society. Gentlemen were guarded in what they said to each other, for those were duelling-days, and a hasty speech had to be atoned for at Hoboken. Stories are still handed down of disputes at the dinner-table which led to hostile meetings, but which, in our day, would not have been remembered next morning. In an obituary-sketch of one of this set, published at his death twenty-five years ago, when speaking of the high tone which then characterized society, the writer said: "Perhaps the liability, which then existed, of being held personally answerable for their words, false as the principle may have been, produced a courtesy not known in these days."

One thing is certain—that there was a high tone prevailing at that time, which is now nowhere seen. The community then looked up to the public men with a degree of reverence which has never been felt for those who succeeded them. They were the last of a race which does not now exist. With them died the stateliness of colonial times. Wealth came in and created a social distinction which took the place of family, and thus society became vulgarized.

Since this year began we have witnessed the departure of one—Gulian C. Verplanck—who was, perhaps, the last prominent member of the generation which has gone. Where can we point to any one of those now living, like him, surrounded by the elevating asso-

ciations of the past, distinguished in public life, and a ripe scholar in literature and theology? The old historical names of Jay and Duer and Hoffman, and a few more of colonial times, are still upheld among us by their sons, who are showing, in the third generation, the high talents of those who had gone before them; "but what are they among so many!"

"Rari nantes in gurgite vasto."

The influences of the past are fast vanishing away, and our children will look only to the shadowy future. The very rule by which we estimate individuals has been entirely altered. The inquiry once was, "Who is he?" Men now ask the question, "How much is he worth?" Have we gained by the change?

Is it strange that the writer answers in himself that description in Horace—"Laudator acti temporis, me puero?" As years gather round him, and the shadows deepen in his path, he instinctively turns more and more from the "living Present" to commune with the "dead Past." Many, however, to whom he has referred in these pages, will be to most of his readers only names, while to him they are realities—living and breathing men; and, as he thinks of them, he believes there is no delusion in the conviction that, for elegance and refinement, for all the graces which elevate and ennoble life, they have left no successors. The outward pressure is now too democratic. Most of the prominent men, also, of the present day, want the associations of the past.

As Edward IV. stood on the tower of Warwick Castle, and saw marching through the park below him the mighty host of retainers who, at the summons of the great Earl of Warwick, had gathered round him, and then thought how powerless, in comparison, were the new nobles with whom he had attempted to surround his throne, he is said to have muttered to himself, "After all, you cannot make a great baron out of a new lord!" And so we would say, You cannot make out of the new mil-

lionaire what was exhibited by the gentlemen of our old colonial families!

Commerce, indeed, is fast taking the place of the true old chivalry with all its high associations. It is impossible, in this country, for St. Germain to hold its own against the Bourse. Money-getting is the great object of life in this practical age, and, every month, the words which Halleck wrote so

many years ago are becoming more true:

These are not romantic times  
So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,  
So dazzling to the dreaming boy;  
Ours are the days of fact, not fable,  
Of Knights, but not of the Round Table,  
Of Baillie Jarvis, not Rob Roy.  
And noble name and cultured land,  
Palace and park, and vassal band,  
Are powerless to notes of hand  
Of Rothschild or the Barings.

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### CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

Out, out, Old Age! aroint ye!  
I fain would disappoint ye,  
Nor wrinkled grow and learned  
Before I am inurned.  
Ruthless the hours, and hoary,  
That scatter ill before ye!  
Thy touch is pestilential,  
Thy lays are penitential;  
With stealthy steps thou stealest,  
And life's warm tide congealest;  
Before thee vainly flying,  
We are already dying.  
Why must the blood grow colder,  
And men and maidens older?  
Bring not thy maledictions,  
Thy grewsome, grim afflictions,  
Thy bodings bring not hither,  
To make us blight and wither.  
When this thy frost hath bound us,  
All fairer things around us  
Seem Youth's divine extortion,  
In which we have no portion.  
"Fie, Senex!" saith a lass now,  
"What need ye of a glass, now?  
Though flowers of May be springing,  
And I my songs am singing,  
Thy blood no whit the faster  
Doth flow, my ancient Master!"  
Age is by Youth delighted,  
Youth is by Age affrighted;  
Blithe, sunny May and joysome,  
Still finds December noisome.  
Alack! a guest unbidden,  
Howe'er our feast be hidden,  
Doth enter with the feaster,  
And make a Lent of Easter!  
I would thou wert not able  
To seat thee at our table;

I would that altogether,  
From this thy wintry weather,  
Since Youth and Love must leave us,  
Death might at once retrieve us.  
Old wizard, ill betide ye!  
I cannot yet abide ye!

Ah, Youth, sweet Youth, I love ye!  
There's naught on earth above ye!  
Thou purling bird uncaged,  
That never wilt grow aged,—  
To whom each day is giving  
Increase of joyous living!  
Soft words to thee are spoken,  
For thee strong vows are broken;  
All loves and lovers cluster  
To bask them in thy lustre.  
Ah, girlhood, pout and dimple,  
Half-hid beneath the wimple!  
Ah, boyhood, blithe and cruel,  
Whose heat doth need no fuel,  
No help of wine and spices,  
And frigid Eld's devices!  
All pleasant things ye find ye,  
And to your sweet selves bind ye.  
For ye alone the motion  
Of brave ships on the ocean;  
All stars for ye are shining,  
All wreaths your foreheads twining;  
All joys, your joys decreeing,  
Are portions of your being,—  
All fairest sights your features,  
Ye selfish, soulful creatures!  
Sing me no more distiches  
Of glory, wisdom, riches;  
Tell me no beldame's story  
Of wisdom, wealth, and glory!  
To Youth these are a wonder:  
To Age, a corpse-light under  
The tomb with rusted portal  
Of that which seemed immortal.  
I, too, in Youth's dear fetter,  
Will love my foeman better,—  
Aye, though his ill I study,—  
So he be young and ruddy,  
Than comrade true and golden,  
So he be waxen olden.  
Ah, winsome Youth, stay by us:  
I prithee, do not fly us!  
Ah, Youth, sweet Youth, I love ye!  
There's naught on earth above ye!



## SALT-WATER ETHICS.

WITH all our new arts of building and navigating ships, and with all help from the mighty powers that send them on their way in face of wind and tide, the sea is still a stubborn fact that we can neither set aside nor easily get over. We call it, indeed, a noble element, and perhaps every boy of pluck can remember that it was an early passion with him to go to sea. It is clear, also, that manly sport often takes the same direction, and many who like a fast horse, like, also, a fast yacht, whilst it is equally clear that the owner does not often ride his fast horse nor sail much in his fast yacht. We may as well say, honestly, that the mass of men would like to get rid of the sea altogether, and that all our arts of mechanism and powers of civilization are trying to do so. We are doing all we can to bridge or tunnel our rivers and bays, to make railroads and land-routes between points that before were connected only by water, and to shorten, as much as possible, all voyages. There is, perhaps, no one work of man that embodies more thought, skill, and force, than one of our great ocean steamers. It has taken the whole human race, with all its experience and education, for ages; with all its mastery of the arts of working wood and metal; all its marvellous knowledge of the elements of fire, air, and water; all its science of the ocean-beds and channels, the magnetic currents, and of the order of the stars and sun, to build and work that ship. How magnificent is the massiveness and minuteness of her structure; what strength in her solid bulk, and what delicacy in the sweep of her curves, and the exquisite adjustments of her machinery! It is hard to imagine any thing that could more have surprised the old sea-kings of Scandinavia, or the new sea-kings who were with Columbus and Hendrik Hudson in the *Half Moon* and the *Pin-*

*ta*, than the apparition of one of our great ocean steamers, crossing their path and defying their snail's paced career; such a steamer, for example, as our *Scotia*, that took us out of New York harbor, May 12, 1869, and landed us, in a little over eight days, in Ireland, early in the morning of May 21st.

Such a vessel does a great deal towards fulfilling the vision of the Apocalypse, "there shall be no more sea," yet that vision is by no means wholly fulfilled, and the storms of this last winter have buried in the sea many precious lives and hopeful fortunes and household joys. We make less of the discomforts and dangers of the Atlantic passage than the people of Europe do, and I was surprised to hear so many persons abroad say, that only the fearful voyage kept them from going to America. Yet there is a certain recognition of the fact of danger even in our free-and-easy treatment of the subject, and when a vessel sails, the friends who go and those who stay show quite a different feeling from that which speeds the land-traveller on his way. There is little of kissing, embracing, weeping, and waving of handkerchiefs when a railway-train starts, although for a journey to the Pacific coast—about as long as the Atlantic voyage. Indeed, an embarkation has always considerable pathos about it, and any one whose eyes are clear of tears may make quite a study of the human face and its loves and fears and hopes. In every passenger-ship there is some delicate invalid whose health is watched with great solicitude, and whose return is sadly uncertain; and there, too, is always some one whose high health and active spirit may give equal solicitude, and make anxious parents dread the play of those young and unchecked passions in those new and perilous fields of daring and pleasure abroad.

We had our share of pathos and tears, but good-cheer more abounded, and the sunshine above fell on faces not unwilling to return its smile. Some of the mirth was on a large scale, and the friends of one family on board followed us far down into the bay in a steamer of their own. They had, indeed, a jolly time of it, and asked some of us, not of their clique, to join in their generous festivity; but I was not in the mood for it, and found company enough in the baskets of sweet flowers that our own friends had brought to us at parting, to bestow upon us, as far as possible, the bright and fragrant blessing of the land upon our way over the waste of waters, where no roses or lilies bloom. I could not but think, however, of the undoubted heartiness of the merry companions on that little attendant steamer, and own that there must be something remarkable in the man whom they came to cheer. He was an actor—I will not say *only* an actor, for I will not apply disparaging terms to any honorable man, and I could not but think that it was in an ancient play that the famous words were said, "I saw a man, and whatever is human I do not think strange to me." Would it not be well if men of larger culture and more abounding means and shining position would do as much as this actor and his family to touch the hearts of people, and make them wish him a good voyage and a safe and speedy return? Some of us had many proofs of being remembered by friends on shore, and our table, that night and the next day, was a bed of choice flowers, which probably vanished before their time of wilting, because the stewards were impatient of the trouble of taking care of them, and over-greedy for the pretty baskets which held them. They vanished too soon, but there was some comfort in seeing them only in their prime, before any dimming of their colors or fainting of their fragrance.

These partings belong to sea-going, and they are followed by an experience less pathetic but more pitiful. We soon learn for ourselves there are two seas to

look out for—one without, and the other within; in short, that there is a swell within the stomach that tends to rise to meet the swelling of the waves. A friend asked me, a few weeks ago, if there was any record of seasickness among the ancients, and I could not recall any; yet who can understand that the human constitution should so change as ever to have been wholly insensible to the rolling of the waves of the sea and the violent rocking of a vessel? The ancients did not, indeed, launch out into mid-ocean, yet the waters on which they sailed are among the very worst for the peace of the modern stomach, and I have no sea-griefs so memorable as those experienced in passing from Ireland to England, from England to France, and from Italy to France. I crossed the Atlantic to Queenstown without losing a meal, either by loss of appetite or surrender of food actually taken; yet the Irish Sea and the English Channel brought my head down in utter helplessness, and the dashing waves of the Mediterranean turned the inner man topsyturvy, and emptied him, apparently, of all food and drink. It may be that the ancients were more spare in their diet, and more tough in body and habit, than we, and were not seasick. It is, I think, more probable that they were sick at first, very much as we are, and too proud to say any thing about a subject that so little illustrates the heroic side of human character in an age that so glorified pluck and insisted upon the stiff upper lip, which seasickness is so apt to let down in limp despair.

I have had some experience of this malady, and have tried to get what light I could from medical men and their books. The causes are not wholly clear, nor does any remedy seem to be unailing. Improved ventilation, cleanliness on shipboard, take away some of its worst features; and they who voyage in a clean, well-aired vessel have no idea of the suffering that comes from the close atmosphere and foul bilge-water of some of the old packet-ships. I have suffered more from a short coast-

ing-voyage along our Atlantic shore in this way, than from all those weeks on the Atlantic and Mediterranean. It is a small matter merely to have the stomach emptied of its contents, just as a pitcher, when overturned, is emptied of its water, if the inner man resumes at once his normal condition, and the pitcher is soon right side up and ready to be filled again, such as is the case with the form of seasickness that comes from the mere tossing of the vessel. This is about all of the trial that I have, of late, had upon six stormy seas, excepting a certain torpor that comes from the working of certain vessels, such as the narrow French propellers, which, like gigantic cradles, seem to rock stout men and women to sleep in spite of themselves. The other exception came from the closeness of the air in the cabins toward morning, and the tendency to headache, which an open skylight or a walk on deck at once quickly removes.

I suppose that seasickness is partly physical and partly mental, the physical part coming from the violent motion, and the accompanying unsteadiness of all objects of vision; the mental part coming from a certain fear and anxiety that demoralize all the forces within, and break the connection between the members and the commander-in-chief—the rational will. It is an important question how to set matters right, or to keep them so—how to remedy, or, still better, to prevent, seasickness. I have just looked into the only medical book that I have at hand of recent date, and I find this paragraph:

"Seasickness: recumbent posture; ammonia; brandy; whiskey; chloroform by inhalation, or a few drops on sugar; a tight belt round the body; Chapman's ice-bags to spine."

The unhappy man who should try all these specifics, even at his best discretion, might find himself in the hands of a harder customer than old Neptune, and prefer the malady to the cure. Dr. Tanner, of the Royal College of Surgeons, probably knows all about the matter, and his book on diseases has a

scientific look; but he will allow me to say my say, and add a few words to his prescription. It seems to me best for the voyager to take his place in the open air, as near the centre of the ship as he can, where the motion is least, and to fix his eye, as far as he can, upon some stationary object in a plucky spirit, as if the ship, like a spirited, thoroughbred horse, were his friend, and its movements were all well-meant. As to the habit of gorging with food and liquor—so common at sea—it appears to me to be a great mistake, and it is a deadening rather than a healing of a man, to stupefy him with meat and drink. If any stimulus is needed, a glass or two of sherry, or, still better, of dry champagne, with its cleansing acid and gentle tonic, is the thing; and perhaps I owe much of the comfort of the Atlantic passage to the kind friend at my elbow, who spared of his abundance for my stomach's sake and threatened infirmity. Yet no man should boast of his exemption from this pest of the sea; and it is a startling lesson on the vanity of human hopes to watch the odd transformation that comes over a ship's passengers as soon as they get into rough water. How much courage, gayety, and grace vanish at once! That plucky young fellow, who was waving his handkerchief and shouting adieu to his friends, is flat upon his back; and that stout, haughty man, who trod the deck as if he owned ship and ocean, is sitting with his head upon his hand, as if he had nothing in the world to call his own. That pretty girl, whose rosy lips dispensed those charming words of farewell, is now leaning over the ship's rail and parting her lips for a very different utterance; and that dashing bride, in silk bright as the sunshine, wilts down into a mere bundle of clothes, and makes up by her loyalty for the ground what she loses by her slovenliness, as she droops her head upon her husband's shoulder in the wifely confidence that the Bible and the Prayer-Book do not forbid. Many ridiculous sights are seen, such as call for great forbearance on the part of all

men whose stoical stomachs give them little fellow-feeling for such infirmities. It becomes such men of iron to remember that they, too, are mortal, and the day will come when pain and sickness, in some of their thousand forms, will reach them, and bring down their proud heads.

I confess to being astonished at the performances of some of these stout worthies with the knife and fork in the fulness of their health, partly, perhaps, because of the sea-tradition, that one cannot eat or drink too much on board ship, and partly because they had nothing else to do. Five mortal meals—breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, supper, with the intervals diversified, sometimes with the strong cup and bottle;—how could human nature stand all this? What surprised me most, was the disposition to rise to the climax as the feasting continued, and to end, like a song or a symphony, with some startling crash, some marvellous swell and cadence of the larder, as when some passenger, who had been eating and drinking all day, ended with a gin-sling or brandy-smasher, a dish of Welsh rarebit or of devilled bones. Had I not seen these feats, I should have thought them impossible. I did not know what music was in the human throat till I heard Mario and Badiali, Jenny Lind and Sontag sing; nor did I know what things the human throat could swallow, till I beheld the performances at the table of the good steamer *Scotia*, in the year of grace 1869. Man is surely a progressive creature, and there is no limit to his music or his maw.

Let seasickness and the stomach pass, for the present, whilst we consider some of the higher aspects of life at sea, in view, especially, of the world from which we are shut out and the world which we are shut up in. With all the increase of navigation, and the helps of signals and pilot-boats, and the undoubted power of a certain common law of humanity among sailors and commanders, the sea is a lonely place, and the ship is almost as much separated from the land and its people by

the blue waters, as the moon is parted from the earth by the blue ether. It is wonderful how few vessels come within sight of you on the Atlantic passage of some three thousand miles, and that, generally, none comes within speaking distance until the pilot hails you on your arrival on the foreign coast, and takes up the charge which the pilot held until he left the coast of home. Whole days will pass when you need sharp eyes to see a single sail. What loneliness this would be on land!—to travel day after day through forest or over plain, and rarely see a human habitation.

The result is likely to be, that you are more aware of how much you need and love the great world from which you are shut out—how much you care for your own family and friends in particular, and society and civilization in general—and how unwilling you are to take your own trunk and personal goods, and sign away your share in the great human race to which you belong. All those arts, that perfection of utility, those treasures of beauty, those markets, schools, museums, homes, churches—they are far away, and we can, for the time, no more reach them than we can climb to the moon. How dear they become, then, to us, and how much we would give to walk in our familiar garden, chat and frolic with that little child, sit at the household table, or stroll into our club! We begin to have a certain fellow-feeling even for the persons whom we do not generally wish much to see on shore, and we forgive the sneaks or tyrants who have done us wrong, and feel like leaving our card with the bores from whom we have sometimes run away. Anchorites not of the desert of sand, but of the desert of waters, we are prompted to forgive our enemies, and draw nearer to man as well as to God in our seclusion from our customary world. It is wholesome for us to ask ourselves how much we have done for this great human fellowship to which we now feel unquestionably that we belong, and whether it is any wiser or better from our having

lived in it. Perhaps the great mass of human society, with all its kingdoms of life and zones of feeling, rises clearly before us, and we see somewhat more clearly to what kingdom we belong, and how frigid, torrid, or temperate is the belt of affections in which we dwell.

Precious, then, becomes to us the pet portion of our social world, that we can take with us especially the pet books that we can keep hold of in the absence of the choice circles of readers that have given them such interpreters. One is not much inclined to read at sea; for often, when the waves leave you at peace, they lull you into a languid meditation that easily goes off into dream-land; yet, when you are really in the mood for it, a live book is a great delight. It is not well to trust to the chance of ship-libraries, much as they have improved of late, and you do well to put a few small and fruity volumes into your trunk. I read Emerson's "England" on the way over, for the second time, and Byron's "Childe Harold" on the way back, after I do not know how many times before, and it was wonderful to note how much there is in those two little books—how much of old England our Yankee philosopher has distilled into that rare vase of wisdom and beauty, and how much of passion and fire that vagrant English cynic has gathered from Europe and Greece into his four little phials of wrath. What a marvel is this omnipresence of the human mind in books! Where we are cut off from the paths of men, and letters do not reach us, and the electric wire refuses to give us its message, the great human mind still keeps up its vital connection, and we are in presence of the power which, next to God himself, most holds mankind in fellowship. The blessing of the whole sea-going world be upon the authors and publishers of good books! and no small share of the blessing rests upon you, dear publishers, who do so much to wed the arts of literature and design together, and make thought pictorial to the eye as well as musical to the ear by your illustrated classics and serials. I have no doubt

that copies of your magazine go upon every ocean, sea, and prominent river on the globe, and help to keep the voyager within the grasp of the refinements of civilization and the charities and sanctities of the home.

But we must not forget that, if the sailor is shut out of the land-world, and sometimes in agony learns that, in storm or fire, there are none outside of his little vessel on whom he can call for help, there is another world in which he freely moves and is shut up in for the time. It is well for him to make the most of it; and he is a wise traveller who, instead of railing at the discomforts of the voyage, and trying to sleep or to stuff and drink himself into stupidity, keeps his eyes and ears open, eager to learn all that he can of the wisdom of the sea. It at once appears how vulgar is the generalization that dismisses the ocean with one sweeping word, as if it were only water, and salt-water, too. Water, indeed, it is, just as land is land, and man is man, and woman is woman; yet how water differs from itself under various circumstances, even as land differs from land, man from man, or woman from woman! Extremes meet in all things; and, if philosophy generalizes in order to gather particulars under master principles, folly generalizes in order to shun the need of observation and of thought by huddling things diverse together into one pudding-stone of blockheadism. Thus many a silly fop, who discriminates sharply between the shapes and colors of coats and pantaloon, and many an empty flirt, who is smart to note the qualities of ribbons and laces, and can even see differences in the monotonous dulness of her score of admirers, will hardly look a second time at the sea, or forgive this royal ocean for unsettling her delicate stomach. But if we will only note the ocean fairly, how fascinating is its infinite variety! and Cleopatra is a plodding mope in comparison with this ever-changing majesty and beauty.

The day or night at sea is something quite itself, and not as it is at land. The day begins squarely on the second,



and the sun does not wait the pleasure of your neighbor's chimney or wall, or ask permission of some hill or mountain before it can appear or disappear. What contrasted sunrises and sunsets one has among the mountains and on the ocean! At Zermatt, Switzerland, the sun rose and set in majesty some hours from the time marked in the almanac, and the short day in that peerless valley made its dreary mark on pinched vegetation and the swollen throats of the poor Cretins. In mid-ocean, on the contrary, again and again it rose out of the sea without a cloud to dim its disc, and set just as distinctly at the appointed minute after a day, which at every hour was marked with its own lights and shades upon the waters, whilst there are no *goitres* on Jack's throat, and his well-sunned neck is lithe and strong as his arm. What a study, too, are the clouds under that open horizon, and how they answer to the changing ripple and swell of the never-quiet waves! Animal life is never long out of sight above or below, and birds and fishes will keep company with you many an otherwise weary hour. What a guerrilla troop these birds seem to be, as they prowl about the vessel, or dash into the water not without a sharp eye to business; and what excitement there is in that huge host of porpoises, who seem to be having a jolly time of it! miles and miles of them playing at leap-frog, and seeming to be jumping over each other's shoulder like merry boys at school, apparently as undisturbed by the presence of the great whale, who is blowing up fountains of water in the distance, as the boys are by the distant vision of the receding pedagogue after the close of school. Strange lights, too, play at night in the air and the sea, and little creatures in the water seem to be doing their best down there to get up a milky-way or an aurora borealis on their own hook. Then, the darkness itself, when it comes, is a great power, and a more living mystery than on land; for, at sea, the darkness and the ocean seem to be one thing, and the night is not a cir-

cumstance, but a character, the reserve and inwardness of great Nature herself, and not a veil on her head or a hue on her face. I know too little of the sea to be able to enlighten others upon the subject, but wiser heads will allow a novice to express his delight and gratitude in having found so much pleasure and profit upon waters that he had looked upon before with dread. They may laugh at me for dreading the winter-passage home in December, and at the furs I bought in Paris to guard against the cold; whereas the Atlantic was then milder than on the voyage out in May, and my furs were of little use, and the open deck was generally a pleasant place with no more than the usual winter clothing. Probably the icebergs were then tied to the apron-string of their Arctic mothers, and not allowed, as afterwards in Spring and Summer, to run about so naughtily to freeze the fingers and toes of sailors, and try to wreck their ships.

We must not stop without saying a word of the human world in which we are shut up at sea—the officers, sailors, servants, and passengers of the ship. Our census stood thus, on the voyage out: passengers, 250; crew and servants, 185; total, 435—a goodly number, surely, and quite enough to make a respectable village in a new country. What a variety of characters, as well as number of heads! and it was not a little of a study to observe the affinities and antipathies of the company. Most of the passengers were Americans, and our first feeling was, that we did not like the captain, and wished him some moderate sort of ill—not any harm to health or limb, but such tribulation as the shortening of his rations, or cutting off his wine and ale, until he mended his manners. What right had he to be so much more stout and red-faced than most of us? Why did he not speak to us, or bow to us? Why did he walk about as if he were Queen Victoria's admiral, and we were his cabin-boys? I confess to sharing a little in the feeling against him, until I discovered that he was always on the look-out for the



good of the ship, and every dark and foggy night, when we were on our pillows, he was on deck, watching over us as if we were his children. I forgave him the gruff manners for his good seamanship, and rejoiced in a good captain more than in a bland gentleman. In time, too, his manners seemed to mollify, and, when we shook hands with him at parting, we felt that we should like to take the voyage with him and his good ship always, and that he had sweet juices under that rough bark.

Sailors are always a noticeable set—with their jaunty rig and their ability to live at sea or on land, tread the rolling deck firmly in the storm, or hang in the air on swinging ropes like apes. Such a puzzle they are, too, in their character; so superstitious and so reckless, so self-denying and so self-indulgent, such believers and such radicals, such stoics in danger at sea and such epicureans among pleasures on shore. These sailors seemed to be of the regular breed of old salts, and not the sweepings of the streets and grogeries. They were well-clad, fed, and disciplined; and, when they appeared at divine service on Sunday, in their best clothes, it did a man's heart good to see how old England trains her roughest sons to love their mother-land and Church, and teach them her prayers and hymns. I was amused, sometimes, at some of their feats of strength and skill, which made them merry and kept their muscles in good trim during the leisure spells of the week.

It is important to note the presence and power of the new scientific elements in the work of navigation. The old seaman, of course, knew the use of the compass and sextant, and our improved instruments and charts concentrate a deal of knowledge and skill in the binnacle. But the engine-room is now the stronghold of science, and it is there that the modern spirit bears sway. I often looked into that room and talked with the master-spirit there. He was a Scotchman; and this master of the steam-forces was as much of a contrast in looks as in purpose to the cap-

tain of the ship and crew; the chief-engineer being a thoughtful, somewhat thin, very companionable and American-looking man, whilst the captain was a bluff, ruddy, nonchalant, portly John Bull, with lines on his face and body more marked with the curves of generous living than with the sharp lines of reflection and anxiety. Do we think enough of the large amount of educated skill now in the service of voyaging and travelling, and appreciate, as we ought to do, the influence of the new exact sciences and arts upon culture and morality? One of the most sensible men that I know, who has a chief place among railway directors, assures me that railroad men, as such, are a superior class, and that all grades of them, whether conductors or engineers, form habits of caution and punctuality which give them a high rank as to character and influence. Travellers cannot be too mindful of all such faithful service; and, after so many weeks upon the seas without a single disaster, I cannot but acknowledge the modest and ever-watchful science that presides over the engine-room, and keeps the mighty powers there so thoroughly in hand for the protection of life and the swift and safe passage from land to land.

Our passengers got along very well, and we had room and variety sufficient to see enough, and not too much, of each other. It is said that people who are shut up together at sea form bitter antipathies, and sometimes look upon each other with mortal hatred. It may be so where the voyage is long or the quarters close, but not where the voyage is limited and there is free space to sit or walk or lounge at will and liberty, to think or chat or read or sleep, as you have a mind to. One likes much to find agreeable people at sea, who will greet you kindly and interchange friendly words now and then, so that, in the course of the day, the passing hours are never wholly dull; and, when you are weary of yourself and the sea, you can have a fair allowance of genial humanity to feast on, as well as the soup and

fish and beef and mutton and chicken on the table. One delights, too, in a little fun occasionally, and a good merry-maker is a great treasure at sea. People are ready to laugh at small game, indeed, there; and, in the absence of the world's great stage, where tragedy and comedy are always going on, we are willing to take the best of it that we can get, especially the comedy. Conscious of this craving for amusement, a thoughtful man may well ask himself why our habits of mind are so dull and plodding, and that we have so generally made over to paid agents this ancient and important business of making fun. The time was when we were all full of merry music; and every healthy child is as good as a play, and laughs and prattles and sings and screams out the ceaseless comedy of life as a natural and unpaid actor. Mr. Dombey is dull and prosaic, and if he laughs, he pays a clown for putting him up to it; but Dombey's baby laughs because the fun is in him, and the great God, who made the universe, filled that little heart with glee. It was instructive to see the great attention given to the only man on board who was willing to amuse us together in the lump. He was not the graceful actor of genteel comedy who went with us to Europe for rest after a long and weary season; nor was he the noted humorist who was on his way to set the people of England into a gale; nor the eloquent lecturer on Cromwell and his Times, who was carrying home pockets full of gold; but he was simply a member of a troupe of minstrels, who was to rejoin his company in London. His instrument was not the harp or guitar, but the banjo, and right merrily did he sing and play, until it seemed as if a whole plantation of negroes were on our deck, and at last an antic youngster—quite a trim youth he was, too—took to his heels and made the music into dance. Although in a somewhat pensive mood, with thoughts on home and friends, and on life, not all a holiday of late, I could not but bless the man, the banjo, and the dancer. What music there was in that young

fellow's legs! and the whole scene kept company with his joy. The men and women hushed their chat, and listened and looked; the porpoises rolled over and over like mad; the paddle-wheels turned more cheerily, and the bright stars and the great moon held out their lamps over the scene so benignly, that we needed no chandelier nor foot-lights. Most probably the mermaids—if any there were—as they heard the music and saw the movement, thought our ship a great water-bug, a huge sea-crick-et, whose chirp was that banjo and whose feet were those ever-turning wheels.

Do we, in our modern life, give the legs their due? and is it not wholly unfair to look upon the dance merely as the soft indulgence of voluptuous hours, as our sterner moralists seem so often to do? I have nothing to say against a reasonable style and extent of dancing of men and women together; and their fitly-rhymed feet may act out the melody and harmony that make the music of the home, and teach the great truth that life becomes poetry when manly strength and feminine beauty keep proper step, and move on lovingly in the path of obedience and joy. But the dance did not begin in this way, nor have its great triumph thus. It was once the act of heroism, and even of religion. The Pyrrhic dance of the Greeks was, at first, I think, a war-dance, and intended to train all the limbs in manly strength, and drill the hands and feet for all the motions of battle. Exactly what a religious dance was, it is hard to say; the doleful movements of the Shakers give us a poor idea of what David did when he "danced before the Lord;" and he who could play his religion out on his harp in psalms, was moved to dance it out in that inspired lyric of the legs. That young man's dance at sea set me to thinking about the possibilities of setting the human body thoroughly to music, and making all the limbs and muscles move in due tune and time, now, perhaps, to the beat of drums and cymbals, now to the swell of trumpets

and horns, and now to the notes of flutes and soft recorders. The dancing that mates men with women in entrancing round, is likely to take care of itself, and needs no protection except to moderate excess; but the dance of noble manhood may call for some sober thought, and make a new feature in the education of the coming man. Old Rome gives hints of what the new Rome should be. I have just read, in Mommsen, that Roman poetry sprang up in the lyrical form, and grew out of those primitive festal rejoicings in which dance and music and song were inseparably blended; and in the most ancient religious usages, dancing, and, next to dancing, instrumental music, were far more prominent than song; the chief place in the grand procession of victory, next to the images of the gods and the champions, being assigned to the dancers, both the grave and merry.

The grave dancers, I only add, were of three classes, and the merry dancers were of two classes, all being men, youths, or boys.

These may be odd ideas for New York in this time of wanton dances in public and private. It is possible, however, that another century may see a different state of things; and it is to be hoped that, if the Pyrrhic dance, or something as manly, comes back, it will be from a new race of manly Greeks, and not from savage barbarians, who come up in retribution or reaction against the godless and effeminate lust of our present manners. Better hope and strive for the good time coming, when, at sea and on land, people shall learn to be happy and to make others happy, by beautiful arts and true and gentle living—such as shall do away with heartsickness, even if seasickness may linger awhile longer.

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### ONTHANK; OR, THE TYRANT'S TRIUMPH.

"Tom, what's the matter?"

"What made you think any thing was?"

"You've been as silent and grim as a burglar every time I've met you, for a fortnight. There's something, old fellow. What is it?"

He reflected a moment, and then, in his quick way, sprang up and locked the door of the private office.

"I'll tell you, Charley, for you've known me, and Susy too, long enough——"

He jumped up again, and broke out, "That —— old Onthank!"

Horror!—his wife's mother! I wasn't fond of the old lady, that's the fact, but I had wickedly made her think—or rather allowed her to suppose (for I assure you that I've never flirted with her in the least)—that she is a great favorite of mine. You can get those reforming old ladies to believe any thing at all. But, of course, I was shocked on principle to hear Tom Willis call his own mother-in-law "Old Onthank," and with adjuncts implying

final condemnation, too. And, putting on a reproving face, I said,

"Onthankful man!—when she has given you her only child!"

"And herself into the bargain. But don't joke about it, Charley. It's making me ill. I can't tell any other human being but you. I couldn't tell you, if you weren't the oldest friend I have in the world."

It must be a real enough misery that could extort from this reticent man any admission of trouble about himself, and about his shy, sweet, delicate, snow-white, golden-haired little wife—for it was something that concerned her, too! And that old lady is such a —— Well, I was grave enough in an instant.

"Charley," he resumed, sitting down again, and looking intently at me, with a white face and angry, miserable eyes, "I'm rather too reserved, I suppose; but, of all things in this world, or any other, whether I show it or not, I love most and think holiest my home and my wife."

I felt my own face grow pale, too; my heart really stopped beating for a moment.

"Ah," he went on, "it isn't the *very* worst, yet. I suppose I may have brooded over it, until, perhaps, I overestimate it. Susy is as pure as an angel in heaven. The worst about her is, that she's making a mistake. Onthank is the Satan of the business."

I was entirely puzzled.

"The point is just this: my notions about feminine delicacy are fastidious, perhaps; but, if they are, it's because I reverence women so much. Susy is bent on appearing in tragedy. I'd just about as soon see her——"

He stopped short. I could not at once, as they say, "realize" the situation. He might as well have told me, without notice, that the little snow-white fairy thing was bent on becoming a four-ton male elephant, or coming out as a clown at the circus, with her nose painted a strong red. I stared at him in silence, relieved from any actual terror, but with a frightful sense of absurdity swelling inside of me instead. Far down there was a laugh, but I kept it thoroughly out of sight. Tom was too unhappy.

"I can't understand it at all," I said, gravely.

"Who could, I should like to know?" he burst out, with the same mingled wrath and distress. "I'm like a wild bull in a net. Susy loves me, and loves her mother, too. She's as spiritual as an archangel, and perhaps that very thing has kept her from appreciating the earthliness of the business she proposes. She is as conscientious as a martyr; and the worst of all is, she is so absolutely clean, so pure, through and through, that she can't see dirt. She has got the notion that women don't have a fair chance. She has been persuaded that she has dramatic abilities, and that it's her duty to exploit them in behalf of her sex. As for the dirt part—the practical undesirableness of her appearing—she really cannot see them."

Tom's analysis of the little lady's

character was just, as far as it went. I added, mentally—what, perhaps, he would have assented to, but what use in annoying him with it?—that she had inherited some slight something of what, in her old mother, was a fussy, shallow, restless love of attention and applause. And, last and worst, she had no children. And so I said, not really meaning to speak out, either,

"I wish Susy had about three babies!"

And thereupon I looked at Tom, who blushed and turned white, and then the tears came into his eyes. I had not remembered, either, how (like more men than you might imagine) he had a passionate love for children, so irresistible and keen that, like the love of David and Jonathan, it passed the love of women. It was too late to apologize, however; and, besides, I had told the truth. So I changed the subject.

"Have you thought of doing any thing about it?"

"Plenty of things. But I don't believe I would forbid her to cut my throat, if she thought it was right. I can't argue her out of it; she don't argue at all. Onthank argues. I can't send off the old lady, for she hasn't a cent, and Susy wouldn't have her away, either. I wish there was a heaven-in-law for mothers-in-law to be translated to at their daughters' marriages!"

"Tom, let me go and talk it over with the ladies, will you? You're right in the middle of the trouble, and you can't see it. Let me go into it, and then come out and consider. It will be hard if you and I together can't think of something."

"Just what I want. You haven't been up at the house this long time; they've both been asking about you. Onthank likes you, that's an advantage. She distrusts me, and very properly; though I treat her in the correctest manner."

"I'll go this very afternoon."

So I went, leaving poor Tom in that half-mitigated state which even a preliminary consultation with the doctor affords a patient. . . .

It was by careful closeness of mouth on disputable topics, and an assenting non-committalism that would have justly enraged one of the ancient martyrs, that I had maintained my position at Tom Willis' as intimate friend of the family. The habit, however, was fortunate for my present design of spying out the land; and, as I was shown into the parlor where the ladies sat, I put myself into the highest imaginable state of deceitful loveliness.

I assure the reader that it is not for the purposes of this narrative that I have bestowed upon Mrs. Onthank the traits and qualities which she possesses in such notable measure. She speaks through her nose, which is a long one, somewhat pinched in at the base of the nostrils. She dresses in a correct enough old-lady-like guise, though there is always a stain or two, or a rent or two, somewhere visible. Stains and grease-spots and holes do really persecute some people, I'm satisfied; they just go after them like enraged bees, and light on them and take possession of them. She wears glasses of a broad and moony gleam, and a band on her forehead with a shiny black jewel of some kind—doubtless of great cost, though it looks like a flat button—in the midst of it; and her hair is of a delicate pepper-and-salt color, and is worn in long ringlets, or rather stringlets, whose curl is always wilted, all except a faint writhe. Her eyes are little and sunken, as if her head had been dried too much in baking, and she has a graceful way of waving the said head about, as if her neck were round and white as well as long and slender, instead of the crinkly brown thing it is.

As for Susy Willis, she is a little delicate figure, with golden hair and great mazarine-blue eyes, a little rosy mouth, a skin white until it seems translucent, but radiant with her perfect purity of temperament and health, and a virginal innocence of look that is the true index to her extreme and lovely purity of heart and mind. She wore very delicate light blue robes, about which I can't particularize, because I don't

know; with white lace foams or cloud-lets of some kind at the neck, and divers enhancements that I don't know how to describe; but she seemed to me to combine all the feminine beauties, and none of the defects, of every thing from a fashion-plate up to a lady-angel.

But there was a third person to whom Mrs. Onthank proceeded to present me.

"Frow Addlehead von Rosefeld,"—exactly thus it was that Mrs. Onthank enunciated the name and title,—“let me make you acquainted with our intimate friend, Mr. Charles Talcott.”

I bowed, and expressed no end of delight; for this was Adelheid von Rosefeld, the great German Woman's-Rights woman, you understand. A year before, I had casually dropped in at a convention of anti-religionists, or “Progressionists” of some kind, where this very person had, at the peak and tip of a gigantic volcano of infuriated scolding against every thing whatever, erupted in a final blaze of fury, by formally charging to the account of the Bible all the alleged tyrannies of man and tortures and abuses of women. And therewith, as Mr. Burke once displayed a dagger in a speech, she drew forth a pocket Bible, shook it aloft, seized it in both hands, tore it violently asunder, and flung it slam-down upon the platform, with a great curse.

That is *true*, reader. I saw it. However, it was not my plan to stir up any hornets just yet, so I was extremely oily, as I said and expressed my profound satisfaction at enjoying the society of one so widely and favorably known as the energetic and fearless champion, and so forth. She was wonderfully pleased, and fairly laughed with delight at my compliments.

How dumpy and coarse she looked! Her contrast with Susy's symmetrical figure and extremely pure complexion made her seem like a large heathen idol carved out of raw beef. Yet she is no fool at all, and has immense force and courage. Indeed, how could she be a vociferous female atheist without courage? But Susy did not know all this,

Now, the conversation that followed was somewhat thus, after preliminaries:

ONTHANK. "I've ben a convincin Susy that she must come out, Mr. Talcott."

MYSELF. "Come out, Mrs. Onthank? Why, she came out successfully five years ago, and the very next season she went in again—married safely out of this troublesome world. What are you going to pull her back for?"

Mrs. Willis laughed and blushed in her pretty, shy way. The red German female seemed to chuckle, as if to intimate that she defied the scoffer.

ONTHANK. "Oh, shaw! Now, you know very well where I stand on the wimmed question. You're a dretful dodger. You're always a-drivin the devil astound the rump."

[I believe I forgot to observe, that the great Onthank was so full of thought that sometimes her words, in the crowd and hurry of them, exchanged heads and tails, as people do hats at a party, becoming temporarily somewhat disguised, though I believe that the clearness and precision of her ideas was too great to be obscured thereby.]

ONTHANK (continuing). "Around the stump, I mean. My life's ben a failure, because I've never ben able to git hold of any great public interest, sech as I was adapted to manage, nor to show what there was in me."

MYSELF. "My dear madam, it's by no means too late yet. It's exactly such fearless and untiring natures as yours that are needed in all our great concerns. But what makes you want to subject this little lily to the fatigues of public life?"

ONTHANK. "Oh, I don't mean to make an alderman of her. Taint in that line that she's calclated to skseed. But she's got histrionic abilities of the fust rank, and I'm clear, and so is the Frow, that she'd orter go forrüd and develop um. She owes it to the whole semale sex—female sex, I mean."

MYSELF. "If Mrs. Willis thinks it her duty, I believe she will stand on her head amongst twice as many fireworks as surrounded the late Mrs. Crummies

when her admiring spouse first gazed upon her. (*To Susy*) Wouldn't you?"

Mrs. WILLIS (blushing). "I never can tell whether you are in earnest or in joke, Mr. Talcott."

MYSELF (in earnest). "The illustration was a little jocular, but the thought was perfectly sincere."

Mrs. WILLIS. "I should try to do whatever I saw to be right."

MYSELF. "And it would not frighten you to have death come in the way; would it?"

Mrs. WILLIS. "I think not. I should be afraid of the pain, but I should have no trouble afterward about doing right any more."

The FROW. "Ve do not know vat ve shall geketch after ve die. Also must ve hurry to do all our vork that is possible vile ve are alive. Let us den be quick, and drample de last dyrant unter our foot. De last enemy is not Death. It is de Men."

MYSELF. "Ah, madam, you are as brave and outspoken yet as you were last summer, at the Convention of the Centrifugal Progressionists! Indeed, it is lucky for us men that there are few women as strong and courageous as you."

The FROW (tickled). "You dinks, den, truly, ve can have all ve do choose to take?"

MYSELF (and very sincerely, too). "I do, indeed, madam. Indeed, I know it. The fact is, the only reason that the women have not already the suffrage all over the United States, is, that they don't want it."

(Now, this suggestion was, at first, very striking and delightful to all three ladies, but, as they chewed upon it, it tasted bitter.)

ONTHANK. "That's a fact.—Yis, and they'd orter be ashamed of it, too."—(Then, espying the insinuation) "Shaw! we'll *make* 'em want it!"

MYSELF. "But if you *make* them do so, you become the tyrants—don't you?—instead of us men, who simply let them be."

Hereupon Mrs. Onthank, acting curiously like a man, began to get vexed



because she couldn't at once see any answer. I did not propose to have her vexed, however, and so I answered myself,

"But, of course, you mean only the force of right reason. Well, Mrs. Onthank, you have thought of this subject a great deal more than I—as you have of all the great subjects. You know, I'm quite too lazy to study them up. If you will find me a lady as attractive as Mrs. Willis, and make me love her as much as Tom does his wife, and then make her believe as you do, I should have either to study the subject, or to yield at once, and let her go on the stage, or kill myself. Shouldn't I?"

ONTHANK. "You'd do jest as Mr. Willis is a-goin to, and let her go on the stage. You're too finicky to kill yourself, and you're too lazy to study any thing but those everlastin' chess. Don't b'lieve you've got go enough in you to make much of a tyrant, that's the fact!"

This rather depreciatory judgment was softened by the old lady's good-natured manner. At least, she did not mean to be uncivil; and I fear she was no more than truthful. However, the Frow Addlehead picked up (so to speak) her red ears at the word "chess," somewhat to my surprise.

"Ah, Mr. Tall-coat, you play ze chess?"

MYSELF (with a humility that has often gained me funny experiences). "A little, madam—enough to amuse a friend."

The Frow. "So. I vood like to play a game viz you. I like to set my foot on ze tyrants. I do not find ze gentelmen who can beat me."

And, indeed, the lady spoke, as it were, with the sound of a trumpet, inasmuch that I said to myself, Have I really found a lady that can play chess? But I only said I should be most happy to receive even a trampling from her. Another fib. What hoofs! But she was really eager about it; and the other ladies, great votaries of hers, obviously, were instantly almost as eager; so, as there was time enough, the equipage was produced, and the game began.

The Frow, with great pluck, chose the first move; but her play was most mysterious, inasmuch that I at once made up my mind to one of two things: either she was one of those solvers of problems in twenty-seven moves, who don't need to pay any attention to the first half of the game, or she was a goose—a chess-goose, that is. However, I merely used the opportunities she gave me for deploying during the first few moves; for, I said to myself, if I am to be trodden down so ruthlessly, I must try to defer the evil day at least.

Now, I will not annoy you with the details of this *parti*, memorable though it was; but I may just set down the following introduction, in case any person of a chess turn of mind should light upon this narrative, and should care to see whether the Addlehead Gambit (as I have baptized it) is worth analyzing. The Frow had the black pieces (by choice, because, she said, the men always selected them, and she wouldn't put up with it); and she playing first, we proceeded thus:

BLACK (THE FROW.)

1. K. Kt. P. 1.
2. K. B. to K. Kt. 2.
3. Q. Kt. P. 1.
4. Q. B. to Q. Kt. 2.
5. K. Kt. to K. B. 3.
6. Q. Kt. to Q. B. 3.
7. K. P. 1.
8. Q. P. 1.
9. Castles.

WHITE (MYSELF.)

1. K. P. 2.
2. Q. P. 2.
3. K. B. P. 2.
4. K. B. P. 2.
5. K. B. to Q. 3.
6. Q. B. to K. 3.
7. K. Kt. to K. B. 3.
8. Q. Kt. to Q. B. 3.

There—that will do. Now, my chess friend, you may observe that, while the lady's King looks pretty snug after her ninth move, yet, that you cannot point out any particular plan of operations for which her line of battle is available, unless it be to wait and see if White does not make a blunder; and her pieces are badly cramped; whereas White really commands the whole board, having his forces capitally developed, and, in fact, a very strong position for either attack or defence.

Of no such comparison, however, did the lady seem to take note, but played her own game almost exclusively (as I have seen other ladies do at chess, greatly to their detriment). The open-

ing being now pretty well completed, it was time for the fighting to begin; and as I had the opportunity, and could see no just cause nor impediment to the contrary, I pushed my King's Pawn at her King's Knight. Really, I grieve to say it, but that unlucky move of mine was the beginning of sorrows. The poor cavalier found no rest for the sole of his one foot, and, before many moves, I had strangled him up in one corner with my awful pawns, and "captivated" him. The Frow was highly disgusted.

"Vy do you play zat dirty piece game?" she asked, with sharpness.

MYSELF. "I really beg your pardon, madam; I only thought I could secure a knight, and I thought it would help me win the game to do so. Would you allow me to replace it?"

She did allow me, but we had to revoke three moves before a means could be found of saving the poor fellow's life; and even then he was left dreadfully squeezed, and where he seemed somehow to block up four or five other pieces. The poor Frow could not like my style of play. She said:

"I am not used to play ze piece game. It is for ze profound combinations zat I admire ze chess. Your play is barbarous. You have already ruined ze symmetry of ze game."

MYSELF (with the greatest humility). "I am very much mortified, madam. I never played for symmetry in my life. I play to win, unless I should lose a game on purpose."

The Frow (suspiciously). "But you would not be so childish?"

MYSELF. "Assuredly not, madam. I would not dream of any thing so disrespectful to you."

In spite of my polite disclaimers, I did almost try to lose the game, but it was of no use. I let her retract moves and strings of moves, until I should think there had been play enough bit off in such ravellings for a dozen games; gave her back piece after piece; and only resisted her purpose on one occasion, when, towards the end of the game, she had become quite muddy in

her intellects, and made a knight's move with queen's rook. I wouldn't have said a word even then, if Mrs. Willis had not herself espied the error, and I was obliged, of course, to point it out in a bland manner.

The end came, almost in spite of me. "Mate in three," I said, at last.

The Frow. "Oh, no! I shall take your Queen."

MYSELF. "It is mate on the move, madam, if you do that."

The Frow (after studying a long time). "So!—yes. But in dree move? Vell, I have my kink very much ge-crowdet here. I believe I have loozed him."

It was I who had crowded her "kink," as she called him. But she could not seem to see that I was the means of her losing at all. She evidently *knew* that it was not my play, but hers, that had decided. Perhaps it was; Heaven knows I'm not much of a player! Chess requires some executive faculty, and I'm afraid I haven't much more of that than an average woman.

She was extremely displeased, and explained about the "kink," and many other things, at great length, in all of which I diligently helped her, and at last restored her good-humor.

We talked a while longer, mostly again on the "Wimmen Question," before I departed. It is needless to recall any more of what was said; but I was fully convinced that Mrs. Willis would go on the stage, if her life and health continued. She had made up her mind to it; her restless, talking old mother kept her interested about it. She was unquestionably an excellent reader, and had a fair share of dramatic talent, too, besides a sweet, flexible voice, very charming manners, and exquisite personal beauty; but all that will not suffice to make an actress, leaving out of view the question of obeying the tyrant.

"I will put my foot on ze neck of ze tyrant next time," observed the Frow, on my taking leave; and she added, in a complimentary manner, "You are not ze vorst tyrant, Mr. Tall-coat. I like

you very well. Come and play chess with me again."

I alleged that it would give me great pleasure, and departed.

It was my full intention to visit the Frow again, with the idea of trying to coax her to help keep Mrs. Willis off the stage; for I confess that I could not devise any more hopeful plan; and my consultations with Willis himself suggested nothing better. We agreed upon one point: that it was not best for him to assert any authority in the matter, and that, if worst came to worst, the least evil for him to choose was his wife's appearance in public, even though accompanied with the usual newspaper "critiques," and their discussions of her talents, her person, her history, her family, and her character. Poor tyrant! How insufferable, to be fumbled and tumbled, patted or scratched, insulted and abused and lied about, or still more nauseously and quite as falsely praised and flattered, in the "Dramatic Feuilleton" of the city dailies! A sufficiently filthy experience even for a man. But for a man, a gentleman, proud and reserved and sensitive, to stand helplessly by while the "dramatic critics" discussed his wife! I don't think I ever saw any body more utterly wretched; and his perfect inability to help himself was worst of all. He would not even quarrel with Onthank, for fear of troubling Susy. He simply—it is the hardest task of all in such a situation—he simply held his tongue, and was no otherwise than usual, except that he was very quiet and very kind.

Most probably my plan of influencing the Frow would have failed; for, though she could not play chess, she was a very rough, fearless, resolute, indelicate person, and was with all her heart in accord with Onthank. It would have been almost as hopeless as to set David against Jonathan. Nor did I have time to try; for, certain business emergencies suddenly arising, I was obliged to travel away unexpectedly, and remain for some time. I knew, however, that Mrs. Wil-

lis was diligently training, under a professional instructor, for the stage, and that the time, place, and circumstances for what Mrs. Onthank called her "debaw," were all fixed. Thus it happened that I only returned the day before the awful occasion; and, as it was afternoon, I strolled down to Willis' place of business.

I found him just as I had left him, except that he had really grown pale and thin, and his face had begun to wear one of those fixed expressions that are planted by the continuance of some one strong feeling. It was, on Tom Willis' face, mingled anger and pain; the anger gathered in the lowered brows and the corrugations between them; the pain shown in the drawn and compressed lips. He was obviously extremely nervous and irritable withal, and was using the utmost force of a very powerful will to keep himself steady. So I said as little as possible. He knew very well how thoroughly I sympathized with him; and the fact of sympathy, not the statement of it, is all that such characters want.

He insisted on my going home with him to dinner, and we went accordingly. "It's an hour early," Willis said, "but I want to talk over two or three things with you, and the parlors will be empty."

When we arrived, Willis opened the front door with his latch-key, and, after his invariable manner, very quietly. So it was not until the door was shut again, and we were both within the hall, that a voice in the front parlor was heard to exclaim,

"Law suz! who's that!"

It was Onthank who spoke.

"Hmh!" aspirated Willis, with his mouth shut, and led the way towards the back parlor. As he did so, Mrs. Onthank continued,

"Oh! it's only Mr. Willis;" and then we could hear that she went on talking. There was obviously some interlocutor.

We entered the further room. Willis drew up two chairs near a window, and we sat down. The rooms communi-

cated by large sliding doors, now, as it happened, wide open. Mrs. Onthank was holding communion with a young man, who sat at the table writing.

Willis looked rather apprehensively at this tableau, for he was terribly nervous about the old eagle in his dove's nest; but, his mind being full of what he wanted to say, he began at once, with the queerest possible expression on his face—a most unexpected, and, to me, inexplicable mixture of something funny with all his misery, as if a martyr amid the flames should all at once make a pun.

"I've contrived something," he said, "that I'm in hopes will do a little good, and I want to know how it strikes you. Onthank found it very difficult to bring her plans to a practical focus, and I found that she and Susy were going to get into an awful mess; so I just volunteered to be their business man."

I couldn't help a smile. He smiled too, rather grimly, however.

"Well, that's better than to have all sorts of swindles perpetrated on the women, over and above the thing itself. I'd stand and take checks at the door, if necessary. I should mount blue spectacles, however, and a blonde wig and beard."

He was quite right, too. But the led husband of an actress!

Willis saw what I was thinking, and continued, always with that same curious, grim smile:

"Now, Charley—really, I'm almost afraid to whisper even"—he did, in fact, drop his voice very low—"I've organized for to-morrow night just as many machineries as I could possibly imagine, to make a dead failure."

"Hush! careful! Not a sound!" he cried, softly, but with an indescribable intensity, while the queer, mixed expression deepened on his face; for I had almost repeated his last words aloud, in my startled state. We looked at each other, and laughed as well as we could without making any noise, and, by a mutual impulse, we shook hands.

"But, for goodness' sake, what are the items?" I said, at last, very quietly.

"I was just going to ask that very question myself," said some one, in a loud, confident, cheerful voice, at our very elbow.

"What the ——!" exclaimed Willis, springing up in a monstrous rage, for he made sure he had been overheard.

It was the young man from the front parlor, whose approach we had entirely failed to observe, in our preoccupation.

As sure as I'm alive, it was a reporter! Willis saw it as quickly as I did, and the horror and disgust and wrath that lightened across his visage were something awful to see. But, with a severe effort, he restrained himself, though he could not ask the young man to sit down. So they stood; but their parts were oddly interchanged; for Willis began at once to ask questions, his eyes flashing ominously through the mask of civility which he could scarcely keep on; while the eager reporter, note-book in one hand and pencil in the other, looked ridiculous enough in answering questions, his affable smile and brazen professional unscrupulousness being entirely out of the game.

"A reporter, I see! From what paper, permit me to inquire?"

"From the *Daily Despot*. I——"

"I am Mr. Willis. Allow me to inquire what procures me the honor of this visit?"

The young man, evidently offended, produced one of those cards which are commonly carried as credentials by those of his profession, and handed it to Willis.

"That is the managing editor's signature—Mr. Priam Scrawshaw. He authorized me to prepare an article calculated to interest the public in Mrs. Willis herself, for to-morrow morning. It is better, in such cases, for the friends of parties to give correct information. Won't you tell me——"

"But why will it not do to refuse information?" interrupted Willis.

The reporter by this time quite bristled up at being fed out of his own dish in this way, and evidently felt extremely abused.

"Because," he said, in an impudent tone, "a telling statement must be had; and, if the details desired cannot be got at from first hands, we must do the best we can in the office; and sometimes we are liable, of course, to mistakes."

This last hint in a very significant manner.

"Well, but I suppose you have secured most of what you want?"

"Oh, yes; but the public will naturally be interested in the husband of the *débutante*, and, now-a-days, we regularly interview the whole family when one member of it is concerned."

"Won't you let me see what you have written, if you please?"

The young fellow hesitated, and looked quite furious. Willis added:

"It's fair enough to let me see what you're going to say about my own wife!"

With a grin, the reporter handed over his note-book. It was Willis' turn to be enraged.

"Short-hand!" he said, in a sufficiently ugly tone.

"Let me see it," I interrupted; for, among the few matters that I had ever studied with much attention, the beautiful art of phonographic reporting was one. I had, in fact, been at one time a sort of amateur reporter; and I found no difficulty in reading out the notes. They were, being interpreted, somewhat thus—the dexterous fellow having skillfully shaped his matter so as to save any further trouble except simply "extending" the notes:

"Mrs. Susy Willis, the new aspirant to the honors of the *tragédienne*, who is to appear to-night at the —— Theatre, in the rôle of Ophelia, is the beloved wife of Mr. Thomas Willis, one of our first citizens. *Née* Onthank, she first won the heart of her lord amid the rustic solitudes of Herkimer county's primeval wilds, and, it is whispered, under singularly romantic circumstances, which we may relate at a future period. Endowed with a singularly lovely person, gifted with noble talents, of spotless private character, and, like her energetic and fearless maternal pa-

rent, deeply sympathizing with the sorrows of her sex——"

"How much more is there of it?" interrupted Willis, in a constrained voice.

"A good deal. That's not a quarter of it."

The reporter was, by this time, about as enraged as Willis.

"Won't you give me my book, if you please?" said he, very shortly.

"Stop!" said Willis, and, quietly taking it himself, he tore out the young gentleman's notes, and put them in his pocket. Then, handing the book to its owner, he said, still in a rather unnatural tone, and, as I could see well enough, though the reporter could not, in a dreadful white-heat of restrained anger,

"There, sir! Permit me to wish you good-day. When you want further information about my family, won't you call at my office in business hours, and obtain it of me?"

"I'll do just as I think best for the paper. If you know what's best for yourself, you'll give me those notes, quick."

"Go out!" said Willis, so quietly that the foolish reporter completely misunderstood, and answered,

"Not until you give me my property."

There is a legal phrase which means, "He laid hands on him softly"—*molliter manus imposuit*—which pleasing description includes whatever pounding or other violence is necessary for persuading the absence of any unauthorized personage. This soft laying on of hands was now performed with incredible celerity and in entire silence by Willis, who, without one single word, seized by the collar the representative of that mighty engine, the Press, propelled him with swift and irresistible force across the room and through the hall, and then, opening the door, ejected him down the steps, insomuch that he crumpled up in a heap on the sidewalk. I had the presence of mind to bring his hat from the front parlor, and Willis set it out on the top step. Jumping up with alacrity, the unterrified re-

porter recovered his head-gear, and, by the time I had reached the parlor-window, there he was, standing by the lamp-post, scribbling away in his notebook with the most vengeful speed, doubtless reproducing his lost treasure with amplifications, and adding the volunteer item.

Mrs. Onthank had judiciously disappeared as soon as the colloquy between her son-in-law and the reporter began. Willis, having closed the front door, marched into the parlor, looking somehow as if he wanted a good excuse to spill the blood of half-a-dozen human beings.

"Well, you've done it now," I said. "What a figure you'll cut in the *Daily Despot* to-morrow! I know that Scrawshaw. He's an ugly dog, and he'll try to do you a mischief."

Willis was really too angry to speak. He made one or two turns through the room, his face white and his fists clenched.

"Well," he said, at last, "I've done it, as you say. It can't be helped now. All we can do, is, to get through to-morrow as soon as possible. Fortunately, there's plenty to do."

"But you haven't told me about your devices."

"Why, I've corrupted the manager, who is interested in another lady besides, and don't want my wife to succeed, and he's put wretched sticks for the rest of the people. I've arranged to have the fires go wrong, and so the house will be cold and smoky. There'll be a most untunable orchestra—for they're to have a little fiddling before and between and with the songs. The prompter is to be careless—though the play is so old that that isn't of much account. Possibly I can have the gas-light fail at one or two of the strongest scenes; but that is a little uncertain. And there's been a great deal of incivility exercised in refusing free tickets."

"Why, Willis, what a frightful, cold-blooded, brutal scheme!"

"Surgeon's kindness, my dear fellow—a few sharp cuts, and it's over. She don't know what stage-fright is, either,

and perhaps that will help. My whole faith is that she will never try it a second time. If she does, I must give it up, I suppose. Well, it's disagreeable enough so far, and I suppose the worst is to come. 'Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind,' as Hamlet will remark to-morrow evening. Come, it's dinner-time."

He had been speaking with intense feeling. He turned short about, however, with his quotation, and at table he was the hospitable and genial gentleman that he always had been. I could not but wonder at the craft and dissimulation with which he was covering the mine that he had laid to explode the plans of his innocent little wife and her unlovely old mother. Yet I thought, and still think, he was right. It takes a real experience—and a very painful one may be necessary—to prevail against a foolish, energetic old woman, or a mistaken, conscientious young woman, and still more against both together.

Next morning, as may be imagined, I looked into the *Daily Despot* with awful apprehensions. I looked at the usual place in the fifth page. Finding nothing there, I examined the dreary masses of "Nonpareil solid" which fill up the "City Department." "Scrawshaw hasn't surely made so much of it as to put it on the editorial page?" I said to myself. Sure enough, he hadn't. Then I studied every one of the whole forty-eight columns of the great daily, from top to bottom. You could not have ascertained from the *Daily Despot* that any body was going to make a first appearance at all, except by the usual advertisement. There was no article, no paragraph, no line, no word. I was perfectly puzzled. Very quickly, however, I saw what it meant. The reporter had told the story of his wrongs, and the cool head of the managing editor had imagined the worst of newspaper revenges—a strangle. Mrs. Willis was not to be mentioned in the *Daily Despot*.

"All right, my covey!" said I—slang out of "Jack Sheppard" is good enough



for Scrawshaw: "That will suit Willis to a dot. Perhaps it could be made surer yet by an agonized remonstrance."

And, as I knew Scrawshaw enough to justify a call, I went, on my own responsibility, to see him. I explained to him that this silence was unexpected, and how discouraging, and even fatal, any coldness or unfriendliness on the part of the *Despot* must be to the fair *débutante*. Scrawshaw heard me with a grin.

"Sorry," he said, looking perfectly delighted—"very sorry! But this Mr. Willis grossly insulted one of the gentlemen employed by the paper. I despise any thing abusive, of course. The high tone of our journal is well known, and shall ever be maintained by me. At the same time, self-respect requires that he be taught a lesson. Mrs. Willis cannot be named, or alluded to, in this paper, except in the advertising columns. The publisher controls those."

I affected great misery, and inquired if an apology would do any good; but Scrawshaw was as immovable as Rhodamanthus. So, on the whole, our interview was mutually satisfactory, and I could only wish that there might be spite enough in the reporter, and *esprit de corps* enough in his brethren, to reduce the whole phalanx of them to an equally obstinate silence next morning.

Well, the evening came, as all the evenings of this world will, if we can only wait long enough. I remember very distinctly the half-light that filled the great auditorium; the uncomfortable chilliness of the air—for it really seemed as if the November of the whole city had gathered together and crowded into this one building, on purpose to discomfort this audience; the scattered besprinklement of the spectators, thinly set here and there along the vast concentric ranges of seats and boxes. It was a dreary house enough. Willis, of course, was not visible. Mrs. Onthank, no doubt, was with her daughter. But I distinguished the broad shoulders and solid head of Frow von Rosefeld in one of the stage-boxes.

Every now and then some person or little party arose and departed. A lady who thus passed by me shivered, and said to her escort,

"Ugh! it feels like a grave. Let's go and see Pillicoddy."

I remembered Mr. Greeley's description of what he considered a success for him in addressing an audience—"when not more than half the people go out!"

When it was time for the curtain to rise, it did not rise. The fiddlers, who had fiddled once, fiddled again, the second violin elaborately dragging, each time, about a quarter of a note behind the leader, so as to minister wrath, and not pleasure, to the vexed listener. Then, after a time, there arose among the audience, well-disposed and patient though it was, a scattered stamping, which quickly gathered into a heavy, angry rhythmic tramp; and above this, like bright bayonets above a line of battle, there leaped up a few sharp cries:

"Hi, hi!"

"Roll it up!"

"Roll up the rag!"

After some minutes of this disagreeable uproar, the curtain did rise, and the performance began. It is not worth while to analyze it in detail. Suffice it to say, that the little wooden men and women out of a toy Noah's Ark would have appeared better than these fearful actors, because they would have done nothing, while the present players did whatever they ought not. They strutted and straddled, mouthed and mumbled, talked to the audience instead of each other, made the most astounding new readings—in all ways dilated and enormified the intrinsic absurdities of acted tragedy, until, to my poor mind at least, there arose out of the fantastic scene a comedy indescribably more fantastic, but ironic and melancholy rather than humorous, so that I could not laugh, but was sorry to see them so earnest and busy in making such frightful fools of themselves. I remember, for instance, that the Hamlet of this tragic evening knocked the significance out of one of his speeches before the

ghost, by saying, "As for my soul, what can it do to that?" pointing to the ghost at the word "that," and thus saying exactly the opposite of what the words were meant to mean. Perhaps the special gem of the performance—looked at, that is to say, as a most comical and sad tragedy—was in Act III, Scene 1, where the Prince instructs the player, and where every word and gesture of "the respected Hamlick" (Jeames Yellowplush's words belonged exactly to the personation of this evening) were the most thorough yet painstaking and sincere violation of all the good precepts that he was laying down.

Ophelia's first appearance, of course, was in the dialogue with Laertes, at his departing for France, and the entry of the fair *débütante* was greeted with the kindly conventional salvo of applause, which was redoubled when the fair face blushed to be so greeted, and the graceful, delicate little figure bowed in embarrassed acknowledgment. Her very first speech of four words told the whole story:

OPH. (R.) "Do you doubt that?"

It told the story, because I could not hear it. She felt the "stage-fright," no doubt; but that was not the trouble. Her sweet, silvery voice was for a room, not for an auditorium. Though she had screeched, she would not have filled the air of that great theatre; she would only have cut it. I had reckoned on this, of course; but I was surprised to see how nearly her words were unheard. The audience, thoroughly patient and kind, hushed itself to listen; the furthest of them gathered noiselessly up towards the orchestra; and so, with great pains, she could be heard by those who were present. But not half of a full house could have understood a word she said. As the dialogue proceeded, I could see that some hint of the difficulty was given to her—doubtless by Laertes himself; for she perceptibly struggled for greater volume of tone, and with some little benefit. The applause was repeated at the end of the

scene, at the "*Exeunt, R.*;" yet it was charity—not tribute.

Ophelia enters, it will be remembered, for the second time, where the Queen arranges with her the little experiment that is to show whether Hamlet is out of his wits for the love of the maiden; and this scene was like the former, except that there was scarcely "a hand." Ophelia now "*Retires, R. U. E.*" The rest also "*Exeunt, R. S. E.*;" and "*Enter HAMLET (L.)*," absorbed in the misery and doubt of his sad circumstances, and now he recites that famous "Soliloquy," so many hundreds of thousands of times repeated by men, boys, fools, and actors, yet still fresh with the same dreary, unfathomable sadness and doubt and dread.

I remember, when I was a boy at school, there used to prevail among us a superstition that every third effort or experiment was the decisive one. We used to state this doctrine in the phrase, "The third time always goes it." The present occasion was a case in point; for poor Ophelia did "go it" with a vengeance, at this her third entrance. It was purely an accident; it could not, in the nature of the case, have been arranged beforehand; and yet it had unquestionably a more powerful influence upon the result of the whole evening's work than all Willis' secret basenesses, successful as they were. Just as Hamlet, with good emphasis and discretion, recited,

"Than fly to others that we know not of,"

and exactly where the stage-directors assert that "OPHELIA reënters at R. U. E.," she did reënter, and in a manner that, in spite of my fright and astonishment, I couldn't help remembering might be taken as an absurd attempt to exemplify that line; for she certainly seemed to be flying to others that she knew not of. In stepping, perhaps a little too hastily, upon the scene, her foot caught in the edge of the carpet that was laid down as a proper furnishing of the "hall in the palace." She all but pitched headlong down upon her nose; and, in the instinctive effort

to save herself, flung her arms forward, and bounded diagonally down the stage, as if to take a flying leap over foot-lights and orchestra, far out into the very pit. She did really almost do it; she was barely able to stop herself just behind the lights. For an instant she was white with terror; then, she turned crimson with intense pain and mortification; trembled, hid her face in her hands, almost fainted. Some of the audience, well-meaning, applauded, to restore her courage; and this, of course, she misinterpreted to be satirical applause. Others said "Hush!" and "Sh!" and this she thought was hissing for her blunder. A very few laughed—for which there was reason, if not excuse; the sense of the ridiculous is far stronger than sympathy, in some minds. Hamlet stepped promptly forward, intending to carry the dialogue straight on, as if nothing had happened, and, "cutting" five lines and a half, resumed, holding out both hands to her,

—"Soft you, now!  
The fair Ophelia!"

But the stage-manager was wiser. A whistle sounded within the mysterious depths back of the stage, and the actor had just time to say two words and draw the trembling little lady back a few steps, when the great curtain rolled heavily down to the floor. Of course, there was then a great buzz of talking, a mingled mess of regret, giggle, and criticism.

Before many minutes, the curtain rose again, and the scene proceeded with Ophelia's greeting,

"Good my lord,  
How does your honor for this many a day?"

It is needless, however, to detail the further progress of the play. There were no more positive mischances. For the rest of the evening, the others were absurd, and Mrs. Willis all but inaudible; and I could not sufficiently admire the patient resolution which she showed in going so straight forward through the rest of the piece. The good-natured spectators applauded her everywhere, though they could not hear a word she

said without great efforts; yet, indeed, she was lovely enough to admire and applaud, if she had only stood still to be looked at. But her flushed face showed plainly that she was making a most painful effort, and I was glad when she went off for the last time with the Queen in Act IV.

Indeed, although I remained until the curtain fell, I paid very little attention to the remainder of the performance, and am quite unable to offer any criticisms upon the church-yard scene, or the combat in the last Act.

The rest is brief. Next day Mrs. Willis was ill with a nervous fever from effort and over-excitement, and she only recovered her usual perfect though delicate health after some months, and the still longer subsequent process of a journey to Europe. It was, accordingly, more than a year before I saw her and her husband again. When I did, almost the first thing Tom Willis said was, as I entered his parlor,

"Here, Charley—here's one of the people you were wishing for, one day; do you remember?"

And he drew me into a little room off the parlor, where sat Susy, contentedly rocking a cradle with a baby in it, while she sewed on some white fabric or other.

The little lady was unaffectedly pleased at our meeting, and I was, too.

"What people do you mean, dear?" she asked her husband.

He pointed to the young gentleman in the cradle.

"You wished for him?" said she to me, inquiringly. "You can't have him!"

"No," I said; "Tom is remembering something I said to him, one day. I had an idea that, if this young person had been here, you would not have——"

I hesitated; but Susy understood me, and blushed and smiled.

"I shouldn't," she said simply. "I'm as glad as he is, now, that I broke down."

Onthank was pensioned off when the

Willises went abroad, and they kept her so after they came home.

The reason that so little has ever been heard of Mrs. Willis' "first appearance," and of the consequent triumph of her tyrant, I easily ascertained on the very morning after the performance. The reporter of the *Daily Despot* had done exactly what I hoped; and, with one consent, the dailies of the next day abstained from any reference to the doings of the evening, except the merest

statement that the play of Hamlet was then enacted, and none of them named Mrs. Willis even by her proposed theatrical surname. I have no doubt that the vengeful brethren of the quill fully believe that they were the people who really gained a victory, and that their silence was the grave where an agonized *débutante* was buried alive; whereas Mr. Thomas Willis was really, so to speak, the tyrant who triumphed.

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### THE BRONTËS AND THEIR HOME.

#### TWO DAYS AT HAWORTH.

. . . I WAS obliged to wait two hours for the train on the branch railway to Haworth, and spent most of the time in the waiting-room with the motherly old attendant, who knew the neighborhood well, and could tell me much about the family which had made it famous. I met there, also, a very agreeable gentlewoman, who travelled with me for a short distance, and, on our separating, bade me look at the tomb of her family in Haworth churchyard, as her ancestors for many generations had lived in the vicinity, and it was only within a few years that she had left her old home for the more stirring life of Manchester. After leaving Bradford, the road passes through several small manufacturing villages, of which Keightley (pronounced Keethley) is the most important, and peculiarly interesting to me, as having been the nearest station to Haworth in former times, and the terminus of many a walk of the Brontë sisters. A few miles further on, the guide called out "Haworth," and, after barely giving time for the few passengers to alight, the train passed on, and I was left standing on the platform of the solitary little station at the foot of the hills, the hamlet of which I was in search being on the top of one of them. I waited until the few people had taken up their line of march, when I followed them, and

ventured to accost a tall, sedate-looking woman who was nearest me, as to the prospect of finding a lodging in the village. As soon as she heard that I was an American, and had come so far out of my way to see Haworth, she became very cordial, and introduced me to the little company generally, who made me welcome in a simple, hearty fashion, which was very promising, and beguiled for me the exceeding steepness of the ascent. Instead of going by the paved road, we followed a narrow path between stone walls which wound among the fields, so that I was almost in the centre of the village before I recognized its nearness. It is built mainly upon one long street, and, as we emerged from the high-walled lane, I saw all the famous localities at once. There were the church, the parsonage, the churchyard "terribly full of upright tombstones," and beyond these the dim outline of the moors. The little inn of "The Black Bull" was directly in front of us; but it was not till I had entered that I discovered the landlady in the modest companion of my walk. She was willing to keep me, but feared she could not make me comfortable, as the next day (Sunday) was the anniversary of the Sunday-school, and on Monday the annual fair of the "Rush-bearing" would begin; consequently, her carpets had all been taken

up, and the house made as plain as possible, to stand the wear and tear of the crowds of rough-shod countrymen who were expected to make it their headquarters for the next three days. One little room up-stairs, however, had been left undisturbed, and that was given to me. It was old-fashioned and queer, and the bed, besides having high posts, was so high itself, that a pair of steps stood ready at the head to assist the future incumbent to scale its mountain of feathers. From my open window I could look across a lane at the rear of the inn to the Mechanics' Institute—a modest building, containing the village library and a room for reading and debate. The intervening space had been rented for the fair-time by owners of booths for refreshments and fancy articles, a few of which were already in operation, and in the centre had been planted one of those whirling machines which seem to be an accompaniment of similar festivities in every part of the world, wherein a large number of children go round and round, imagining themselves meanwhile on horseback or in a carriage. Of course, so novel an amusement had greatly roused the village children, and they stood by in full force, while a few of their number, the happy possessors of a half-penny or so, mounted the machine and flashed by before the envious gaze of their impecunious companions. It was quite an amusing sight; but when speaking of it to the landlady, during the good dinner to which I was presently called, she replied, that the machine should never be allowed to come there again, for she was “fairly stalled wi’ their noise.” I remembered the Yorkshire expression for fatigue, and could have hugged the good woman for allowing me to hear it in Yorkshire air. My dinner was served in the private parlor—a pleasant room, with an open fire-place, and windows looking upon the street, and furnished with a shiny hair-cloth sofa, and oak chairs of antique form grown dark and glossy with age. It was the same room to which Branwell Brontë had often been summoned for the entertainment

of such travellers as were above the ordinary society of the Black Bull.

After dinner I went out, and, in obedience to my rule of “business before pleasure,” proceeded to secure photographs and other souvenirs of the place, before beginning my round of personal inspection. One of the shop-keepers was a woman, a fair, plump matron, who had once been a pupil of Charlotte in the Sunday-school. I made the acquaintance of several persons in the course of my shopping, all of whom could give reminiscences of the family; and though the incidents were mainly the same that I had read, they seemed fresh and new when heard from living lips. One man asked me if the village looked as I had expected to find it. On my answering in the affirmative, he continued, “But don’t you find the people less rough in their manners than Mrs. Gaskell has described them?” I could bear willing testimony to their courtesy and kindness, so far as I had been brought into contact with them, and made haste to do so, to his evident gratification; for the pride of the inhabitants had no doubt suffered from that strong picture of their local peculiarities.

After securing my photographs, I started with my mind free to enjoy the experiences that were yet to come. The churchyard adjoins the inn at one corner, and I passed through the great iron gates, which had been opened for a funeral procession. The ordinary entrance is between open posts at the other end of the church, for the enclosure is a thoroughfare, affording a short cut to the farm-houses and moors beyond. None but foot-passengers can enter it, however, as the place is too thickly sown with graves to allow of a carriage-road; and the paths, excepting one to the church-door, are not well-defined, because people wind their way among the tombs, or walk upon the huge flat memorial-stones to suit their convenience. Between the church and the wall which separates it from the street, a small space has been carefully arranged in flower-beds, which were

gay with roses and pansies, and other old-fashioned flowers, at the time of my visit. But elsewhere there is no room for adornment, and a stunted ivy upon the church, and a few shrubs scattered among the graves, alone break the cheerless monotony of gray stone and white marble. The first slab that I paused to examine contained the well-known verse that so puzzled David Copperfield's infant meditations in church:

Afflictions sore long time I bore,  
Physicians were in vain,  
But Death gave ease when God did please,  
And freed me from my pain.

Another announced that

Man but dives in death—  
Dives from the sun in fairer day to rise,  
The grave his subterranean road to bliss.

I was particularly struck by the extent of mortality in some families, and the wholesale manner of recording such afflictions. Thus, one stone was erected "in memory of eight children of Robert and Alice Hey, of Bradford, who all died young." Another was to "Bernard Hartley, who died aged forty-one years—also to eleven children of his who all died young." Another, "to five children who died young." There was one to an infant "who lived *three hundred and nine days*"—a calculation which saved the trouble of division into weeks and months.

In my wanderings among the graves I had reached the upper end of the enclosure very near the parsonage. Of course, my dearest wish had been to enter the house, especially the room where the sisters had been accustomed to sit together, and where the last survivor had so often paced to and fro in the lonely evenings, haunted by the faces that had vanished and the voices that were silenced forever.

But I was told that the present rector had positively refused admission to every stranger that had applied; and, in view of the thousands who visit the place, one cannot blame him for asserting his right to domestic privacy. He never knew the Brontë family, and, though he takes pride in their fame, he

cannot be expected to open his house to all who, through curiosity, or even a better motive, may wish to see their former haunts. Besides, the gratification would be only partial, if it would not better deserve to be called a disappointment; for the house has been modernized and completely refurnished, and no trace of its former occupancy remains. Even "the small old-fashioned window-panes" have been exchanged for the light sash and large glass of the present day. It is easy to tell from the outside the arrangement of the rooms, and so there is nothing lost but the blessed consciousness of having been in the very places made sacred through the habitual presence of those gifted beings.

By standing on a tombstone, I could see over the hedge into the front yard; and, as I could do this without intrusion, I took a long and careful survey of the premises. There were the massive stone steps which they had daily crossed, and the old-fashioned front door which had closed upon them all one after another as they were carried to their burial. The flower-beds under the windows still remained, but the "square grass-plot" was now adorned with a large circular mound aflame with verbenas and scarlet geraniums. The grass was cut close and looked like velvet, and the gravel-paths were trim and neat. The place was evidently well cared for; and, as I heard the cheerful voices of the rector and his wife, who were at work in the lower end of the garden, and saw the white curtains waving in the summer air through the open windows, I imagined how it might have been during that brief period in Charlotte's experience, when "the sacred doors of home" were "closed upon her married life," and "her loving friends standing outside caught occasional glimpses of brightness and pleasant peaceful murmurs of sound, telling of the gladness within."

Returning towards the church, I found it open, and the sexton's wife sweeping and dusting for the next day's festival, while the sexton was dancing



the baby upon a tombstone by the door. Remembering the numerous deaths of children I had seen recorded, I asked the man whether the close proximity of so crowded a graveyard—which is also at a higher elevation than the town—were not injurious to the public health. He admitted that it had been so in past times, when the people used water from the village wells, and found it often “*greasy* ;” but during a severe epidemic, a company of chemists came from London, and, after testing the water, forbade its use ; since when the inhabitants had brought water from springs found on neighboring farms above the level of the churchyard.

Haworth church is very old, even as compared with many other ecclesiastical relics in England. It has been claimed that the tower was built in the year 600 ; but this idea first arose from a misinterpretation of a half-obliterated inscription on the wall. The outside is plain ; the windows are large, and filled with common glass in small panes. I noticed, in some of these panes, a protuberance as large as an egg, and asked the sexton how they came there. He said that the glass was made long ago, before its manufacture had been so well understood as now, and when a defect could not so easily be remedied. He added, that each of these protuberances acted as a burning-glass, and churchgoers were always careful to avoid their vicinity in a sunny day.

The sexton's wife was evidently accustomed to the visits of strangers, and she now proceeded to show me the objects of greatest interest. The interior of the church is quaint and queer enough to eyes accustomed to the regularity of American church architecture. The pulpit is high, with an umbrella-like sounding-board over it. In front of the pulpit, and a few feet lower down, is the reading-desk ; and still lower is a little nook for the clerk, or other inferior official. But these seats of authority are not at one end of the building, as is usual with us, but in the middle of one side, and the pews are built close up to them ; while the communion-

table, enclosed in a small chancel, is at the eastern end. The gallery, broad and low, and divided into pews, runs around the other three sides ; the organ stands at the eastern end, over the communion-table. The pews below are square and high, and divided by two aisles paved with tombstones, for the space underneath the church is full of graves ; and, after the interment of Mr. Brontë, it was decided not to allow any more burials there. The Brontë pew is the last of the body-pews on the side next the pulpit. There is only a narrow passage between it and the little chancel, and on the wall over the communion-table is the tablet containing the record of the departed family, while under the pavement is the family vault. The pew is cushioned with green moor-reen, and remains as formerly, the rector's family preferring a better-lighted seat ; consequently this one is rented to a parishioner, and is often filled with strangers. I asked permission to sit there on the morrow, which was readily granted ; and then the sexton pointed out the places once occupied by the sisters : Emily in the farther corner, facing the clergyman, Anne next, and Charlotte by the door. While he was talking, I sat down for a few moments in each seat, for fear that I should have no chance the next day. My conscience is guiltless of any vandalism towards works of art in the Old World. I have never chipped a statue, nor written my name upon the wall of a renowned building ; but I have loved to sit and think where my heroes and heroines have sat and thought, and to touch with reverent hand some object which they knew in life. After reading with my own eyes the small black lettering on the tablet which had long been familiar through print and photograph, and drawing aside the carpet in the narrow aisle below, to read the original inscription upon the slab that was fitted over the vault when Mrs. Brontë died, I followed the guide to the vestry, a small room in the tower, where I saw the antique communion-service procured by Mr. Grimshaw, the energetic and eccentric rector

of the parish, more than a hundred years ago. The tankard is very large and heavy, and contains the following inscription :

In Jesus we live, in Jesus we rest,  
And thankful receive His dying bequest ;  
The cup of salvation His mercy bestows,  
And all from His Passion our happiness flows.

Upon the paten are these words :

Blest Jesus, what delicious fare—  
How sweet Thine entertainments are !  
Never did angels taste above  
Redeeming grace or dying love.

And following both are the name and date : "William Grimshaw, Haworth, 1750."

After leaving the church, I kept on up the street, following the low wall which encloses the churchyard till it rises higher, to form the boundary of the parsonage grounds. I could see only the higher branches of the shrubbery and a few sprays of ivy, which had crept over the top and were descending to clothe the outer stones with greenness and beauty, until I came to the gate, like a low door in the wall, through which I could catch a glimpse of the flower-beds and walks, which I had before looked upon from the tombstone on the opposite side. Still farther on I passed the kitchen, which has a separate gate and pathway from the street. The door stood open, and I could hear the rattle of cooking utensils and the merry laughter of a child. I thought of Tabby and "the childer" in the old times, and later, of Emily, moulding bread with a German book propped upon the table in front of her, so that she might read while she worked. Opposite is a substantial stone barn, where chickens were strutting about and cackling in the sunshine. The street, which is more like a quiet lane, ends here, but there is an opening in the stone wall at its head, and a narrow footpath crosses the edge of several fields, till it is lost in the moors beyond. I followed this path, and took a few steps on the outskirts of the moor; but it was too late for a long walk, and I returned by the same way, pausing

near the parsonage gate to pluck a single tiny twig of ivy which had forced its way between the stones.

Directly after breakfast, the next day, I started for a walk upon the moors. It was a fresh, sweet summer-morning; the sky was clear, and dewdrops sparkled on the grass. I walked up the street past the parsonage, and took the same path that I had followed the day before. In one of the fields, leaning upon the wall and talking earnestly, were two women, apparently mother and daughter. They gave me a civil "good-morning" as I came up, and I stopped and entered into conversation with them. They had both known the Brontë family well, and the younger had been one of Charlotte's pupils. They expressed deep affection for the whole family, and especially regretted Charlotte's untimely death, so soon after her happy married life had begun, and when there was promise of the perfection of her joy in the immediate future.

After leaving my new acquaintances, I went on towards the moors. They rose before me, south and west, in an undulating sweep as far as the eye could reach; but towards the north the fields sloped down a broad valley, in which were a few detached houses (the suburbs, as it were, of the closely-built village on the height), and among them the Methodist and Baptist chapels, each with its separate burying-ground.

The moors are not what I had formerly supposed them to be—immense tracts of level land covered with short dry grass; their surface is greatly diversified, and their unevenness, together with the thickness of the heather that grows upon them, makes walking a toilsome process. The general appearance of these wastes is that of a marsh suddenly dried up, only that to the desolation of barrenness is added the dreariness of superior elevation. They are very dreary, very desolate, even in summer, when the gorse and heather are in blossom, and the air is full of the murmur of bees; they must be bleak indeed when the snow settles upon them and the winter winds sweep over them.

And yet there is the charm of freedom in their wild solitude—a charm which impresses even the passing stranger, and which it is easy to imagine must have held strong power over the sensitive minds of the sisters, who had known them from early childhood.

There was no one in sight at this early hour, and, after wandering about till I was tired, I sat down upon a mass of heather, and, lulled by the humming of the bees and the otherwise perfect silence of the place, I lost, for a time, the consciousness of my own identity, in trying to realize the daily influences of nature and society that had shaped and disciplined those remarkable characters.

I was roused, at last, by the ringing of the bells in Haworth church-tower, answered, like an echo, by those of another church upon another hillside miles away. On my return, I followed a path which soon left the moors for the highway, and then led through green lanes and by pleasant farms to a stile at the upper end of the churchyard. As I mounted the steps, I thought that never before had I seen so cheerful-looking a burial-place. The anniversary had evidently drawn many visitors to the village, and groups of these, attired in their Sunday's best, sat with their friends upon the flat tombstones, or wandered about, reading inscriptions. The church was nearly full when I entered, and the Sunday-school children, in white dresses and blue sashes, made a fine show in the organ-gallery. The Brontë pew was still empty when I took my seat, but soon an old man entered, who, perceiving that I was a stranger, bowed politely, and made some slight remark which led to an extended conversation, in which I learned that he had been a warden of the church in Mr. Brontë's time, and a familiar friend of the whole family. He told me, too, that, being a carpenter, he had made all their coffins, and had seen them all buried, except Branwell. The opening words of the service interrupted our talk, but the old man concluded by inviting me to return with him to his

house, at its close, to see some relics of the family, which I gladly consented to do.

The service was read by the rector, Rev. John Wade, and his curate, and the sermon was preached by the vicar of Kildwick. I was quite surprised at the excellence of the singing; the organ was well played, and the children's voices had evidently received careful training. The psalms for the day were chanted in full, and even in the Lord's Prayer and the Creed the organ and choir followed the voice of the rector sentence by sentence, with soft, sweet melody, and low but distinct articulation. On expressing my surprise, afterwards, at such proficiency in the school-children, I was told that the improvement dated from Mr. Nicholls' arrival in the parish as Mr. Brontë's curate. Before that time the music had been simple, as one would expect to find it in so remote and small a parish; but he had at once taken the matter in hand, and introduced a portion of the choral service of the cathedrals, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

After service, I accompanied Mr. Wood, the late warden, to his home, according to agreement. He showed me a full set of the books written by the sisters, which had been presented by Mr. Brontë, and contained his autograph, signed only a few days before his death, the recipient having supported him in bed for the purpose. I saw, also, a small water-color sketch of a girl playing on a harp, drawn by Emily in early youth. This was nothing more than the crude attempt of a beginner; but an oil-painting of "Jacob's Dream," by Branwell, which hung upon the wall, was full of promise. Another most interesting object was an old copy of somebody's "History of England," bound in leather, grown almost black with time, and with copious notes upon its yellow margins in Charlotte's fine, neat handwriting. I was told that this book had been a great favorite with her from childhood, and lay always upon her table till her death. I had hoped to

find the original crayon portrait of Charlotte in care of some friend; but I now learned that this picture, together with all her personal property, and as much of the furniture as it was practicable to move, was carried to Ireland by Mr. Nicholls, who is now living there, and has recently married his cousin, a Miss Bell. Martha, the devoted servant, accompanied him, so that every living trace of the family has disappeared from Haworth. The good old man seemed pleased by my interest in what he had to tell, and regretted that he had not something left which had belonged to the sisters to give me. When the household was broken up, after Mr. Brontë's death, a great many articles, of worth only through their associations, such as old pens, scraps of manuscript, &c., were given to him, but these had been begged or carried off by strangers, until now he had saved only one token from each member of the family for his own sorrowful pleasure. We spoke of Mrs. Gaskell's book, and he regretted the misinterpretation of character which had arisen from her eager acceptance of information from any and every source. He said that he had known Mr. Brontë intimately from his arrival in the parish till his death, and that his temper was not of a kind to require the occasional discharge of pistols as a safety-valve for the wrath which he would not allow himself to express in words. Also, that the story of his having burned up his children's colored shoes, and cut up his wife's silk dress, as protests against finery, was entirely false and absurd. His opinion of the children agreed with that of others whom I talked with. Emily was an intellectual wonder, but her sympathies were either deficient, or repressed by over-sensitiveness and the unfavorable circumstances of her short and lonely life. Anne was gentle and affectionate, but less remarkable than either of her sisters. Charlotte's character seems to have been the grandest of all, combining, as it did, great power with conscientious activity and unselfish tenderness. Branwell was a great

genius—perhaps the most splendidly gifted of all the group; and his lack of principle, while it must be bewailed, can also be—partially at least—explained and excused, by contemplating the ruinous influences upon such a nature of an unoccupied and aimless life in a place so void of mental stimulus and incentives to ambition as Haworth. It was hard enough for his sisters to develop their powers in such an atmosphere, but they had housewifery as a resource, and their necessary attention to its no doubt often uncongenial cares, may have been a wholesome discipline, from which their brother was exempted, to his cost.

On returning to my quarters, I found not only the inn, but the churchyard adjoining, and the street in front, crowded with guests, many of whom, I was told, had come to attend the annual "Rush-bearing" which was to begin next day. Of the origin and meaning of this festival I could discover nothing more than is implied in the term itself. It is still held in obedience to long-established custom, but of its former characteristics there remain only the merry-making and small trading which were probably at first only attendant upon some kind of earnest labor. The landlord, with his wife and pretty pale-faced daughter, and all the servants besides, were hurrying to and fro, preparing an elaborate dinner, which was to be eaten in the hall of the Mechanics' Institute, for lack of room elsewhere. My table, however, was spread in the private parlor of the inn, and the landlady brought me roast duck as an especial treat, there being not enough of that delicacy to set before the famished multitude. My dessert was a pie made of bilberries—a fruit of which I had often read, and which I found, in appearance and flavor, to be something between a whortleberry and a cranberry.

After dinner I went out again upon the moors, and, finding a secluded spot, lay down in the heather, where I could see nothing but the waste of purple blossoms around me and the blue sky overhead, and bade farewell in my

thoughts to the scenes and associations which I had long pictured in imagination, and had at last found so pleasant and dear in reality. The church-bell again aroused me from my reverie, and I returned by the same shady lanes that I had followed in the morning. The view from some points was very fine. There were groves and orchards and fair homesteads in the valleys, and on all sides rose the undulating outline of the Yorkshire hills, many of them thickly wooded, others cultivated far up the sides in fields whose boundaries were perceptible only by the varied color of their crops. I was agreeably disappointed in the scenery around Haworth. It is indeed wild, and, in winter, may be oppressively dreary; but, though it presents a strong contrast to the luxurious and tender beauty of some of the midland and southern counties of England, it is far more interesting and satisfying than most regions of the United States. Indeed, I wish every sensitive mind which, in our Western tracts of dead level, swamps, stumps, and rail fences, is striving to keep alive its in-born perception of the beautiful in nature, could have, for nourishment, the variety and picturesqueness of scenery which, amid all their other privations, were the daily comfort and delight of those strong-souled Brontës.

The next morning was dark and rainy. I was to leave by the nine o'clock train; and, while breakfast was preparing, I went out in spite of the storm, and walked up the street past the parsonage kitchen, and back again through the churchyard, where I could see once more the windows of the family parlor, and Charlotte's chamber above.

As I passed the church, the door was open, and I found Mr. Wood within, who, with his assistants, was taking down the scaffolding in front of the organ, where the school-children had sat the day before. He walked up the aisle with me to the pew, and, as we stood over the vault which holds so much precious dust, and looked up at the tablet on the wall above, he told many little anecdotes of past times—

how "the girls" would often come to his house because they saw so much of him at their own, though, in general, they were shy of visiting; how Branwell would come to him, and talk for hours of his longing to go out into the great world and see its wonders for himself; how, when Charlotte's portrait came from London, he was sent for without knowing why, and how Charlotte laughed because, not being accustomed to crayon pictures, he did not, at first, feel sure that it was meant for her. He spoke well of Mr. Nicholls, and said that, though it took some time for the inhabitants to understand him thoroughly, as he introduced into the management of church and school affairs many improvements which were at first considered merely as innovations, still their prejudices gradually wore away, and he became, in the end, quite popular. But the place was too full of mournful associations for him to be contented there, and, soon after Mr. Brontë's death, he returned to his old home and early friends.

My hostess gave me an affectionate good-by; and, as I passed down the street towards the station, several persons, whom I had talked with at times during my two days' visit, nodded in a friendly way from shop-windows and open doors. In the lane I met good old Mr. Wood again, who stopped to notice the pot of ivy in my hand, and to give me good wishes for the long voyage before me.

On the brow of the hill I paused before descending, and turned to take a last glimpse of Haworth. The rain had ceased, and the clouds were rolling away in great billowy masses towards the west. Even as I gazed, they parted, disclosing tranquil depths of blue beyond, and a sunbeam stole through the rift, lighting up the gray tower of the church and the slant roof of the parsonage on the height, and giving tints of almost rainbow splendor to the mists that still shrouded the valley beneath.

In view of the excitement which pervaded the literary world concerning the writings of the Brontë sisters while their



authorship remained a mystery, and the enthusiastic reception of Mrs. Gaskell's unique biography, it might seem that, at present, those writings have begun to relax their hold upon the reading public. But the crowds of strangers, both native and foreign, who every summer flock to Haworth to read for themselves that pathetic record in the little church, and turn away disappoint-

ed from the closed door of the parsonage, prove that there still exists a strong interest in the lives that were so sorrowful, and yet so bravely lived.

For Emily and Anne there was short time for performance, though, in what they gave, there was glorious promise of future achievement; and for Charlotte, too, we can but echo the lament of her friend: "*If she had but lived!*"

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### MONTAUK.

On the morning of the fourth of July, 1869, two individuals, setting foot for the first time in their lives upon Long Island ground, stepped off the gang-plank of the steamer *Traveller*, and found themselves standing in the clear, crisp morning air on the wharf at Sag Harbor.

"Lookin' for sumbody?" queried an early-risen native, who stood with both hands in his pockets, leaning reflectively against a pile of boards.

"Yes. After that Hampton stage. Where is it?"

"Stage don't run fourth of July. Want to git over to Hampton?"

"Yes."

"Carry ye over myself for a dollar."

"Good horse?"

"Fust rate."

"Fetch him along."

The native removed his hands from their comfortable place of refuge, and sauntered away up-street, while Carlos and I sat down upon the string-piece to await results.

In half an hour the equipage arrived.

"Bless my soul!" was all I could say. "You don't expect that animal to pull all of us, do you?"

"Thunder! You wait 'n' see. Git right in and I'll show ye."

We gazed at the spavined, knock-kneed brute doubtfully. Its back was a perfect sierra, flattening in the middle into a great central depression, and rising again, in either direction, into three or four well-defined peaks, with sundry lateral spurs jutting from the

main range. The wagon was, if possible, a more melancholy affair than the horse. Two of the wheels had lost several of their spokes, and the bottom was a sort of irregular lattice-work covered with oat-straw.

With many misgivings we climbed in and sat down on the tail-board, which served for a seat.

The distance to East Hampton from Sag Harbor is about eight miles, the road—a good turnpike—winding nearly all the way through dense thickets of scrub-oak, which cover the sandy hills on either side as far as the eye can reach. It is hard to imagine any thing more dreary than this ride on ordinary occasions, although on that morning the clear, pure morning air, intoxicating to our senses as a whiff of nitrous oxide, made the journey very enjoyable.

We had resolved upon walking from East Hampton to Montauk Light, if such a thing were possible, and were desirous of obtaining information in regard to the practicability of the feat. By reference to a map of the eastern portion of Long Island, it will be seen that an unbroken ocean-beach extends from Montauk Point westward for more than thirty miles. This desolate waste, seldom visited by the general traveller, appeared to offer great temptations for the pedestrian who desired to see the Atlantic in all its original savageness, although the account given us by our driver that morning was any thing but encouraging. The distance from East Hampton to Montauk Point was twen-



ty-one miles. Three miles would bring us to the little village of Amagansett, and after that we should not see a single habitation for ten miles. Between these two points lay the dreadful Napeague Beach, where the mosquitos were said to be terrific. No one lived upon it. The remaining eleven miles boasted of houses at equal distances of three miles. Thus there were three houses between Amagansett and the Light.

We came down into East Hampton about seven o'clock, and drove up its broad, green-carpeted main street. The village is like a dream of some English rural town—a quaint, quiet, sleepy old place, with three or four great white-armed windmills and an antiquated church or two, whose roofs are covered with a bright green moss. The glory of the village lies in the lovely emerald sward which covers the roadway from edge to edge, leaving a single wheel-track stretching like a strip of brown ribbon down the middle. Our beautiful equipage set us down at the residence of a Mr. Isaacs, where we were immediately introduced to an excellent breakfast spread upon one end of a table in an old-fashioned dining-room, with a dismal great clock in one corner. Our ride had sharpened our appetites sufficiently to do ample justice to the meal, and Don Carlos pocketed all the bread and cheese we were unable to eat. I regret to chronicle so sad a breach of good manners, but when the reader remembers that a walk of ten or fifteen miles was in store for us before dinner, he will excuse the poor fellow, perhaps.

At eight o'clock we left Hampton, with its grass-grown streets and its windmills, and, shouldering our knapsacks, started for the sea. The road turned directly to the east on clearing the village, and led, for a couple of miles, through pleasant, rolling fields, dusted with pretty patterns of buttercups and the white pasture-thistle (*circium pumilum*). Then, turning into a small piece of young oak woods, it brought us to Amagansett—a pretty little bunch of houses, not more than two

dozen, all told. Here we could hear the distant roar of the sea distinctly, and in a few moments, on ascending a sandy hill, its boundless blue horizon burst upon us. Below us was the beach, a dozen rods, perhaps, wide, and beyond was the broad, illimitable expanse of tumbling water, with nothing to the east, south, or west—nothing between us and Europe. The surf was crashing upon the shore in heavy, constant, determined surges—no feeble, broken waves, but the mighty swells of the Atlantic, gathered up in ponderous masses, and hurled upon the beach with resistless force.

Crossing the belt of sand-hills which rise between the beach proper and the cultivatable fields, we came down to the surf, where an old wreck lay half-buried in the sand, with the sea washing through and through its naked ribs. To the northeast stretched the lonely beach for apparently an endless distance, the breakers combing upon it in an unbroken wall of emerald green, ten or twelve feet high, and then toppling over with a single crash, like a peal of thunder. The sand was soft and the shore inclined at an angle of nearly forty degrees, so that the walking was heavy and tiresome; and, as we took our course along the line of the surf, it was only by keeping close to the water that we could find hard footing. By this means, whenever a heavier wave than usual struck the shore, we were pretty certain to get our feet and legs thoroughly soaked. Added to this, the tide was rising all the morning, and we were driven farther and farther up the beach, where, as the sand was drier, the walking was more difficult.

This was Napeague Beach, and we found it the perfection of desolation. Throughout the whole day not a living thing appeared upon the shore; not a weed or fish was thrown up by the waves, not a solitary sail was there upon the vast horizon. The ocean terrified us. It was awful. It was unlike any thing I had ever seen elsewhere. The surf pounded upon the shore with such terrible, ponderous force, that we were

cowed by the sense of its dreadful power. It was more fascinating than Niagara, but it made one tremble with a vague fear. The beach stretched its sandy waste along mile after mile, and on our right was the sea, tumbling in upon the shore in constant, ceaseless surges. The roar was continual. It never stopped for a moment. All day long the music of the sea rang in our ears, and the picture of its boundless horizon will not soon pass away from my memory.

The coast was so free from stones that objects cast up by the waves upon the sand assumed an unnatural magnitude, from the lack of any thing to compare them with. An oyster-can, at a short distance, appeared as large as a barrel, and the smallest wrecks looked like those of the largest vessels. These wrecks were very numerous. Nearly every two miles we came upon a bleaching skeleton, half-charred by the wreckers' fires, and we soon ceased to count them. In several places we passed the "timbers" of a whale, the remains of two that had been harpooned off Napeague during the previous winter. On our left the sandy dunes, rising to a height of twelve or fifteen feet, and covered with a scanty growth of beach-grass (*balamagrostis arenaria*), shut out all view toward the north, and the curving shore allowed us glimpses of only a mile or so ahead at a time.

We walked until eleven o'clock before thinking of our whereabouts, sometimes sitting down to rest upon some stranded wreck, and gazing off upon the straight horizon of the sea, sometimes picking up a shell of the *maetra solidissima*, which was almost the only treasure besides drift-wood which the waves offered us. But, as the sun approached the zenith, we began to look out for the house. I climbed the highest sand-hill, and looked around. Napeague Bay, upon the Sound shore, was visible, shining blue in the distance; but no building, save a wrecking-house in a sandy hollow, could be seen. A half mile further brought a chimney into view, and soon the house—a rough,

unpainted affair, built some distance from the beach—made its appearance. Here we obtained a refreshing dipper of delicious water, and permission to rest awhile on the door-step.

This house was ten miles from Montauk Light, and the first dwelling east of Napeague Beach. Between this and Amagansett the ordinary road winds through a flat, marshy district, draining toward the north, famous for the ferocity of its mosquitos, whose attacks we had escaped by choosing our own path along the shore. Four miles to the eastward was "Osborne's," after which came a hiatus of three miles more, which brought the traveller to "Stratton's," the last of these lonely dwellers by the sea, whose principal occupation seems to be the tending of the cattle which are pastured every summer upon the tract known as the "Hampton Commons." These commons, the property of the town of East Hampton, extend from Napeague to the Government land at the extremity of the Point, and we were told that from two to three thousand "critters" were annually sent there to graze.

As the distance to Osborne's was but four miles, we determined upon walking there for our dinner, and another hour upon the beach brought us to an excellent meal spread beneath Mr. O.'s hospitable roof. Here, as we found ourselves upon storied ground, we quartered for the night.

Immediately below this house, on the morning of the twentieth of February, 1958, the ship *John Milton*, of New Bedford, on a return-voyage from the Chincha Islands, came on shore in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, and went to pieces. Every soul perished. The bodies of the captain—Ephraim Harding—the first mate, and twenty-two sailors were washed on shore and decently buried in the little churchyard at Hampton. No traces of the wreck are now to be seen, except a timber or two sticking through the sand at low water. The sea has covered all the rest. It is hard to believe such things as these of yonder sleepy, deceptive ex-

pause of blue; but nearly every mile of this desolate, wreck-strewn coast has its own history of suffering and death. Its barren sands have been the last land which the mortal eyes of many a shipwrecked sailor have beheld, and have thus acquired, for the lonely walker by the ceaseless surf, a rare and terrible sublimity.

All of these habitations upon Montauk are prepared for the reception of guests. As a general thing, the traveler, if he is not expecting a Fifth Avenue Hotel in the wilderness, will fare well. Osborne's is the principal rendezvous for the Montauk sportsmen in the Fall, on account of its proximity to Fort Pond and Great Pond, the two largest bodies of fresh water on Long Island, the latter being more than six hundred acres in extent. These ponds, both of which are near the Sound shore, and not visible from the Atlantic side, are the grand shooting-grounds for geese, duck, plover, teal, and snipe. In October and November these birds are to be found here in incredible numbers. We were told that it was no uncommon sight to see the surface of Great Pond literally covered with wild geese—to the number of fifty thousand. The registers at Osborne's and at the Light were mainly filled with the names of hunters and the records of their exploits.

It was after eight o'clock next morning when we got under way again. At first we kept the beach, but in the course of three or four miles the shore became so covered with boulders, that we were fain to find a smoother path upon the bluffs above. These boulders were smooth and clean, except below the line of the surf, where they were covered with rock-weed and quantities of white and purple sea-moss, which gave out an odor of salt as pungent as the smell of ammonia. The land rose rapidly after leaving Osborne's, and soon reached an altitude of over fifty feet, the bluffs approaching very near the beach and ending very abruptly. On reaching the wreck of the *Amsterdam*, which came ashore in 1865, we

struck inland across the hills, and first sighted the Light at ten minutes past nine. Soon afterward we came to the first fence we had seen since leaving Amagansett. In getting over it I nearly stepped upon a striped adder, which immediately showed fight. He was a pretty fellow, but we had no stick to kill him with, and so were obliged to let him alone. He stopped quite still, looking at us with his head raised several inches from the ground, until we had passed on. After this we came upon two more, and soon judged it advisable to mind our footsteps a little.

In the hollows of the hills were numerous little ponds of fresh water, completely filled with pond-lilies, and a great number of rush-drains crossed the pasture, around which we were obliged to make such long détours that our seven miles soon lengthened into nine. We were now upon the back-bone of Montauk, with the Atlantic thundering beneath the bluffs on our right, and the Sound glistening in the morning sunlight far away upon the left. At twenty minutes past ten o'clock we reached the Light, where the hospitable keeper, Captain Ripley, welcomed us with all the warmth of an old acquaintance.

The light-house stands upon the top of the bluff, some ten or fifteen rods from the verge. The view from this spot can be better imagined by consulting the geographical position of Montauk Point than by reading any description. We could realize now that this was the real Montauk. Toward every point of the compass but one there was nothing to be seen but the wide, savage Atlantic. The level, straight line of the horizon described four fifths of a circle, and upon three sides of the bluff the ocean surf was roaring and crashing with terrific fury. The keeper's house—a large, comfortable building—stands close to the tower, and is connected with it by a covered passage-way. The bluff itself, the keeper told us, is rapidly wearing away toward the Light, so that the tower will have to be moved in the course of a few more years. He said we would be surprised at the

violence of the waves beating upon the Point in a winter gale. Upon the southern side the surf is never less than six or eight feet high, although upon the north the water is frequently as calm as a mill-pond. We found a marked contrast between the Sound shore and that upon the Atlantic side. The former was teeming with life, while the latter was perfect desolation. Upon the north beach the sea rolls in in white and gentle surges, giving an opportunity for the rocks to cover their sides with rock-weed, and the muscles and barnacles a clinging-place beneath. Here we saw numbers of beach birds (*Charadrius melodus*) and white sea-gulls, many of the latter flying so close to our heads that, with a stick, we could have hit a dozen of them. Upon this north beach I obtained, during the day, several specimens of five-fingers (*Asterias rubens*), all of different colors, and a number of the huge valves of the *maetra solidissima*. We found, also, the *Mytilus edulis* and *Mya arenaria* in large quantities, and thousands of the broken pods of the sting-ray, from which the fish had escaped, were scattered over the sand. The bluff, at the extremity of the Point, is highest upon the Atlantic side. Thence it descends in successive rolls of white, glistening sand toward the north, until it ends in a broad, hard beach, a dozen yards in width. The land immediately around the Light is a perfect desert of loose sand, covered with beach-grass, and wholly uncultivable, except in one or two of the hollows, where the light-house-keepers have discovered soil sufficient to support a small vegetable-garden. The only actual soil is that upon the high ridge of the hills; and here the cutting, furious gales from the sea have destroyed all vegetable life except the short pasture-grass. Upon the slopes the sand and beach-grass have usurped every thing.

We spent the afternoon in gathering algae and sea-mosses along the south side of the bluff, just inside the "Rip." It was a rather lively business, for the surf, as it struck the rocks outside,

would fly so far that it was difficult to reach the best specimens without getting a ducking. All along beneath the bluff are strewn the remains of an ill-fated schooner, lost here, with all on board, nine years since. The grave of one of the crew is situated at a short distance from the Light, outside of the Government land. It is not often that a shipwreck takes place directly upon the Point, although Montack Light has been made a life-saving station, and supplied with boats and life-cars. These are contained in a wrecking-house, built in the hollow below the Light. In it are two immense life-boats, a patent life-car, ropes, oars, a mortar for throwing a bomb, with line attached, and every thing necessary for use in case of disaster. There is, also, a stove, with utensils, and fire built ready to kindle. In one corner is a supply of rockets, blue-lights, and Roman candles, and in the loft above are extra ropes, spars, &c. Nothing seems to be wanting, and yet these things are next to useless. Should a vessel come ashore at the Light, there could not be found men enough on all Montauk or Napeague to man one of these great boats, much less launch it.

Three miles down the north coast lies the Indian Reservation. There are now four families of the aborigines upon these lands, the sole remnant of the once powerful Montauk nation. We called at several of their dwellings, and found them poor affairs, although generally neat and clean. The light-keeper said they were an improvident set, with the traditional love for firewater, and were mainly supported by the charity of their white neighbors at the Light. On our way across the pasture to the settlement we killed another striped adder, and saw a second, which escaped us. One of the Indians said these adders were "bad snake," and that it was unsafe to venture into the grass thereabouts without going armed with a stick. Snakes, in fact, seem to be the principal production of the country. Altogether, Montauk is a most singular anomaly. Here was a savage, desolate coast, strewn with bleaching wrecks and echoing with

the thunder of the ocean-surf, while not twenty rods from the line of the breakers were white pond-lilies in abundance. The sandy hills are covered with wild strawberries upon one side, while upon the other grow quantities of the southern prickly pear. Not a tree worthy of the name can be seen for miles from the Light; yet Mr. Ripley's table was constantly supplied with the best of garden vegetables, raised in the hollow below the house. It is, without doubt, the most sterile country I have ever visited; but I never obtained a finer bill of fare at any first-class hotel in New York or Boston than we found all the way between East Hampton and the Light. Still this land of endless delights is full of snakes, and the pastures are swarming with sheep-ticks.

We expressed a desire, at night, to see the lamp lighted in the tower, and so, as darkness closed in, one of the keepers called us from the supper-table, and led the way up the circular staircase to the lantern. The light-house stands one hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, the tower itself rising just one hundred feet from its foundation, and the Light is what is termed a "first order light." It is considered the most important on the Atlantic coast. Four hundred and six vessels passed Montauk during the previous month of June, not counting smacks or sloops, and ninety-nine of these passed during one day. The keepers complained of the governmental regulation requiring them to count these vessels, for one must have the eye of Argus to be able to discern every sail upon the horizon throughout each day, or to tell which ones are really passing the Point, and which are not. The lamp is a French carcel light, with a reservoir immediately beneath it containing ten or twelve gallons of oil. Below this is the "oil-clock," working four pumps, which force the oil from the reservoir through metallic tubes into the lamp. From the lamp the oil is kept constantly dripping back into the reservoir, passing through a small strainer hinged upon a lever connected with an alarm-

bell. Should the oil cease flowing, and the strainer become empty, or any trouble occur with the wicks, the lever falls back and an alarm is immediately sounded in the keeper's room beneath. The whole lantern is enclosed by the "flash," a triple arrangement of independent lenses, which are kept constantly revolving by means of a huge clock in the watch-room, the weights to which descend the whole height of the tower. We could hear the wheels of this clock as we marched up the iron stairs behind the keeper's smoking lamp, rumbling in the lantern far above us, and sounding like the roaring of the wind around the tower. The lenses are very powerful. Ripley told us that the flash could be seen by vessels more than thirty miles at sea, although the light itself was invisible to them; and, on cloudy nights, the reflection could be seen at a distance of fifty miles. It would be impossible, he said, to stand inside the lantern during the day, unless the lenses were well covered; and that once, when one of his curtains became displaced, he found his wicks smoking with the heat engendered by these huge burning-glasses. Four thicknesses of heavy glass protect the light—the lamp-glass, the lantern-lenses, the flash-lenses, and the outer windows of the light-room. Immediately beneath the lantern is the watch-room. Here one of the keeper's assistants remains during the night, the men relieving each other every six hours. Their duty consists in trimming the wicks—of which there are four, all circular and contained one within the other, like a nest of boxes—in winding the alarm, and in keeping the oil and flash clocks in order. In a room at the base of the building the oil for the light is stored in great tin puncheons, standing in a long row, like Morgiana's jars. Lard-oil is now used in place of the sperm-oil of former days. We were much interested in this visit, especially in the working of the intricate machinery; and I could not help thinking, that night, as I lay in bed, of how much depended upon the wakefulness of the solitary man who was keeping his watch

in the tower above me, and of the ships far away upon the ocean that were steering by that light, and of the straining eyes that were directed toward our bedside.

The keepers spoke of the anxiety and responsibility which they felt during wintry gales, although it was pleasant to feel that some one, at least, was interested in them and in their business. It not unfrequently happened that the storm-panes of the light-room were broken by heavy gales, and sometimes even by wild geese flying against them in the Fall.

The time will doubtless come when Montauk Point will be a place of resort for those who really wish to visit the sea, who will go down to its barren sands for the sake of beholding the ocean in its primitive grandeur—for those who, like Thoreau, will search for something there beside "a ten-pin alley, or a circular railway, or an ocean of mint juleps." To those who love the roar of the surf, and who appreciate the sublimity of the storms of autumn and winter, it is a region which will wear well. There are few spots upon the Atlantic coast that, in these respects, can compete with this locality. At present it is almost unknown to the travelling world. The sportsman comes in the Fall to deal death and destruction to the water-fowl, and occasionally a yachting-party is enabled, in fair weather, to land there for a day's recreation; but except to these, Montauk yet

remains nearly a *terra incognita*. The view from the bluff, at the extremity of the Point, is unequalled; and that from the summit of the light-tower is even more extended than one from the mast-head of the largest ship. Newport or Long Branch has nothing like it. I think that the real grandeur of the sea may be best seen during the hurricane of the winter months, when snow and sleet come driving across the cape, and the surf crashes upon the rocks with its most terrific violence; when great ships, blinded with the hail, and staggering through the darkness, strike upon the rocks below the Light, or are thrown upon the cruel sands of Napeague. Yet, in the summer months, Montauk presents attractions for the tourist, equalled by very few sea-side spots in America. Hot weather is unknown there. We found overcoats not uncomfortable during the evenings of our stay, although the season was July, and in New York the warmest of the year. The air is at all times pure, bracing, and full of health to those not suffering from pulmonary disorders, and the outward chilliness, which the traveller experiences at sunset, renders the warmth and comfort of the habitations the more appreciated and welcome. In the course of time Montauk will doubtless have its Ocean House and its Bellevue. At present it is the wild Montauk, held and existing almost on sufferance between the remorseless jaws of the savage Atlantic.

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## PEDRO EL MORO, THE SWORD-BLADE MAKER OF PUEBLA.

THE few veterans now remaining, who formed part of that gallant little army that, in the winter of 1847-'8, cut its way to the city of Mexico—"the halls of the Montezumas"—cannot but remember, at the close of the campaign, the scene presented at the city of Puebla—Puebla de los Angeles (the City of the Angels)—as the homeward-bound troops poured into it. Brigades and regiments arriving and departing daily, with their long trains of wagons and ambulances; troops of horse hourly clattering over the hard, flinty pavement; mounted orderlies flying through the streets, as if carrying respite to culprits just about to be executed, to the imminent danger of the lives of the pedestrians, as well as their own necks. Here, a commanding officer calls to the head of a column to "halt," but isn't obeyed, not being heard; there, a regiment takes a course down the wrong street, while mounted officers go tearing along to correct the mistake, which at length is accomplished in a disorderly manner. Now, you are greeted by some one just arrived, who has not seen you for an age, and you are pressed to take wine, or something stronger; then, your hand is wrung by another, with such a painful squeeze as to make you think you are greeted by a blacksmith; while the owner of the "strong hand," half-full of brandy and brim-full of affection, bids you farewell, while he rushes off to take his place in the ranks of his regiment, the rear-guard of which has just turned the corner. Add to all this the beating of drums, the braying of trumpets, the sounding of bugles, the filing of fifes, and it will convey a tolerably faithful picture of Puebla at the period of which I write.

It was amid such scenes I made my way through the city, one afternoon, holding in my hand one of my pistols, which, being out of order, I was in

search of an artisan to repair. I had been told, by a Mexican gentleman at whose house I was stopping, that one on whom I might rely resided in a certain street, to which I was endeavoring to pilot myself according to the directions given me.

I had already passed more than one gunsmith's shop, where the job could have been done quite as well as by him of whom I was in search, who was not a gunsmith, but a sword-blade maker; but my informant had interested me in the account he gave of him; moreover, he showed me a sword he had wrought, which for keenness and elasticity surpassed any thing I had ever before seen. The name he went by, too—"Pedro el Moro" (Peter the Moor)—set me speculating as to whether it gave any indication of his descent from that race whose skill in tempering metal was one of the wonders of the world; whose Damascus blades\*—miracles of skill—

\* Damascus will long be held famous as having been the manufactory of those extraordinary weapons, by whose keen edge and high temper bars of iron have been severed, and delicate gossamers floating in the air, offering no opposing weight to the instrument, have been cut in two as if by a flash of fire. These weapons defied all attempts at imitation, until the Russian General Amosoff, celebrated as a metallurgist, it is said, has produced blades which are equal to the Damascus. By four methods he succeeded in producing steel of the Damascus quality, only one of which appears to be of practical importance. One of these methods was: melting the ore with graphite, requiring great purity and large consumption of fuel, and is uniform in its results. It is supposed, from its simplicity, to be the ancient method of producing steel: charcoal of the cleanest sort, as pine; a furnace constructed of the most refractory materials; the best quality of crucible; the most malleable and ductile iron; pure native graphite; flux of dolomite, or calcined quartz; a high temperature; fusion as long-continued as possible. The blast of the furnace is kept on until the fuel is entirely consumed, and the crucible not removed until cold. The cover is then taken off, the graphite removed, and the lump of steel is produced. The temper is given to the blade by plunging it into grease when it is heated to redness. Amosoff, with a blade of his manufacture, cut a gauze handkerchief in the air—a feat that cannot be ac-

were famous throughout Palestine, and whose "Andrea Ferrara" and Toledo blades were equally famous throughout Europe.

Strange to say, my speculations, contrary to the usual results of such imaginings, had, as will be seen, a foundation.

I found the object of my search occupying a small shop answering the double purpose of workshop and store, in an obscure neighborhood. It was well stocked, however, with all kinds of weapons peculiar to and even outside of his calling; and though all, or nearly all, were second-hand, they were, nevertheless, of the first quality.

As soon as the owner emerged from the little room behind the shop, where I noticed he was reading a somewhat bulky volume lying on a table before him, instead of hammering or filing, as I expected to find him, I saw at once why he was called "Pedro el Moro." He wore a shawl wound into a turban on his head. No other feature of his dress, however, corresponded, except it might be a sash round his waist; but that could not very well be called a peculiarity, for the Spanish-Americans often adopt this feature in the costume of their ancestors. In fact, with the exception of the turban, his dress might be said to be that usually worn by persons of his calling. It was, nevertheless, sufficiently conspicuous to cause his neighbors to substitute the word "Moor" for his Spanish, or rather his Moorish, name of "Alfaro."

He was a man far beyond the prime of life, and his long white beard gave to his countenance, surmounted by the turban, a venerable and at the same time an Oriental appearance. Perceiving my object in entering, he silently took the pistol from my hand, examined it a moment, unscrewed the lock, partly took it asunder, gave a few light

complished by the best English steel. The elasticity is so great that one may put his foot on the end of the blade and bend it to a right angle, when it will fly back to its place perfectly unchanged. Amosoff died in Siberia in 1831; but his successor in the works he superintended, it is said, cannot produce steel of equal quality.

taps with his hammer and a rub or two with his file, put it together again, and the job was done. On paying him the trifle he charged, I asked him if he had a sword for sale equal to the one I was shown by the gentleman already alluded to. He said he had not; he never made such blades unless specially ordered.

"You saw the blade, then, Señor?" said he, inquiringly.

"Yes," replied I; "and, if you have one like it, I would like to see, and, perhaps, buy it, if the price does not go beyond the depth of my purse."

"I have a better blade in my shop now, but it belongs to the brother of the gentleman you have named."

As he spoke, he turned to a large chest, unlocking which, he drew forth a light cavalry sabre, which he unsheathed and held up before me. I saw nothing in its appearance beyond the ordinary sword worn by the Mexicans; it was bright, it is true, but it had no extraordinary finish or polish. In an instant he had its point bent until it touched the hilt, held it there some time, and, on releasing it, it flew back to its original position, presenting a perfectly straight appearance. But, to prove it, he laid the sword along an instrument he had for measuring its perfect straightness, when I was astonished to see it did not vary a hair's breadth from a straight line.

It was not the first time I had seen swords bent in this way, nearly if not quite up to the handle, but they invariably retained more or less of a curve for some time after. He put it to another test, however, which proved the exquisite temper of the blade in a way such as I had only read of, and not without some doubt. In relating it, therefore, I know I will lay myself open to the charge of exaggeration, particularly as no officer of the American army, or any one connected with it, witnessed the operation but myself, as nothing would induce the old man to put it to the same test for any of those to whom I related the circumstance, for reasons which will appear further on.

He took a heavy iron instrument, serpentine in shape, which he fastened in a vise. It was, in fact, a ponderous iron scabbard, into which, bringing artificial force to bear on it, he pushed the sword-blade up to the hilt. "Now, Señor," said he, "I will leave it there as long as you please, and, when I draw it out, you will find it as straight as before."

Impatient to see the result, I requested him to draw it out at once; which he did, when it presented the same perfect line as before. I was silent with astonishment, for I did not think any thing less flexible than india-rubber could follow the windings of that singular scabbard without breaking.\*

The pains he went to in proving the quality of his steel sprung from no desire to sell his weapons, but purely from professional pride; and the more surprise I evinced, the more pleased he appeared.

If I felt astonishment at what I saw, I also felt an equal degree of interest in the individual whose wonderful skill had created it. Was it possible I stood, here in Mexico, before a veritable descendant of the once powerful Moor, the conquerors of Spain, and for hundreds of years its possessors? Was this venerable old man really a link between the present and the past, and to whom, from father to son, for generations on generations, was transmitted the secret by which is produced such miracles of art—art now unknown, lost to the modern world, but found hid away here in this corner of the world? Yet so it was.

As the gentleman's name I had mentioned was a passport to his confidence, he did not hesitate to answer the interrogatories—and numerous enough they were, I must acknowledge—I now put

to him. I learned from him that his father, who was of Moorish descent, followed the same calling as himself, as did his father before him; and that the walls of the Alhambra actually formed one side of their little workshop for generations, until a thirst for adventure induced his father to join a Spanish ship-of-war, shortly after the American Revolution. His ship was ordered to the Mexican station; and, while in the port of Vera Cruz, a quarrel having arisen between him and one of the officers, he deserted the ship, in which he held the position of armorer, and fled to the interior of the country, where he settled.

The old man became more loquacious and sociable as he proceeded in his narration. It was easy to see, he loved to talk about his father, and of Granada. With the latter he seemed as well acquainted as if he had lived there all his life.

"If you will do me the honor, Señor," said he, "to step in to my little sitting-room, I will show you a sword which, though far inferior to the one before you, will nevertheless excite your curiosity quite as much."

I was not slow in accepting his invitation. Before he showed me this weapon, however, he entered into a somewhat lengthened discourse, which was of so interesting a nature, I offer no apology for placing a portion of it before the reader.

"Take care!" said he, as I passed in, holding the sword, the quality of which I had just seen tested in so extraordinary a manner, in my hand; "you will cut yourself if you are not careful."

I happened to hold it carelessly by the blade, but, being thus admonished, removed my hand, and was surprised to see blood flowing from two or three slight scars across my fingers.

"Your sword," observed I, "is sharper than I expected it could possibly be, after having driven it with such force into that strange-looking scabbard."

"The edge never touched the iron," said he, smiling. "It would not do to

\* The late Viceroy of Egypt, it is said, had a sword among his collection, the scabbard of which represented a coiled serpent, the head of which was the handle. Whenever it was drawn forth, it presented as straight a line as if it had lain in an ordinary scabbard. Some English journals denied that steel, howsoever tempered, could remain for any great length of time in such a scabbard without retaining more or less of the curve it presented.

"injure it in that way. Try its edge, a little further towards the point."

I did so, and found it as keen as a razor.

"What in the world is the necessity of having a sword as sharp as this?" said I, in surprise.

"What is the necessity of having a sword at all?" asked he.

"Well, I suppose it is to kill people with," replied I, laughing.

"Just so, Señor; and, when it is made for that purpose, the sharper you can make it, the better."

To this very sensible conclusion I did not, of course, dissent.

"You people of the 'Western world,'" continued he, "use a sword with as little care as if it were a wood-chopper; indeed, Europeans now-a-days use it no better. Modern warfare has rendered the use of such a weapon as that"—pointing to the sword which I had laid out on the table—"obsolete; but in the hand-to-hand encounters of former days it was irresistible."

"Are you not a Mexican?" observed I, hearing him say, "You people of the Western world," and supposing I had been mistaken regarding his birth-place, which I understood to be Mexico.

"True, Señor; I am a Mexican. But I do not forget the race from which I am descended, for all that; nor am I ignorant of their glorious history."

As he spoke, his eyes unconsciously wandered to a row of books on a number of shelves covering the wall of one side of the apartment, whose quaint, musty appearance and peculiar binding indicated a past century—a kind of mute explanation of the bias of his mind.

"I see you are well supplied with food for the mind, at all events," I remarked.

"They are all of the past—I may say, of the remote past," replied he.

"Not that I am ignorant of modern history, but I prefer reading the history of the past; for he who reads it aright can better understand the present—even foretell the future. History, Señor," continued the old man, "re-

peats itself; the difference is but in the time and in the manner in which it is repeated. The manner disguises things in such a way, that most of us see, in the transactions taking place under our own eyes, no resemblance to those of the past, though the resemblance is there all the same. Neither am I ignorant of the history of your country, and of the bright and glorious page it presents in the history of nations, nor of the great and good man, George Washington, she has added to the very few great and good men that God has permitted to shed lustre on the world; nor of the virtue and self-denial displayed by your forefathers in their protracted struggle for freedom."

"If the past has so much attraction for you," observed I, "how can you pass over the wondrous monuments of a past civilization, which are under your own eyes here in Mexico?"

"What are they, Señor," replied he, "without the records, little better than a book the language of which one cannot understand? I love to follow, page by page, the wondrous deeds of the once haughty Moor—a progressive race, like your own; though here, where my lot is cast, all is stagnation, decay. Yes, Señor, I love to dwell upon the history of my kindred and race. The man who is indifferent to them is dead to one of the most ennobling feelings of the human heart. And yet, how few there are, now-a-days, descendants, like myself, of old races, ever cast a thought on the history of their forefathers, whose names they bear and whose features they perpetuate! But I am alone in such thoughts. Few appreciate or even understand me here. I had long contemplated returning to Granada, so that I might leave my bones with those of my people; but one of those intestine quarrels that curse this unhappy country, robbed me of all I possessed—for I was not always as poor as you see me. My only son, too, was taken from me, and I have now no kindred left with whom to leave my cherished secret. These, as well as other trials, interfered with my plans.

But I have learned to bow with resignation to the decrees of Fate."

Though I sympathized in the old man's misfortunes, I could not help smiling at his contemplated return to Granada, as if it had been his birth-place, or that he had ever seen the place—for he admitted he had not; and it convinced me of what I had already suspected, that the old man's idiosyncrasies took the shape of hallucination. I could not help pondering, as he sat silent and thoughtful, his head sunk on his breast, on the influence which must have been brought to bear on his early education, to fill his mind with such thoughts and desires. Though the old and quaint-looking volumes on the shelves before me might have helped to strengthen them, still they could hardly have been their origin. On my hinting as much, in the course of conversation, he replied:

"My father, Señor, ever lamented having left Granada; but the quarrel with his superior officer was of too serious a character to permit of his return. My earliest impressions and first lessons were of his race, and its glorious history. Rapid as have been the strides which your country has made towards wealth and power, my race—I mean the Moors—has surpassed it in both. You think I exaggerate, Señor," continued he, with a confident smile, while he counted a moment on his fingers, and resumed: "From the death of Mahomet, in A. D. 622, to the invasion of Spain, in 710, is but 88 years. Shall I enumerate for you all these poor, half-naked and hardy Arabs accomplished in that time? They extended their empire over the immense regions of Asia and Africa, subverted vast territories in India, overthrew the powerful Persian empire, established their power in Syria, seated themselves on the throne of the Pharaohs, from thence following down the whole coast of northern Africa to the waters of the Atlantic, scouring the Mediterranean with their fleets, from the seat of Constantine in one direction to the 'Pillars of Hercules' in the other; in fact,

sweeping away the last remnant of the once haughty Roman power, as well as trampling down all the old dynasties of the Orient. All this was accomplished, Señor, within the lifetime of many an aged Arab, who perchance in childhood had climbed on the knee of the great designer, Mahomet. What is your progress compared with this?" exclaimed he, his eye lighting up at the recital of the almost fabulous but truthful catalogue of the conquests of those from whom he claimed descent.

"If our free republic," replied I, "cannot at present display such evidence of power, she can show 'a brighter annal and a nobler fame.' All that vast power you have just enumerated, how has it been achieved? By bloodshed, violence, and misery; while here, on this Continent, peaceful industry, energy, and perseverance have accomplished what has been done. What man, with a spark of human feeling in his breast, would hesitate to decide between the two?"

"True—true, Señor," replied the old man, raising his head, which had fallen abstractedly on his breast as I spoke. "In the sense in which you put it, I cannot deny that yours presents the more pleasing picture. But ours was a glorious career, for all that."

It was so evident nothing, in his estimation, could surpass the glory of the Moor, that I could not refrain from asking him if he were a Christian.

"I trust I am, Señor," was his reply. "How can any man ignore those principles which, however partially they may operate on the corruptibility of our nature, still lends us a share of those divine feelings called 'charity' and 'forgiveness,' which help to humanize and further separate us from the lower animals, which are, by the will of God, shut out from reason. But, however religious differences may interfere with the thoughts of and recollections of one's kindred and race, I do not permit them to interfere with mine. Religion should be between man and his God, and no other. Some of the noblest families of Spain are, as you must be



aware, of Moorish origin, and are proud of their descent. Many of the Arabs were, and are, Christians. Mahomet himself is said to have imbibed some of his early impressions from the teachings of a member of one of those early Christian orders then scattered over the East. The empire of the East, with its capital founded by Constantine, was once Christian. It is now the seat of the successor of Mahomet. The religion of Europe in all probability once depended on the result of a single battle, which, had it gone in favor of the Moors, they most likely would have overrun the continent. But I am rambling away into things that perhaps possess no interest for you, and forgetting the object for which I invited you in. I will now show you, Señor, a sword that came from another world."

Uttering these strange words, he withdrew to an adjoining room, from which he soon returned, carrying with him a sword of the true Turkish scimitar style, its curve being even greater than is generally seen represented in the drawings of such weapons. As he placed it in my hands, he said:

"What you now hold in your hand came from another world."

I looked at the old man, my mind now fully made up that I had been all this time talking with a madman. He certainly must have seen, in the expression of my countenance, that I must have thought so; it could not have been the first time he was so regarded, if he prefaced the introduction of this sword to others as he did to me.

"I see you think me mad; nevertheless, what I say is literally the fact. It is not of this earth—that is, the materials of which it is composed. I see you are still mystified," continued he, smiling; "but I will soon clear it up. The sword is made of iron once contained in a meteorite."

If the mystery was at once dispelled by the announcement, the interest was not lessened. The history of this weapon, manufactured out of such strange materials, was, after all, much more matter-of-fact than I had anticipated.

In the autumn of the year 1833,\* an immense number of meteors were seen in Mexico, one of which fell in a field adjacent to the hacienda in which the old man resided with his father, who was then living. They were witnesses to its fall, which was accompanied by a rushing sound in the air, and a loud explosion. Whether the explosion proceeded from the falling meteor, or from some other, he could not tell, as the air he described as being full of them—most probably from the falling one. It buried itself some four feet in the soil, and was quite warm the following day, when it was dug up. It weighed eighty-four and a half pounds, and contained 95 per cent. of iron.†

The father conceived the idea—naturally enough—of converting a portion of the metal into a sword.‡

\* This was the year of that grand meteoric display witnessed in America, extending from the lakes to the centre of Mexico. It was the most wonderful exhibition of the kind of which we have any accurate record. It was harmless in its effects, however, though it excited intense and widespread alarm. Many thought the Day of Judgment had come, and some are said to have died of fright. It was estimated, at Boston, that 10,000 made their appearance every quarter of an hour, making 250,000 for the seven hours this memorable display lasted. There are on record, nevertheless, many fatal accidents resulting from these visitations. M. Boit, in his catalogue of shooting-stars and other meteors observed in China, mentions the fact of a stone having fallen which broke some chariots and killed ten men. In 1647, Olaus Ericson Willman, a Swedish captain in the Dutch East India Company, reported the loss of two of his crew by a stone which descended on the deck of his vessel while in full sail. An aerolite killed a Franciscan monk in Milan about the same time. The French Academy of Science was presented with the fragment of an aerolite which is said to have fallen in Roquefort, in America, crushing in the roof of a cottage and killing two of the inmates, after which it buried itself in the ground, six feet deep. In Georgia, in 1826, there was loss of life by a similar incident; and an Indian named Alikia perished in like manner in July, 1829. The fire which destroyed the great room of the Palais de Justice, at Paris, in 1618, is said to have originated with a meteorite which descended on the building a little after midnight, a foot in breadth and a cubit in height. Numberless other instances could be given of their dangerous character.

† The aerolite brought by Humboldt from Mexico contained 96 per cent. of very malleable iron. Others found had not more than 2 per cent., and those of Ionsac and Inverness had none at all.

‡ The Emperor Alexander the First of Russia had a sword presented to him produced from the iron of an African meteorite. In Siberia, Pallas



"Nothing could convince my father," said the old man, smiling, "that it did not possess some peculiar virtue; and it did possess one which was some advantage to us, in the thinly-settled district in which we then lived, though not exactly the one he looked for. It served to keep off the robbers. The possession of the 'Lightning-Sword,' as the simple-minded natives called it, was enough."

The iron was in all respects, as far as he could determine, the same as that found in our planet, except that it was not as malleable as some he had worked; the quality and temper, therefore, of this weapon, made of such strange material, was nothing extraordinary. What it lacked in quality, however, was made up in embellishment—a considerable portion of the blade, which was highly polished, being ornamented with Arabic characters and figures. The hilt, too, was very curiously wrought. Yet it was wanting in that richness which is usually understood as belonging to the Turkish scimitar. This was evidently owing to the fact that no other material than the iron of the meteorite was used in its composition, handle and blade being made entirely of the celestial, but nevertheless gross, compound.

The tinkling of a little bell attached to his shop-door—a guard against thieves—now sounded, putting an abrupt termination to the interview. A customer having entered, he returned to the shop. I waited, however, until the person was served, as I did not like to leave without making a purchase of some kind to repay the old man for his time and trouble, though he did not once solicit me to buy.

Having purchased a pair of spurs, a

discovered a great mass highly malleable. In the reign of Jehangire, the Great Mogul, in the early part of the seventeenth century, a violent explosion was heard at a village in the Punjab, and a solid body fell to the earth, sinking deep into the ground. It was dug up and sent to the court, where it was weighed in presence of the Emperor, who ordered "the iron of the lightning" to be forged into warlike implements. The workmen reported that the iron was not malleable under the hammer; but when it was mixed with other iron, it made excellent blades.

curiosity in their way, I asked him—as much through inquisitiveness as any thing else, for I really did not want one—what time it would take to furnish me with a sword such as the one I first saw.

"Longer than you would be willing to wait, Señor," replied he. "If I had the material—that is, the steel tempered and prepared—I could furnish you one in a week, or ten days; but as it is, it would take twelve months to prepare the metal for such a blade."

An unlucky circumstance—I might say an accident—caused a disagreeable termination to my interview with this single-minded and intelligent though eccentric old man. I jestingly asked him what he would take for his secret in tempering steel. I laughed as I spoke; but whether it was he did not see me laugh, or that he misunderstood me, I know not. At all events, his manner changed at once.

"Caramba!" he muttered, "these people are like the English; they are all the same. They think money will buy any thing. And they are half right—half right, as the world goes. But there is no rule without an exception—ha, ha!—without an exception; and my secret is that exception—ha, ha! That can't be bought—no, no! No, no! it can't be bought—not for untold gold. I am the last of my name, and I shall be true to my trust. The secret must die with me! Good-day, Señor," cried he, turning from me. "I have business to attend to. You must excuse me."

Saying which, he retreated to his back room, leaving me standing alone in the shop. To attempt to explain, I saw would be useless. There was nothing for it but to take my departure. I felt annoyed that he should have misunderstood my meaning, for I had made up my mind to pass more than one evening in his little back room during my stay in Puebla, where I calculated on hearing many an interesting tale from the romantic history of the Moor.

As I did not like to leave behind me a bad impression on the old man's

mind, I informed the Mexican gentleman whose name I had used, of what had occurred. He kindly undertook to explain to him that I was not serious in what I had said, and that I had no intention whatever of worming out of

him his cherished secret. He succeeded so far, that I received an invitation to again visit him; but days had sped in the meantime. The time for bidding adieu to the "City of the Angels" had come. I never saw him again.

### THE NORTHWESTERN BOUNDARY DISPUTE.\*

THERE are few people in the United States who have known that, throughout the whole of the civil war, and since 1859, the British and American flags have both been flying on San Juan Island. This joint military occupation has been justly very odious to our Government, to the authorities of Washington Territory, and to the Americans on the disputed islands, and ought to be terminated at the earliest possible moment. There are one hundred and seventy square miles of area in the Archipelago de Haro, sixty of which are arable land and eighty grazing land. The United States should as speedily as possible be placed in full possession, the civil authorities be enabled to exercise therein their functions, and the land-laws be carried into effect. During the Rebellion the people of that frontier were urged to be quiet, and wait until the war was over, and the Government should be at leisure to assert our rights.

The language of the Treaty of 15th June, 1846, required that the boundary-line should run "along the 49th parallel of north latitude to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, and thence southerly, through the middle of said channel, and of Fuca's Straits, to the Pacific Ocean."

The English Government claims the Rosario Straits, the channel nearest the continent, as the boundary-line; we claim the Canal de Haro as the proper boundary.

That our claims to the Archipelago de Haro are of the most unmistakable character, abundantly appears to one

who will carefully read the Senate document named at the foot of this page, entitled "THE NORTHWESTERN BOUNDARY QUESTION," which contains a full statement of the whole matter. It begins with a letter of Mr. Seward, which says: "Every officer of this Government, who had any part in the negotiation, adoption, or ratification of the treaty, assented to it with the full understanding that the deflection of the boundary from the 49th parallel was consented to for the sole purpose of giving the whole of Vancouver's Island to Great Britain, and that, to effect this purpose, the line was to be carried through the Canal de Haro to the Straits of Fuca, on its way to the Pacific Ocean."

This document was prepared in the State Department, by Archibald Campbell, Esq., U. S. Boundary Commissioner, whose correspondence with Capt. J. C. Prevost, of the British navy, the English commissioner, is given at length. Mr. Cass, in his despatch of 20th Oct., 1859, to Mr. Dallas, very justly says that Mr. Campbell's "whole argument is marked both by ability and research." The entire document is drawn up in the most thorough and conscientious manner. It has, besides an excellent map of the region in dispute, a plate showing four cross-sections of the whole channel: 1st, along the 49th parallel; 2d, along the parallel of 48° 45'; 3d, along that of 48° 35'; 4th, along that of 48° 25'. It has, also, a complete physical and geographical description of the Archipelago de Haro, and each of the islands, and quotations from the reports of Gen. Persifer F. Smith and Gen. J. G. Totten, the late Chief of

\* Senate Document No. 29, of 22d February, 1868, pp. 270.

Engineers, showing the military value of these islands. The Boundary Survey had for astronomer, in running the 49th parallel, John G. Parke, then Lieutenant of Engineers, since distinguished as Major-General of Volunteers in every part of the field during the late war. The astronomer of the British Boundary Commission was Col. John S. Hawkins, of the Royal Engineers. The U. S. Coast Survey assisted materially in completing the survey and the excellent maps of the Archipelago de Haro.

We will endeavor to condense, into a few distinct heads, the principal points brought out in the argument on our side.

1st. The Canal de Haro is the shortest, deepest, and widest channel to connect the Gulf of Georgia with the Straits of Fuca. A glance at the cross-sections given in the plate referred to, will show that the main body of water goes through that channel to the ocean. It seems to be fair to assert that the treaty means that the line of deepest water (the *flum aquæ*) shall be the boundary-line. *The least depth in the Canal de Haro is greater than the maximum depth in the Rosario Straits* (see p. 129 of the Senate Document). The average cross-section throughout of the former will show that its surface is about three times that of the Rosario Straits.

2d. It appears that Lord Aberdeen, on the 18th of May, 1846, wrote to the British minister in Washington that his Government was ready to enter into a negotiation on the basis of "a boundary along the 49th parallel to the sea-coast, thence through the Straits of Fuca to the ocean, thus giving to Great Britain the whole of Vancouver's Island and its harbors." To interpret properly this language of Lord Aberdeen, the letter of Mr. Edward Everett to Mr. Campbell, of 29th May, 1858, should be read, which shows that, from the correspondence of Joshua Bates, there is evidence that Lord Aberdeen's attention had been called (by the pamphlet of William Sturgis) to the distinct proposition of yielding all the other islands, except Vancouver's Island, to

the United States. Mr. Sturgis, in his lecture delivered on 22d Jan., 1845, before the Mercantile Library Association in Boston, proposed "a continuation of the parallel of 49° across the Rocky Mountains to tide-water, say to the middle of the Gulf of Georgia; thence by the northernmost navigable passage (not north of 49°) to the Straits of Fuca, and down the middle of these Straits to the Pacific Ocean; the navigation of the Gulf of Georgia and the Straits of Juan de Fuca to be forever free to both parties, *all the islands and other territory lying south and east of this line to belong to the United States*, and all north and west to Great Britain. Will Great Britain accede to this? I think she will." Mr. Bates afterward wrote to Mr. Everett that Lord Aberdeen had said to him that he considered Mr. Sturgis' pamphlet "a fair, practicable, and sensible view of the subject," and that it had been read by all the ministers. We think it a very fair inference that Lord Aberdeen purposed in the treaty to carry out this identical programme.

3d. Hon. Louis McLane, our minister to England, on the 18th May, 1846, wrote to Mr. Buchanan that an arrangement could be made by making the boundary along the 49th parallel to the sea, and thence through the Canal de Haro and Straits of Fuca to the ocean.

4th. It appears plainly that our Senate, at the date of the confirmation of the treaty of 1846, understood distinctly that the Canal de Haro was the boundary-line. See the speeches of Mr. Benton and Mr. Cass, as quoted in this correspondence.

5th. Islands appertain rather to the continent than to another island. Such has been the principle of the Laws of Nations, and it has been recognized in discussions with some of the Governments of South America concerning islands near the coast.

6th. The Islands of the Archipelago de Haro are more important to us than they possibly can be to England—a fact very clearly set forth by General Totten in the report above referred to. Eng-

land has, in the first-class harbor of Esquimalt, on Vancouver's Island, all that can be wanted for military or commercial purposes, whereas the United States needs that Archipelago as a military and naval station, to protect the whole of Puget's Sound. All of our possessions, in that quarter, are frowned down upon by Vancouver's Island, and Mr. Polk's cry of "54° 40' or fight," appeared to indicate at least a clear appreciation of our wants in that quarter: we say it *appeared* to indicate such an appreciation, for he ought certainly to have insisted to the end on our retention of Vancouver's Island. It is believed that it could then have been easily obtained.

7th. Any one who carefully reads the correspondence will be convinced that this claim was an after-thought. This view is strikingly confirmed on reading the memorandum of Mr. Packenham, the British negotiator, who admits (p. 224) that he cannot call to mind any circumstance of the negotiation "to strengthen or invalidate the pretension now put forward by the United States." This is quoted by Lord Russell, in his despatch of 24th August, 1859, to Lord Lyons. That, at the end of thirteen years, he could recall nothing to invalidate our claim, is very significant. It is plain, from Mr. Bancroft's letter of 29th March, 1847, to Mr. Buchanan, that the British claim to the Haro Archipelago originated with the Hudson's Bay Company.

The above closes our resumé of the principal points brought forward in the correspondence; but we must add a few words concerning the military occupation of San Juan, which caused the incorporation in this report of the whole of Senate Document of Jan. 30, 1860, setting forth the causes and results of General Scott's visit to Puget's Sound in 1859. This covers seventy-four pages of Document No. 29. The joint occupation was established by General Scott, after General Harney had, without a particle of authority, attempted to embroil the two nations, not on the main question of the boundary-line, but on

quite another, viz., whether he should be justified in taking exclusive possession of the islands pending the action of the two commissioners then on the ground for the purpose of deciding the boundary-line. This exclusive possession he continued, notwithstanding the language of Mr. Marcy, in his letter of 17th July, 1855, to Mr. Crampton, which expressly provided that, pending the running of the boundary, neither party "should exclude the other by force, or exercise complete and exclusive sovereign rights within the disputed limits." We have avoided calling this the "San Juan Question," as that might be misunderstood as referring to the action of Harney, and not to the northwestern boundary dispute. His action only obscured the main question, and kept our Government busy for a twelvemonth in clearing away the smoke thus raised. And it led to the joint military occupation instituted by General Scott, which does not appear to have hastened the settlement of the question.

The briefest notice of this correspondence requires an allusion to two things in the language of the British negotiators. Whereas our commissioner was simply instructed to carry out the treaty and run the boundary-line, Captain Prevost's powers were limited, and he was instructed, under any circumstances, not to surrender San Juan. Lord Russell, in his letter to Lord Lyons of the 24th August, 1859, indicates a similar ultimatum. There is a small intermediate channel leaving San Juan on the west, and Lopez and Orcas Islands on the east, and they would fain persuade us into accepting it, though plainly not answering the requirements of the treaty, and though its acceptance would imply that neither party was right in the controversy. As introductory to proposing this solution (which should be unsatisfactory to either party), Lord Russell said, "No settlement of the question will be accepted by Her Majesty's Government which does not provide for the Island of San Juan being reserved to the British Crown." So, forsooth, the only possible solution of the San Juan

Question which could be made must be our surrender of San Juan!

We have read with great satisfaction the reply of Mr. Cass, in his letter of 20th Oct., 1859, to Mr. Dallas, in which he says: "If this declaration is to be insisted on, it must terminate the negotiation at its threshold, because this Government can permit itself to enter into no discussion with that of Great Britain, or any other power, except upon terms of perfect equality."

On the 12th Dec., 1857, Mr. Campbell applied to Captain Prevost for a full copy of his instructions. Not until the 22d Feb., 1859, did Lord Malmesbury, then in the foreign office, furnish Mr. Dallas a copy of that portion of the instructions, by which it appeared that, on the 20th Dec., 1856, the British commissioner, in his original instructions, was directed to insist on an "intermediate channel;" and, if he could not obtain the adoption of that, must propose to refer the question back to the respective governments. The same scheme is again indicated in August, 1859, by Lord Russell. And we venture to say that a persistent effort, on the part of England, to obtain the same "intermediate channel," is discernible throughout the recent negotiations with the Hon. Reverdy Johnson.

It will not be out of place here to make a reference to the steady policy of Great Britain to acquire all over the globe commanding positions—capes, headlands, and harbors, which may control the commerce of the world. It is true that the wars with Napoleon led to the acquirement of many of them, as in the case of Malta and Mauritius. Thus the maritime ascendancy of England was only promoted by those wars, early in this century, giving cause and opportunity for the seizure of important positions.

Without any very thorough search for such a list, we will name Aden, Singapore, Ceylon, Hong Kong, Cape of Good Hope, Falkland Islands, St. Helena, Sierra Leone, Heligoland, the Channel Islands, New Zealand, the West Indian Islands, Bermuda, Van-

couver's Island, Newfoundland, Cape Breton.

To these should be added India, Burmah, Australia, British Columbia, and the Canadas; but these acquisitions are continental, and belong not to the class of commanding military and naval positions to which we have referred. It is true that in some of these countries, as in India, it is claimed that England seeks only commercial ascendancy and not territorial additions; but the distinction is a very refined one, and, practically, India is British territory.

Now, however ready we are to rejoice that the British power, the Anglo-Saxon race, and the English language should be extended to such regions as Australia and New Zealand, yet it will not be wise for statesmen or diplomatists to forget or ignore this appetite of the British Lion to absorb commanding military positions whenever the chance is offered. We wish the utmost success to every legitimate scheme for the prosperity of those dominions. The motherland has an irresistible claim on our kindred sympathies when she promotes the spread of civilization and Christianity, upon which subject it was right and natural for Mr. Reverdy Johnson to descant. Kossuth was in the habit of often saying, "the solidarity of nations,"—meaning that all nations are bound together "with mutual responsibility, each for all," with joint interest and fellowship; or are, in sailor phrase, "all on the same bottom," to use the expressive words of Dr. Trench. It is true that our common humanity "makes the whole world kin;" that the best rivalry and highest ambition should be to do the utmost to advance the welfare and improvement of the whole human family; but while we would freely admit that we are susceptible to all the enkindling emotions which such cosmopolitan views excite, it is, in practical life, necessary to treat nations and governments as we find them. There is deep wisdom as well as great pathos in that passage of the farewell address of Washington, in which he was forced to a like conclusion: "It will be wor-



thy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

. . . The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it to be rendered impossible by its vices?"

From Mr. Bancroft's letter of the 29th March, 1847, to Mr. Buchanan, it should seem that he, at that early date, had intimations that the Hudson's Bay Company wished to get some of the islands in the Archipelago de Haro. The first development of the claim occurred when our tax-gatherers levied a tax on some sheep of the Hudson's Bay Company, on San Juan Island, in 1855. The Company attempted to evade the payment of said tax, and the sheriff of Washington Territory seized some of the sheep, and sold them to meet the tax.

In 1858, Dickens, in the "Household Words," said that the Government of Great Britain should "make of one of these islands a second Cronstadt, thus securing, as with a padlock, her possessions on the Pacific coast." A "second Malta" would have been a more appropriate name for San Juan than a second Cronstadt. It is a commanding position, like Malta, but does not command the channel. Neither Malta nor Gibraltar command the channels in their vicinity, but they are favorably situated to assist in guarding commercial interests. Such is the situation of San Juan Island, as ably set forth by General Totten. It is not needed by England, which has Esquimalt opposite, as we have above explained. Esquimalt, indeed, has been for twelve years a large naval station for the British navy, and they need no other or better in that region. But we do need San Juan Island and the Archipelago de Haro, as an offset to the preponderant and threatening vicinity of Vancouver's Island. And the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad to Puget's Sound will make this fact every day more and more evident to our people.

This brings us to allude to the treaty now before the Senate, negotiated by Mr. Reverdy Johnson, which proposes to submit this question to arbitration, the President of the Swiss Confederation to be the arbiter. "All correspondence, documents, maps, surveys, &c., relating to the subject, shall be placed at his disposal within twelve months after the ratification of the treaty. The referee is to endeavor to deduce the precise line of boundary from the words of the treaty of 1846; but, if unable to do so, he is at liberty to determine upon some line which will, in his opinion, furnish an equitable solution of the difficulty, and be the nearest approximation that can be made to an accurate construction thereof." His "decision to be final and conclusive, and carried into immediate effect."

At the last session of Congress, the Senate, we think, wisely declined to ratify this treaty. It is said that an able speech against it was made by the Hon. Jacob N. Howard, Senator from Michigan.\* We hope that, when the Senate again assembles, this treaty will be definitely rejected. We believe that the whole scope and effect of the provision above quoted would be to invite and lead to a compromise channel, and there are ample reasons why any such result should be resisted. We believe that, if Mr. Sumner had seriously taken hold of this question, he would have found at least equal ground for the rejection of this treaty as for that respecting the Alabama claims. Whatever respect we may have for the motives of Mr. Reverdy Johnson, it is apparent that, in the negotiation of this treaty, he was insensibly led to the use of phraseology calculated to prejudice our claims in this boundary question. We believe that it can be settled without arbitration, and that the British Government will yield to us the Canal de Haro as the boundary.

\* Since writing the above we have seen the speech of Senator Howard, the injunction of secrecy having been removed. It is a full and forcible argument against the ratification of the treaty. It presents many of the points we have given above in favor of our claims in this controversy.



Our people have been averse to arbitrations ever since an attempt was made, thirty years ago, to settle the Northeastern Boundary Question by its submission to the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands. It was time wasted; for, as he attempted to decide nothing, but proposed to run a line half-way between the two, "splitting the difference," our Government (which had reserved that privilege) refused to consent to his proposition.

It is asking a great deal of us to propose to submit such a question as our Northwestern Boundary to arbitration. Our claims are of so clear and positive a character that it must be very hard for one familiar with them to consent to such a process. And we do not wonder that the people of Washington Territory have sent the protest against arbitration, presented to the Senate on the 19th Jan., 1869, by Senator Corbett.

We wish to speak with entire respect of the British Government, which seems desirous to close up the topics of difference between the two Governments. But it does not require a remembrance of the doctrine of total de-

pravity; it only requires a wholesome recurrence to poor human nature as it is, and to the spirit of encroachment which powerful nations too often adopt, to place us on our guard.

This is a claim concerning which Mr. Bancroft, in his letter of the 15th June, 1858, to Mr. Campbell, said, "It should be met at the outset as one too preposterous to be entertained." Again, "The Hudson's Bay Company may naturally enough covet the group of islands east of that channel, but the desire, which can never amount to a claim, should not be listened to for a moment."

Diplomacy has examples in which a claimant, whose side is weakest, whose cause is unsubstantial, finally gets a slice by mere perseverance, by the mere process of raising the smoke of contest. It will readily be seen that such results would not be very satisfactory and statesmanlike, and would not promote the cause of permanent peace. The refined civilization of the age would seek an adjustment founded on justice, and not one of a hollow character—a Banquo's ghost to haunt the diplomacy of the future.

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### RAILWAY MUSINGS.

MAD with power that wakes our wonder, swift with clatter, clash, and thunder,  
Rush the steam-inspired, life-bearing cars along the guiding rail;  
'Tis the iron law that binds them, that so narrowly confines them,  
Keeps off Death who hovers round and round with face so fiercely pale;  
For this speed almost outflies him, and this daring power defies him,  
And the lightnings, once his vassals, now are servile unto man;  
Their old master calmly scorning, of his plans they give quick warning;  
He'll outwit and be revenged upon his rival if he can.

Calm and tender, as half dreaming, fleeting smiles across them beaming,  
Nature's swiftly-changing features greet with love our ardent gaze;  
Over river, hill, and meadow, sparkling light and flitting shadow  
Skip, and melt in purple distance with the sky's enchanted haze.  
Unrestrained, creative fancy, with its daring necromancy,  
Builds fair cottages and villas by each river and each brook;  
Sees in all sweet-smiling faces, fairies dance in shady places,  
Maidens muse or poets dream in every lonely, bowered nook.  
But the engine's fiendish screaming scares the shapes of fancy's dreaming,  
For the noisy hosts of science are imagination's foes;  
But poetic song and story shall endure in undimmed glory,  
For the beautiful lives with the soul, and goes where'er it goes.

How this grasping tyrant Science chains earth's mighty struggling lions,  
 Breaking up their forest jungles, making pathways through their lair,  
 Sends the lightnings through the ocean, trusts the raging waves' devotion,  
 Even ventures to invade the realms of still unconquered air.  
 Finding earth for his ambition quite too narrow, man's volition  
 Pierces every secret cavern of the boundless universe;  
 O'er the circumscribing real leaps his unrestrained ideal,  
 Clutches thunderbolts of knowledge, fearing no exploding curse;  
 For beyond the bourn material still aspires his flight ethereal—  
 Not alone by trammelled sense will he laboriously plod—  
 O'er the bounds of faith careering, into nature keenly peering,  
 Or his own soul closely searching, he dares try to find out God.  
 What he seeks he must discover, Truth repels no earnest lover;  
 As God liveth, so His essence is in every soul revealed;  
 Of the Omnipresent Spirit something we must each inherit  
 Which can hear his lightest tones as though his voice in thunder pealed.  
 Each soul-nerve with him is thrilling, and, unconsciously or willing,  
 Each but feels or moves as He directs who is the guiding brain;  
 This material condition, helped or marred by our volition,  
 Makes this life a rainbow dyed with hues of pleasure and of pain.  
 But the soul in future ages shall pass on to higher stages,  
 Sphered in ever purer substance, wheeling nearer to the sun,  
 Less and less shall know of sadness, more and more shall feel of gladness,  
 Till the perfect state is reached, where it, and joy, and God are one.  
 While we journey here in blindness, soul may lighten soul with kindness  
 Till the rays of all combined shall make the world with gladness bright;  
 Hands fraternal hands are grasping, lovers thrill with dearer clasping—  
 Souls commune through the material by touch, and sound, and sight,  
 And in other lives above us we shall blend with those who love us,  
 Fairer forms and finer senses there shall look, and speak, and kiss,  
 Still advancing toward perfection, smoothing out sad recollection,  
 An eternity of progress and of ever-growing bliss.

#### APARTMENT HOUSES PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED.

THE Apartment-House question has long been a favorite topic for discussion with the press of this country; and now that the desires of the community for such buildings have been gratified to some extent, and are likely to be to a much greater extent, it will be well to give some serious thought to the subject in its practical aspects. This is all the more necessary, because, on the completion of the first house of this kind in New York, the experiment has been pronounced a failure by at least one daily paper, which has said that the accommodations were "poor and dear," and that the demand of the "middle class" for comfortable and convenient apartments at reasonable rents had not

been met. The first statement is untrue in every respect, and we say this upon experimental knowledge of the house in question. The building erected by Mr. Stuyvesant in East Eighteenth-street, New York, was intended for a first-class house, and would rank as such according to César Daly's classification, so far as space and convenience are concerned; though perhaps it would not, so far as its inside finish and appointments are concerned. But it is superior in many respects to any house of its kind in the city of Paris, and altogether better adapted to the necessities of New York life. As compared with its manifest advantages, its shortcomings are but slight. We have reason to believe that the tenants,

who have now occupied their apartments for three months, are generally well satisfied, and consider that the experiment has been a success in every respect. To the charge that they are dear, it can be said that the rents are higher than was anticipated, but that they are less than an equal amount of floor-space would command in an equally desirable neighborhood. A few figures will make this evident. Each apartment contains exactly 1788 superficial feet, and the average rent is \$1,260. For this the tenant gets a parlor, three bedrooms, a dining-room, a servants' room, a kitchen, and a bathroom, besides necessary closets. He has access by two stairways, a dumb-waiter to lift coal from the cellar, where he has a bin, and to carry clothes to the roof, where he has a compartment for drying clothes. The plumbing and appointments are all that would be required in a first-class house. Let us compare this with what he could get elsewhere. In one of the large-sized dwelling-houses in the same neighborhood, say 25 by 60 feet in size, a floor contains exactly 1500 superficial feet, and the second floor will bring \$1,200 a-year, if it can be rented at all, in such a house and neighborhood. Yet it has no conveniences for living on one floor, and, when thus rented out, becomes scarcely more endurable than any common tenement house. This Eighteenth-street building, it is said, nets the owner just seven per cent. on the capital invested. That the demand of people of moderate incomes for comfortable and convenient apartments, at low rents, has not been met in this case, there is some reason to believe. But when we consider that there were enough applicants for apartments, before the house was finished, to fill four more of the same size, it is evident that a great many people found every thing to their liking, and would have been only too glad to pay the rent demanded. Before building more houses of this kind, we must ascertain what a "moderate income" consists of, and then we can shape our houses to suit our tenants' purses. But therein is the great difficulty. Doubtless many tenants in Mr. Stuyvesant's building consider

their incomes "moderate" enough. Thousands of others, who may be living in apparent luxury in their Avenue homes, have a deeper sense of the "moderateness" of their incomes. But if it is asked, "Can a man live in such apartments for \$5,000 a year?" we say, "Yes;" and if it is asked, "Can he do it for \$3,000?" we say "Yes;" but that is the least, supposing him to have a family of three, and to keep one servant. Then if it be asked, "Can such houses be built for persons of smaller incomes still?" we say "Yes." And the reason is this: that in living on such a system a family require less space, in order to attain an equal amount of comfort, than when keeping an entire house. In fact, when a wife sees how much trouble and annoyance can be saved by the new way of living, she regards contraction as an advantage to her—a downright luxury, which she never knew of before; for what greater privilege can she have than the time to cultivate and enjoy her better senses? How often is it said that babies banish pianos, and that the young mother's duties to her offspring compel her to neglect her higher intellectual culture. Yet it is not, in reality, the baby to which she is enslaved, but the thousand-and-one household cares that come with an increased family. It is in these that the housewife economizes by the apartment system of living. Now, to answer the question, if such houses can be built for people of small incomes, we say "Certainly," for that which has been already built actually has room to spare in its apartments, where the family is small, and an attempt is made to live economically. Smaller apartments will of course be cheaper; and in a neighborhood where land is less costly, and in a house of plain exterior, they can be decidedly cheaper, and still retain all those safeguards upon which depends the comfort, protection, and isolation of each family, and which make the apartment house different from the "tenement house" so called. What these essentials are, we will mention further on. But there must be a limit to the decreased amount of rent, as long as such safeguards are

retained. These things must be paid for.

With regard to the cheapness of "apartment-house" rents, the public have been greatly deceived by false prophets and inexperienced writers on the subject. Their mistakes have been mainly due to the assumption that a Parisian house, which looks so cosy to them, with its gilt clocks, and mirrors, and porcelain stoves, was just the thing for American cities; while the fact is, that the same persons would not live in a Parisian house of the average kind, if it were bodily transported to America. Such a house would come, in time, to be a nuisance and a pest, and we will presently see why. It would have, of course, a *grand escalier* for all, and its apartments would have an *antichambre* and a *salon*, to be sure; but here these things would be only a corkscrew-stairway, a vestibule, and a parlor; it would have no passage-ways except the vestibule, and all communication within would be from room to room; it would have no bath-room nor wash-basins, and the kitchen would be a dimly-lighted closet, without room for the cook to sit down, and with every prospect that on our hot summer days she would roast herself while broiling our steaks; it would leave no trace of a closet or store-room for either clothes or provisions, and no back stairs for servants, unless it were an absolutely first-class house, in which case it would probably have a stable in the back cellar. Such, as far as comfort and convenience are concerned, would be a Parisian apartment house, transferred to an American city. And this brings us to the real difference between what such a house is abroad, and what it should be here. It is by the omission to provide all those thousand-and-one things which every American housewife considers essential to comfort and respectability, and often to decency, that the foreign apartment houses are made so compact, and, consequently, economical. In only one respect are they better than American houses are likely to be, and that is in their substantiality and artistic finish, especially of the interior. But we can

better dispense with these things than with others, upon which our comfort so much depends. Now, the greater demand in this country for back stairs, closets, store-rooms, passage-ways that will take you from any one room to any other without going through a third, bath-rooms, large kitchens with ranges, sinks and wash-tubs, storage for fuel, and places to dry clothes, not to mention a host of others, is what makes American apartment houses necessarily expensive. Take one item of expense—plumbing—and remember that each apartment must have almost as much plumbing as is required for a small dwelling-house, and some idea can be formed of the source of this increased cost. All these things must be paid for when the occupant pays his rent.

There is a strong reason, however, for the cramped condition of Parisian houses, and it is in the fact that the value of land in proportion to buildings is much greater in Paris than here. It is a question, therefore, whether or not, with the enormous increase in the value of land in cities like New York, we may ultimately be compelled to adopt the French plan for our own houses, with all our little comforts lopped off. Some architects hold that we will, and that it is wasteful to show such liberality in closets, etc. But let the future shape events as it may; it is our duty to provide for the needs of the present. The experiment is at least worth trying in good shape.

"Who, then," the reader asks, "may have apartments?" We answer, that, as far as investigation and estimate have been carried, they are accessible, with all improvements, to families of four persons with an income of \$2,000 a year. The rental to such a family cannot be much less than \$800. This estimate does not assume to be infallible, but is the best result of thought and calculation.

It is time that the public should understand clearly what they may expect from the new system. To that end, we will consider what an apartment house should be, and how it should be managed. Before doing so, however, we will offer some suggestions on economic living.

The disappointment of so many as to the amount of rent which it is necessary to pay for apartments is much to be regretted. Some explanations are therefore necessary, which, it is hoped, will dispel such misgivings. It should be remembered that the rent of an apartment includes not only the landlord's interest on his investment, but a share of the expense of door-keeping, lighting, cleaning, and heating all the halls and stairways, removing ashes and garbage, cleaning sidewalk, sprinkling the street, pumping water for the upper stories, and water-tax. These involve the rent and salary of the porter and his attendants, and the maintenance of a steam-boiler and pump, which consumes a large amount of fuel. These things being done by the landlord, the tenant pays his proportionate share of the expense, which is seemingly part of the rent. All this outside work being done, as it were, by wholesale, the cost to each tenant is very small, in proportion to the outside work of a single house. Herein is one of the largest items of expense saved by the tenants. Few housekeepers know how great is the cost of this work for an ordinary house. It is a matter hard to calculate, but the result, as found by experience in the apartment house, shows that it constitutes a large proportion of the household expenses. The saving in the cost of furniture is another item, and the wear and tear on carpets is much less, owing to the distance of most apartments from the street. House-cleaning, to the occupant of apartments, is a small item.

The physical advantages of the apartment system, especially to women, should not be overlooked. No exercise is more injurious to women than climbing stairs, while none is so beneficial as walking on a level. To women who are confined to their houses by domestic or other duties, the climbing of stairs, especially in our narrow and lofty city dwellings, is a wearisome and exhausting task, and, while it is almost their sole exercise, is that which is most injurious to them. A greater share of it by far falls to them than to the male members of the family.

In the apartment, however, where the rooms are on one floor, and the distances are considerable, attendance to the usual household duties compels them to take that exercise which is generally denied to those who are compelled to remain indoors, and which they so much need. But aside from these advantages of the apartment house, who can calculate the amount of care, anxiety, and drudgery saved to women by the new system? By it, also, the great servant-question is to some extent solved. A system which enables us to dispense with half the usual service may well be rejoiced at. The servant-question is also met in another respect. Though it may be difficult to get servants who will work so near to the eyes of their mistresses—and this has been found to be the case—the mistress is quite certain to get those only who are willing to be watched, and surely no others could be desired.

The conclusion, therefore, is, that what we gain by the apartment system is not in cheap rents, but in *cheap living*. The outside work done by the landlord is really done on the principle of coöperation. This, though a saving to the tenant, makes the rent apparently high. But the economy in the system will be found mainly in the reduced household expenses. Unfortunately, this cannot be proved by figures, but experience has thus far shown it to be true. The charge often made against the morality of the system may be dismissed with a word. It is without reason or precedent. It comes from a Puritanical horror for every thing that is French, and is based on a misconception of the state of French society, which is usually formed by superficial travellers.

Let us now consider what should be the practical requirements of an apartment house, built in accordance with American ways of living.

It should have two entrances, one communicating with the front stairs, and the other with the back stairs for servants and hucksters. There may be one or more stairways of each kind, according to the size and shape of the house. The porter's office should be, if possible,



between the two entrances, so that he can easily control both, and his bedroom should adjoin it, if he does not sleep in the office. His family-rooms may be in the basement, where the nature of the ground admits, as in most parts of New York. The entrance-halls should not be more than three steps above the sidewalk. The passage-way to the back stairs should, if possible, lead directly to the stairways; but if the exigencies of the plan will not admit of this, it should be carried down to the basement, and the stairs started at that point. There should be an outside entrance to the basement, for the carrying of ashes, garbage, etc., which should also communicate with the back stairs. Coal-bins are a necessity in this country, and they must be provided in the basement, with separate compartments for each tenant. Hand-lifts must also be provided at convenient places to convey fuel and stores to each apartment, landing them in the vicinity of the kitchens. The back stairways must connect with each apartment, near the kitchens, where the entrance-doors should have spring-latches and bells. They must also be well lighted and ventilated. The best way of doing this, if they are not situated so as to have corridors, is to construct a shaft alongside of each stairway, instead of depending upon a skylight at the top, which, in a high building, will only light the upper flights. This arrangement is also adapted to the main stairways, when not contiguous to exterior walls.

The main entrance to an apartment house should be elegant and substantial, and should be so finished as not to give evidences of wear and tear. The hall and stairways should be so built as not to be easily soiled, for it is important to avoid the necessity of constant cleanings, which means expense. To this end the floors should be of marble or tiles and the side walls should either be faced with stone, wainscoted with marble, or covered with a plaster that will admit of polishing. This latter method has lately been employed with success. The stairs should be of marble, or, if the supports are iron, slate or bluestone are

the best coverings for steps. The entrance to each apartment should be made evident by appropriate ornamentation of the door and its casings, and each door should have a distinct and legible plate, for it is not so easy to read names in-doors as on the street.

We now come to the arrangement of the apartments themselves. Herein there may be great diversity as to relative position, size, and number of rooms, depending, of course, on the size of the family to be accommodated, and their way of living. Apartment houses will in course of time be built for all classes of people, the most extravagant and luxurious as well as the most saving and economical. But it concerns us now to find what can be done for the latter class, those for whom such houses are most in demand. In an American house it is essential that every room should communicate with a common hall or passage-way. This is one of the respects in which it must differ from a Parisian house. There the entrance is into a vestibule, or *antichambre*, which is a room of some pretensions, which must communicate directly with the parlor, the dining-room, and a passage-way to the kitchen. It is considered good enough, even in the best houses, to enter your bed-rooms either through the parlor, dining-room, or from the passage-way to the kitchen. César Daly says in his great work on the Domestic Architecture of Paris,\* that the *antichambre* is the common room, the "neutral ground," of the apartment between the proprietor and his servants. It is the common passage-way even between the kitchen and the dining-room, so that the visitor coming late to dinner, as he enters, may run against the waiter with his soup. An *antichambre* may be a very good thing for an American house, but we must have the common hall-way as well, so that if the host is belated, he may not have to meet his guests in the parlor or dining-room while passing to his chamber to change his boots. Granted, then, that our apartment must have a common

\* *L'Architecture Privée au XIX<sup>ème</sup> Siècle* sous Napoléon III. A. Morel & C<sup>ie</sup>, Paris, 1864.



hall, the entrance from the grand stairway must be upon the private hall near to the parlor, which is best located when in the middle of the suite of rooms. On one side of the parlor should be two double bed-rooms, connecting with each other, and one of them communicating with the parlor. This arrangement will make it possible to use the parlor for a bed-room in case of sickness, or of company being detained over night. Contiguous to the bed-rooms should be the bath-room, and, if possible, a small room in which a nurse can sleep, and be within easy calling assistance of the bed-rooms.

On the opposite side of the parlor should be the dining-room, connecting with it by means of folding or sliding doors, so that on grand occasions the two rooms can be united. Beyond the dining-room should be the kitchen, separated from it by means of a pantry, with a sink. The servants' room may be in the vicinity of the kitchen, or between the dining-room and the kitchen, in which case the communication between the dining-room and kitchen must be maintained by means of a short passage.\*

All the above rooms should communicate with the common passage-way. There should be a door across this, beyond the dining-room, to keep the smell of the kitchen from invading the other rooms. The entrance from the servants' stairs should be upon the back hall thus formed, and immediately contiguous to it should be the door of the lift for coal.

The above would comprise an apartment suitable for a family of four adults, or two adults and three children. More, however, could be comfortably accommodated by the use of sofa bedsteads and similar contrivances. Necessary closets and store-rooms should of course be provided. The various rooms must be provided with fireplaces, even if the

whole building is heated by steam: the kitchen should have all the conveniences usually provided, including range, boiler, sink, and wash-tubs; while the bedrooms should have permanent basins.

Apartments such as have just been described can be provided in good but not fashionable neighborhoods, and good but not elegant buildings, for \$800 a-year. In a desirable neighborhood and a house finished in a first-class manner, the rent would be at least \$1,100. These amounts are the average rental of a house of five stories, supposing each apartment to be the same and the rents graduated according to height of the floors from the street. To provide all these things in a well-planned house is no light matter, and will tax to the utmost the ingenuity of the architect.

Nothing has thus far been said about an *apurtenance* which is greatly needed in buildings of this class. We refer to passenger elevators. These appear to be the great desideratum for making the upper stories of a building accessible. When introduced, they will make it practicable to erect houses six and seven stories high, while without them but four stories are admissible. The introduction of elevators necessitates two things. First, they add considerable to the cost of a building, while the expense of running them, which includes fuel, attendants, and repairs, is a still greater item of expense. A second necessity, where elevators are used, is that the building must be specially planned for them. For instance, all the apartments on one floor must be reached from one landing. In a building with two apartments on a floor this is a simple matter, but if there are four, the problem is not easy to solve. Calculation shows that it would not "pay" to introduce a steam elevator in the former case. Supposing the use of an elevator practicable, when there are four apartments to a floor, there must in this case be but one main stairway; for the elevator must be run in connection with the stairway. It is also evident that it would not "pay" to introduce two elevators in a building of this kind. In any case, where one is used it must

\* The servants' room is the most difficult thing to manage, because, if located in the apartment, it must occupy nearly as valuable space as any other room. This, however, is a disagreeable necessity, and must be put up with. It would be a dangerous plan here to adopt the French system of putting the servants of the different families together in the top-story.

be evident that the expense of it, divided between all the tenants, must be so small as not to make a material addition to the rent of each. It must also be considered that the elevator is mainly for the benefit of tenants above the third story. Taking all these things into consideration, it will be seen that the introduction of elevators, which, to most people, seems simple enough, is a somewhat complex matter, and one of considerable risk to the owner as far as expense is concerned. When used in hotels and business houses the interests involved are large, and it has been demonstrated that for business purposes they "pay" well. It concerns us now to inquire how the community can be supplied with cheaper and better lodgings than they have been accustomed to, and any thing which increases their expense must be approached with caution. The steam elevator can only be employed with economy in an apartment house of the largest size, and in such it should be introduced, if only for the purposes of making the fifth, sixth, or seventh stories inhabitable. It is essential, too, that there should be four apartments to a floor, at least. The cost of a passenger elevator, including motive-power, is not less than \$10,000, and the expense of running it is about \$3,000 a-year, which, with interest on the investment, would make the total cost about \$4,000 a-year. At this rate the rent of four apartments, or an entire floor, of such a building as we have described, would be required to pay for running it, or, considered in another way, if divided among twenty-four tenants, would cost each of them \$166. In a smaller building this amount would be increased to such an extent as to make it an extravagant luxury.

It remains only to consider some of the conditions upon which the success of the apartment system will depend.

First. In order that tenants may have the assurance of a permanent home, it is essential that such houses be owned by parties who hold them as a permanent investment, and feel that the maintenance of the good name of the house is

necessary to its success as a business enterprise. Nothing is more dangerous to the whole system and better calculated to bring it into disrepute than the liability of an apartment house to being "run down." To prevent this will require more than usual watchfulness on the part of the owner or his agent. The building must be kept clean and in good repair, and the porter must be compelled strictly to perform his various duties, so that the tenants may not be annoyed by his derelictions. The character of the owners of such houses will go far in determining the character of the tenants they get. No respectable family would live in a building owned by a speculator, who might sell out at any time to some person incapable of appreciating any degree of refinement or respectability.

Second. An apartment house must be built to accommodate a class of tenants who are in a nearly uniform social scale. It would make the lower stories very undesirable to divide the upper floors into small apartments, to be disposed of at cheap rents. Any one who does this will be quite certain to have his lower apartments quickly vacated. It would be the death-blow to the whole system in New York, certainly, however it might work in European cities. It was the dread of such a state of affairs that so long created a prejudice against the system. The possibility of it has been avoided in the Stuyvesant Apartment House, where all the apartments are of the same size and arranged and finished in the same manner, differing only in position. This is the true system, and the only one that will be successful in New York.

The third consideration is that the porter in such a house must be thoroughly competent for the performance of his duties. The qualifications required in such a person are rarely found, for he must be at times both a servant and a master, and must perform no inconsiderable amount of police duty. He should be responsible for his conduct to the owner of the house alone; his duties should be strictly defined, and he should receive no compensation or perquisites

from the tenants for the performance of his regular duties, or for the doing of any thing that would prevent their performance. The position of the porter is so important in its relation to the tenants that improper conduct on his part, if not rebuked by the owner, would result in depopulating the house in a very short time. Nothing would drive the tenants away so quickly as an attempt of the porter to practice petty impositions or to speculate on his office, either of which can be so easily done by an unprincipled person. Against such things the tenant can have no redress except through the landlord.

That the apartment system is a success, so far as it has been tried, there can be no manner of doubt. It is only to be wondered at that capitalists have been so slow in investing in a class of property

for which the public have clamored so long and lustily. Now that the experiment has been tried and has succeeded, let them no longer delay to meet the popular demand. It needs no argument now to prove that the money thus invested will speedily bring the desired return. Whole blocks of new houses in the city of New York now stand idle for want of tenants. Disgusted house-keepers who are tired alike of enormous rents and the annoyances attendant upon the care of a city-house, will not have them, but seek temporary rest, if such it can be called, in hotels and boarding-houses. The throngs who must soon return from their rural pastimes to plunge again into this vortex of city-life, will join in the universal cry. It is to be hoped they may soon find relief from their troubles.

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#### ARCTIC TRAVELLING IN WINTER.

THE morning of December 13th dawned clear, cold, and still, with a temperature of thirty-one degrees below zero; but, as the sun did not rise until half-past ten, it was nearly noon before we could get our drivers together, and our dogs harnessed for a start. Our little party of ten men presented quite a novel and picturesque appearance in their gayly-embroidered fur coats, red sashes, and yellow fox-skin hoods, as they assembled in a body before our house to bid good-by to the Ispravnik and the Major. Eight heavily-loaded sledges were ranged in a line in front of the door, and almost a hundred dogs were springing frantically against their harnesses, and raising deafening howls of impatience as we came out of the house into the still, frosty atmosphere. We bade every body good-by, received a hearty "God bless you, boys!" from the Major, and were off in a cloud of flying snow, which stung our faces like burning sparks of fire. Old Paderin, the Chief of the Geezhega Coossacks, with white, frosty hair and beard, stood out in front of his little

red log-house as we passed, and waved us a last good-by with his fur hood as we swept out upon the great level steppe behind the town.

It was just mid-day; but the sun, although at its greatest altitude, glowed like a red ball of fire low down in the southern horizon, and a peculiar gloomy twilight hung over the white wintry landscape. I could not overcome the impression that the sun was just rising, and that it would soon be broad day. A white ptarmigan now and then flew up with a loud whir before us, uttered a harsh "querk, querk, querk" of affright, and, sailing a few rods away, settled upon the snow and became suddenly invisible. A few magpies sat motionless in the thickets of trailing pine as we passed, but their feathers were ruffled up around their heads, and they seemed chilled and stupefied by the intense cold. The distant blue belt of timber along the Geezhega River wavered and trembled in its outlines, as if seen through currents of heated air; and the white, ghost-like mountains, thirty miles away to the south-

ward, were thrown up and distorted by refraction into a thousand airy, fantastic shapes, which melted imperceptibly, one into another, like a series of dissolving views. Every feature of the scenery was strange, weird, arctic. The red sun rolled slowly along the southern horizon, until it seemed to rest on a white, snowy peak far away in the southwest; and then, while we were yet expecting day, it suddenly disappeared, and the gloomy twilight deepened gradually into night. Only three hours had elapsed since sunrise, and yet stars of the first magnitude could already be plainly distinguished.

We stopped for the night at the house of a Russian peasant who lived on the bank of the Geezhega River, about fifteen versts east of the settlement. While we were drinking tea a special messenger arrived from the village, bringing two frozen blueberry pies as a parting token of regard from the Major, and a last souvenir of civilization. Pretending to fear that something might happen to these delicacies if we should attempt to carry them with us, Dodd, as a precautionary measure, ate one of them up to the last blueberry; and, rather than have him sacrifice himself to a mistaken idea of duty by trying to eat the other, I attended to its preservation myself, and put it forever beyond the reach of accidental contingencies.

On the following day we reached the little log yurt on the Malmofka, where we had spent one night on our way to Geezhega; and, as the cold was still intense, we were glad to avail ourselves again of its shelter, and huddle around the warm fire which Yagor kindled on a sort of clay altar in the middle of the room. There was not space enough on the rough plank-floor to accommodate all our party, and our men built a huge fire of tamarack logs outside, hung over their tea-kettles, thawed out their frosty beards, ate dried fish, sang jolly Russian songs, and made themselves so boisterously happy, that we were tempted to give up the luxury of a roof for the sake of sharing in their out-door amusements and merriment. Our thermometers, how-

ever, marked 35° below zero, and we did not venture out of doors except when an unusually loud burst of laughter announced some stupendous Siberian joke which we thought would be worth hearing. The atmosphere outside seemed to be just cool enough to exert an inspiring influence upon our lively Cossacks, but it was altogether too bracing for unaccustomed American constitutions. With a good fire, however, and plenty of hot tea, we succeeded in making ourselves very comfortable inside the yurt, and passed away the long evening in smoking Circassian tobacco and pine bark, singing American songs, telling stories, and quizzing our good-natured but unsophisticated Cossack Mereneff.

It was quite late when we finally crawled into our fur bags to sleep; but long afterward we could hear the songs, jokes, and laughter of our drivers as they sat around the camp-fire and told funny stories of Siberian travel.

We were up on the following morning long before daylight; and, after a hasty breakfast of black bread, dried fish, and tea, we harnessed our dogs, wet down our sledge-runners with water from the tea-kettle to cover them with a coating of ice, packed up our camp equipage, and, leaving the shelter of the tamarack forest around the yurt, drove out upon the great snowy Sahara which lies between the Malmofka River and Penzhinak Gulf. It was a land of desolation. A great level steppe, as boundless to the weary eye as the ocean itself, stretched away in every direction to the far horizon without a single tree or bush to relieve its white, snowy surface. Nowhere did we see any sign of animal or vegetable life, any suggestion of summer or flowers, or warm sunshine to brighten the dreary waste of storm-drifted snow. White, cold, and silent, it lay before us like a vast frozen ocean, lighted up faintly by the slender crescent of the waning moon in the east, and the weird blue streamers of the aurora, which went racing swiftly back and forth along the northern horizon. Even when the sun rose, huge and fiery in a haze of frozen moisture at the

south, it did not seem to infuse any warmth or life into the bleak, wintry landscape. It only drowned, in a dull, red glare, the blue, tremulous streamers of the aurora, and the white radiance of the moon and stars, tinged the snow with a faint color like a stormy sunset, and lighted up a splendid mirage in the northwest, which startled us with its solemn mockery of familiar scenes. The wand of the Northern Enchanter touched the barren, snowy steppe, and it suddenly became a blue tropical lake, upon whose distant shore rose the walls, domes, and slender minarets of a vast Oriental city. Masses of luxuriant foliage seemed to overhang the clear, blue water, and to be reflected in its depths, while the white walls above just caught the first flush of the rising sun. Never was the illusion of summer in winter, of life in death, more palpable or more perfect. One almost instinctively glanced around to assure himself, by the sight of familiar objects, that it was not a dream; but, as his eye turned again to the northwest across the dim blue lake, the vast, tremulous outlines of the mirage still confronted him in their unearthly beauty, and the "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" seemed, by their mysterious solemnity, to rebuke the doubt which would ascribe them to a dream. The bright apparition faded, glowed, and faded again into indistinctness, and from its ruins rose two colossal pillars, sculptured from rose-quartz, which gradually united their capitals, and formed a Titanic arch, like the grand portal of heaven. This, in turn, melted into an extensive fortress, with massive bastions and buttresses, flanking towers and deep embrasures and salient and reëntering angles, whose shadows and perspective were as natural as reality itself. Nor was it only at a distance that these deceptive mirages seemed to be formed. A crow, standing upon the snow at a distance of perhaps two hundred yards, was exaggerated and distorted beyond recognition; and, once having lingered a little behind the rest of the party, I was startled at see-

ing a long line of shadowy dog-sledges moving swiftly through the air, a short distance ahead, at a height of eight or ten feet from the ground. The mock sledges were inverted in position, and the mock dogs trotted along, with their feet in the air, but their outlines were almost as clear as those of the real sledges and real dogs underneath. This curious phenomenon lasted only a moment, but it was succeeded by others equally strange, until, at last, we lost faith in our eyesight entirely, and would not believe in the existence of any thing unless we could touch it with our hands. Every bare hillock or dark object on the snow was a nucleus around which were formed the most deceptive images, and two or three times we started out with our rifles in pursuit of wolves or black foxes, which proved, upon closer inspection, to be nothing but crows. I had never before known the light and atmosphere to be so favorable to refraction, and had never been so deceived in the size, shape, and distance of objects on the snow.

The thermometer at noon marked 35°, and at sunset it was 38°, and sinking. We had seen no wood since leaving the yurt, on the Malmofka River, and, not daring to camp without a fire, we travelled for five hours after dark, guided only by the stars and a bluish aurora which was playing away in the north. Under the influence of the intense cold, frost formed in great quantities upon every thing which was touched by our breaths. Beards became stiff, tangled masses of frozen iron-wire, eyelids grew heavy with long white reins of frost, and froze together when we winked, and our dogs, enveloped in dense clouds of steam, looked like snowy polar wolves. Only by running constantly beside our sledges could we keep any sensation of life in our feet. About eight o'clock a few scattered trees loamed up darkly against the eastern sky, and a joyful shout from our leading drivers announced the discovery of wood. We had reached a small stream called the Ooséénova, seventy-five versts east of Geezhega, in the very middle of the



great steppe. It was like coming to an island after having been long at sea. Our dogs stopped and curled themselves up into little round balls on the snow, as if conscious that the long day's journey was ended, while our drivers proceeded to make, rapidly and systematically, a Siberian half-faced camp. Three sledges were drawn up together, so as to make a little semi-enclosure about ten feet square; the snow was all shovelled out of the interior, and banked up around the three closed sides, like a snow-fort, and a huge fire of trailing pine branches was built at the open end. The bottom of this little snow-cellar was then strewn to a depth of three or four inches with twigs of willow and alder, shaggy bearskins were spread down to make a warm, soft carpet, and our fur sleeping-bags arranged for the night. Upon a small table extemporized out of a candle-box, which stood in the centre, Yagor soon placed two cups of steaming hot tea and a couple of dried fish. Then stretching ourselves out in luxurious style upon our bearskin carpet, with our feet to the fire and our backs against pillows, we smoked; drank tea, and told stories in perfect comfort. After supper the drivers piled dry branches of trailing pine upon the fire until it sent up a column of hot, ruddy flame, ten feet in height; and then, gathering in a picturesque group around the blaze, they sang for hours the wild, melancholy songs of the Kamtchadals, and told never-ending stories of hardship and adventure on the great steppes and along the coast of the "icy sea." At last the great constellation of Orion marked bed-time. Amid a tumult of snarling and fighting the dogs were fed their daily allowance of one dried fish each; fur stockings, moist with perspiration, were taken off and dried by the fire, and, putting on our heaviest fur "kookhlankas," we crawled, feet first, into our bearskin bags, pulled them up over our heads, and slept.

A camp in the middle of a clear, dark winter's night presents a strange, wild appearance. I was awakened, soon

after midnight, by cold feet, and, raising myself upon one elbow, I pushed my head out of my frosty fur bag to see by the stars what time it was. The fire had died away to a red heap of smouldering embers. There was just light enough to distinguish the dark outlines of the loaded sledges, the fur-clad forms of our men lying here and there in groups about the fire, and the frosty dogs, curled up into a hundred little hairy balls, upon the snow. Away beyond the limits of the camp stretched the desolate steppe in a series of long snowy undulations, which blended gradually into one great white frozen ocean, and were lost in the distance and darkness of night. High overhead, in a sky which was almost black, sparkled the bright constellations of Orion and the Pleiads—the celestial clocks which marked the long, weary hours between sunset and sunrise. The blue mysterious streamers of the aurora trembled in the north, now shooting up in clear, bright lines to the zenith, then waving back and forth in great majestic curves over the silent camp, as if warning back the adventurous traveller from the unknown regions around the pole. The silence was profound, oppressive. Nothing but the pulsating of the blood in my ears and the heavy breathing of the sleeping men at my feet broke the universal lull. Suddenly there rose upon the still night-air a long, faint, wailing cry, like that of a human being in the last extremity of suffering. Gradually it swelled and deepened, until it seemed to fill the whole atmosphere with its volume of mournful sound, dying away, at last, into a low, despairing moan. It was the signal-howl of a Siberian dog, but so wild and unearthly did it seem in the stillness of the arctic midnight, that it sent the startled blood bounding through my veins to my very finger-ends. In a moment the mournful cry was taken up by another dog upon a higher key, two or three more joined in, then ten, twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, until the whole pack of a hundred dogs howled one infernal chorus together, making the air fairly tremble



with sound, as if from the heavy bass of a great organ. For fully a minute heaven and earth seemed to be filled with yelling, shrieking fiends. Then one by one they began gradually to drop off, the unearthly tumult grew momentarily fainter and fainter, until at last it ended, as it began, in one long inexpressibly melancholy wail, and all was still. One or two of our men moved restlessly in their sleep, as if the mournful howls had blended unpleasantly with their dreams, but no one awoke, and a death-like silence again pervaded heaven and earth. Suddenly the aurora shone out with increased brilliancy, and its waving swords swept back and forth in great semicircles across the dark, starry sky, and lighted up the snowy steppe with transitory flashes of colored radiance, as if the gates of heaven were opening and closing upon the dazzling brightness of the celestial city. Presently it faded away again to a faint, diffused glow in the north, and one pale green streamer, slender and bright as the spear of Ithuriel, pushed slowly up toward the zenith, until it touched, with its translucent point, the jewelled belt of Orion. Then it, too, faded and vanished, and nothing but a bank of pale white mist, on the northern horizon, showed the location of the celestial armory, whence the arctic spirits drew the gleaming swords and lances which they shook and brandished nightly over the lonely Siberian steppes. Crawling back into my bag as the aurora disappeared, I

fell asleep, and did not wake until near morning.

With the first streak of dawn the camp began to show signs of animation. The dogs crawled out of the deep holes which their warm bodies had melted in the snow, the Cossacks poked their heads out of their frosty fur-coats, and whipped off, with little sticks, the mass of frost which had accumulated around their breathing-holes; a fire was built, tea boiled, and we crawled out of our sleeping-bags to shiver around the fire, and eat a hasty breakfast of rye-bread, dried fish, and tea. In twenty minutes the dogs were harnessed, sledges packed, and runners covered with ice, and one after another we drove away at a brisk trot from the smoking fire, and began another day's journey across the barren steppe.

In this monotonous routine of riding, camping, and sleeping on the snow, day after day slowly passed, until, on Dec. 20th, we arrived at the settled Korak village of Shestakova, near the head of Penzhinak Gulf. From this point our Geezhega Cossacks were to return, and here we were to wait until the expected sledges from Penzhina should arrive. We lowered our bedding, pillows, camp equipage, and provisions down through the chimney-hole of the largest yurt in the small village, arranged them as tastefully as possible on the wide wooden platform which extended out from the wall on one side, and made ourselves as comfortable as darkness, smoke, cold, and dirt would permit.

## DANISH PEASANTS.

IN Denmark the peasants comprise two thirds of the whole population; and, as agriculture is the main resource of the country, the tillers of the soil are the main body of society. In the middle of the eighteenth century their social advantages were, nevertheless, very small. Statesmen in those times, especially those of narrow mind and sentimental tendencies, considered the State a large household, and according to this idea society was planned and the Government conducted. The king was considered the master, the noblemen his family, the royal officers a sort of stewards, and the lower classes—the peasants—his servants. But in the household, where the master has the right to do all that he likes, his family the right to do all that the master does not dislike, and the stewards the right to cheat both of them, there can be but a small portion of rights remaining to the servants. So it was at that time.

The Danish peasants were not exactly slaves, but something still worse. To the slave, who has no rights at all, his poverty and defencelessness are, in a measure, a passport to his master's compassion; but the Danish peasants, who were tenants, had a form of rights, which deprived them of the lord's benevolence, without enabling them to defend themselves against his despotic encroachments. A century ago the peasants were the property of their lords; and if the lord was gambling, and had no more money left, he set a number of peasants, instead of dollars, on his card. At the end of the eighteenth century this had changed, but still a deed of conveyance would sometimes enumerate: an estate, consisting of two hundred acres of ground, with house and barns, with four horses, twenty cows, eight peasants, and so forth. Even if the tenant was not the property of the lord, he was, neverthe-

less, as little his own master; for he was forbidden to move from the place where he was born until he had completed his fortieth year. Thus he lost almost entirely a man's first right, the right to live where he likes; for if one has been shut up within the same box for forty years of his life, he is likely to have lost all energy to move away from it.

This regulation was, strictly speaking, not a feudal bondage, but rather a sort of military duty. The lord was compelled by law to supply the army out of his tenantry with a certain number of soldiers. He had received his real estate from the king, and still held it on this condition. It was, however, often impossible for him to fulfil it, because the young people ran away when the time of enlistment arrived. In consequence of this, the Government tied the peasants by law to the soil on which they were born. Military service was, indeed, a horror to the peasants, and could not fail to be so, for it was such as to be to them an anticipation of hell itself. The Danish king kept up a large standing army, with which to ornament his palaces, to wage some wars, and to provide his treasury with money. It seems a singular business to make money by dealing in soldiers; yet, Frederick IV. let out his soldiers to William III. of England for a considerable sum, and an additional amount for each one who happened to be shot. When Marlborough advised him that such or such a regiment or battalion had been mown down by the enemy's grapeshot, this dreadful report was softened to his royal heart by an enclosed assignment on the English treasury; and it was his comfort that peasants, like rabbits and rats, are very prolific. The Danish kings themselves sometimes waged wars, never by virtue of any war-like temper or military talent, seldom for any use-

ful purpose, but from futile reasons, sometimes only because it was considered for the royal glory to have waged wars and shed blood—the people's, of course, not their own. The war, however, was a relief to the soldiers. They fared much worse during peace, when only used as an ornament. When the king took a ride, the soldiers had to accompany him in large numbers and in pompous array. It was a brilliant show. The coach itself, though it looked very like a cage in our menageries, was, nevertheless, something imposing, for it was gilded and upholstered all over, and it moved gravely and majestically along, drawn by eight horses. Within sat the king; without rode on horseback the dragoons and hussars, certainly not to prevent the royal beast of prey from breaking out, but as little to prohibit the subject-lambs from breaking in; for, indeed, these last stood humbly bowing on both sides of the road. When the king returned home, the infantry were drawn up in the court-yard, upon the stairs, and along the corridors, presenting arms; and through these brilliant ranks he dragged along his rheumatism or his gout, his waking vices and his sleeping conscience. Such a military service seems not difficult to perform; yet it was difficult to learn, and could not be acquired without almost intolerable vexations. The officers were Germans, and perhaps not one of them could speak Danish. At all events, the words of command were in German. The army, being Danish peasants, of course did not understand these commands; nevertheless, if they were mistaken, the soldiers were soundly flogged. To be beaten and basted, drubbed and cudgelled, was the soldier's natural lot; for, indeed, this was the only language through which the officer could make his will understood. And what was his will? It was, to have all his soldiers exactly alike in size and form. The thick were to be laced and the thin to be stuffed. Those who had no beard, had to wear a false one; and those who had a full beard, to have the greater

part of it pulled out. All military matters were pedantic, as the whole military method was barbarous. The greatest injuries and cruelties that Heaven ever looked upon have perhaps been committed in the European armies of the eighteenth century. No wonder, therefore, that the young peasants used every possible means to avoid the army. They sometimes cut off their forefingers, in order to be incapable of using arms, and consequently unfit for military service. Often, at the time of enlistment, the lord had to establish a regular system of hunting after the youth of his tenantry. They would disappear from their homes and flee into the forests. But the lord scoured the forest with rifle and horn, with huntsmen and dogs, coursing the deserter from tree to tree, over the hills, down to the swamp, where usually he was taken, sitting in the mud up to the neck, and with all the dogs barking around him.

The military duty, however, as it was called, was not completed by an actual service of eight or ten years; for the peasant was still nominally bound by law to the same duty. This, however, was a sort of imposition in behalf of the nobleman, in order that his ground might be cultivated. When the service was over, the peasant had to return to his birthplace and remain until the fortieth year of his age. But though this command was issued under pretext of a military duty, the real cause was, nevertheless, the miserable system of gathering taxes. The peasants paid their taxes not to a royal tax-gatherer, but to the lord, and he himself was tax-free, on condition that he should be security to the king for the tenants' taxes. This, however, he could not be, unless the king, on his part, would be security to the lord that he should not lack tenants. Hence the command that the young peasant should go back to his birthplace. After being a soldier, he became a tenant; but he was only blown from the thunder into the lightning. Thralldom was now his condition, and a hundred hindrances were placed in the way of his labor. He was com-

pelled to take whatever farm, and for whatever rent, the lord chose to designate; and the rent was to be paid partly with money, but chiefly with labor. At any time he could be commanded to go to the manor and work for the lord, when he had instantaneously to let his own work wait, if he would not ride the wooden horse. This was a board, on the edge of which the refractory tenant was placed astride without pillion, but with weights tied to his feet, and from which he often dismounted a cripple. Thus, he could seldom get his own soil tilled or his own crop gathered in due time, particularly as he had to wait for the tithe. He paid the tithe in kind, and had to let the crop remain in the field until the tithe-gatherer had come to count the sheaves and take a tenth part. Meanwhile, the grain often sprouted and was spoiled. His harvest was small and bad, sufficing perhaps to feed himself and his family upon, but leaving nothing for the market; and as his condition was thralldom, so his life was starvation. If, however, some strenuous and industrious tenant happened to conquer his fate so as to gain a little surplus, it was none the better for him, and the money had to be carefully concealed, because, if the fact came to the knowledge of the lord, the tenant was likely to be robbed by him. The lord could, indeed, seize upon the tenant's property without violating the law. He could arbitrarily increase the rent; he could, without any possible protest, remove him to a poorer farm, and could enforce his demands in preference to all other creditors, even without presenting any certificate of debt. Thus robbery was legal, if the lord was the robber and the tenant the robbed; and the poor peasant, after losing the enjoyment of personal freedom, lost, moreover, the right of accumulating wealth—yea, of having property. Was there now any thing left for him to lose?

But why did he not rebel, rather than lose all in such a manner? Alas, poor unfortunate! To endure is the character of the Danish nation, perseverance

their virtue, indolence their vice. The Danish history, through the last five or six centuries, presents many instances of bold defence, but none of brilliant assault; many of indomitable will, but none of impulsive passion. And these poor fellows, moreover, had grown up in the conviction that all was as it ought to be; that life on earth ought to be a hell to them and a paradise to the lord, and that this was the will of the Creator. They could neither read, write, nor cipher; and as to religion, they knew Satan better than God. The minister was a stout theologian, who received the office from the nobleman's hands by marrying his predecessor's widow. He was always very busy in bringing accusations of heresy against the neighboring clergyman, and with writing congratulatory verses to his patron; but he took little care of his flock, and suffered them to feed upon the most foolish superstitions. He was often a sort of *maître de plaisir* to the lord; and while the minister was thus, in a great measure, taken up with arranging the amusements at the manor, his neglected parishioners sought the witch for help in all spiritual matters. The witch was not only the peasant's physician, but also his judge and his priest. To her he went, if any thing had been stolen, that she might detect and punish the thief by her sorcery. To her he brought the new-born little one to have it blessed with a sign, lest the elf should take it away and substitute a child of its own. She was, indeed, his faith, his hope, and all his comfort; but her business was very dangerous to herself. If the minister became jealous, and waged war against her, there could be no terms of peace. The old hag was to be thrown into the sea. If she sank to the bottom and was drowned, she was declared innocent of sorcery, and buried like a Christian woman; but if she floated on the water, she was deemed able to do so only by help of Satan himself, and she was burned to death. If once accused of sorcery, water or fire was inevitably her death; and with her died the spir-

itual matron of the parish. The school-master was a weak theologian, who got his employment at the hands of the steward, by marrying the landlord's chambermaid. He was a man of wit, able to demonstrate that the earth was flat, like a pancake; he could speak Latin and make altar-candles, but he never taught his pupils any thing worth learning. He was an itinerant teacher, and did not tarry in one place longer than three or four days at a time. When he reached a village, he gathered the children into a barn, and began his instructions. Standing on a table or barrel, and crying out the articles and commandments from the catechism, majestically beating time with a switch, and now and then animating his spirit by a dram of brandy, he made the children repeat these matters over and over again. At last, getting drunk, his lessons would end. Such instruction, even though it was religious instruction, was a mere matter of memory to the children; and he left to their hearts only his own example—an example of drunkenness. But did he never give their intellect any thing? Certainly. Sometimes, when in splendid humor, he poured out his wits, consisting of a precious combination of sagacious questions and answers. For instance: "Who cried so loud as to be heard by all living on the earth?"—"The ass in Noah's ark; for in it were all living beings enclosed." Or: "What grows larger by subtracting from it, and smaller by adding to it?"—"A pit-hole." The worst of all, however, was, that the most benevolent teacher of man—life itself—could teach the poor peasant nothing. Horace has said, that the owner's two eyes see more than the servant's hundred—and there is deep truth in these few words; for, indeed, if labor is to be not a dumb drudgery, but a development of strength and mind—if one is to work strenuously and with prudence, gaining by working, he himself must be the possessor of the results of his labors. It is only the enjoyment of the fruit which dignifies the labor, and it is only the dignified

labor which develops the laborer. But the Danish peasants, in the middle of the eighteenth century, lived only to put meat into the nobleman's pot. From a life of such labor nothing is learned but to steal the meat. A people thus trained are not fit for rebellion. If they are good-natured, they will only suffer and degenerate.

Yet, in process of time, a feeling of the cruel injustice of this state of things began to dawn in the higher classes of society. The first who gave public expression to this sentiment was a poet—Louis Holberg. In his comedy of *Jeppe*, which has been translated into all European languages, he has portrayed to the life the Danish peasantry of that time. He drew a picture of the drunkenness, indolence, superstition, and silliness of that class, with such humor and wit as to convulse the reader with laughter, and with such energy of truth as to make him shrink before the naked ugliness. But though the likeness has by no means been flattered by the poet, it savors, nevertheless, of something not directly said, like Beaumarchais' *Figaro*. We laugh at *Jeppe*, and we shrink before him, but we take an interest in him. Glimpses of strong common sense and sound feeling, in connection with some undefinable loveliness of mind, prove him to be a good-natured man, only depraved by odious conditions. He touches our feeling and excites our indignation on account of his social position. It is a masterpiece, and it was fully understood. Upon the whole, the Europeans have a talent for catching the pith of a drama; and the Revolution of 1830, in Paris, is not the only one which has begun in the theatre.

A little after this event, the condition of the peasantry became the subject of animated debates. In 1770, Denmark obtained the liberty of the press. It was, later—in 1772—much limited, but the debate had begun, and could not be kept down. The facts were too striking. When travelling through the country, one would meet with only painful scenes. The dwellings were in



ruins, and looked more like heaps of rubbish and straw than houses. They were so low that the inmates, if they wished to look out, ran their heads through the chimney instead of through the door; and around them no gardens or fruit-trees could be seen, no joy or bustle of industry be heard. The children sat silent, leaning their heads against the wall, and dreaming of food; and close by stood the old work-horse, dumb and sleepy, and eating the straw from the roof. Only the ravens croaked loudly in the air with eager desire. The fields were in a like deplorable condition. The meadows and low grounds, undrained of the water rained upon them, grew into swamps; and the stagnant pools and mud infected the air with malaria. Forests, groves, and thickets grew up unrestrained, a shelter to beasts of prey and a harbor for large herds of deer, which destroyed the standing corn, a whole county often lying uncultivated, while the inhabitants roved about in bands as beggars. Thus it was evident to every one that the actual state of affairs, if not improved, would soon ruin the whole nation. At the same time, certain new ideas as to the way to make society happier, emanating from Rousseau's and Montesquieu's writings, and from the American war of independence, were spreading over all Europe, and taking root everywhere. The ancient idea that the State was analogous to a household, had become a sentimental and ridiculous foggism. Men began to understand that, in society, there can be no right without a corresponding duty, and no duty without a corresponding right. It seemed not impossible to realize this scheme in Denmark, at least to a certain degree, without a revolu-

tion. It was possible to make the peasant a free man, simply by transferring the power of enlistment from the hands of the lord to the hands of the king; and it was possible to make him independent of the lord so far as to secure to him the right of having property, by changing the tax-system, and establishing the relations between the lord and his tenants in the form of a contract.

This was done. When the crown-prince Frederick, though but fourteen years old, took the reins of Government, in 1784, his father, the king, being imbecile, he appointed a committee of intelligent and magnanimous statesmen to regulate all matters concerning the peasantry. Edicts upon edicts were issued, and, as they had all been well considered, they were cautiously but firmly enforced; and the whole innovation was consummated without any tumult or disorder before the expiration of twenty years. Soon the fruits appeared. Houses arose, and the condition of the people arose with them. The exportation of corn doubled within ten years, and the taxes could be doubled also, for the country was blooming. Where, twenty years ago, a crowd of dirty little ones crawled about a drunken father and a scolding mother, happy-faced children played around their respectable parents, or listened to the mother reading the Bible, or the father telling the history of Christian IV. Where, twenty years ago, the bondman strolled in rags, to beg and to borrow, the tenant rode in a carriage with his family, to feast in the grove. And he who, in 1784, had sat a coward in the swamp, in 1801, when the English had fallen upon Copenhagen, flew voluntarily into the town to fight for his native land.

## MALVINA.

YOUNG Tom Collins, law-student, had just come into a strange inheritance. He sat solitary in his little boarding-house room, trying to realize it.

"If the poor child hadn't *me*," he said to himself, "it could go and apply for admission to some institution. If I hadn't it, I could; but Lord! that is not the idea. I must decide what I am to do."

Tom had solemnly promised to care for the new-born baby of his only sister, who had just died.

He tried to meditate. He had often before, during his life, made the same attempt, but had never to any extent succeeded. He did not seem like one born to take things into very serious consideration. But this case seemed to require it. No good joke came to the rescue. Tom really had never in his twenty-two years felt such an awful sense of gloom. His natural hilarity could only suggest to his mind the rather poor consolation that he "had at least over night to consider on the business."

Here Tom was interrupted by a knock on the door—an occurrence unusual enough in the little upper room where he had long since ceased regarding even the bell-pull as a resort in any extremity, so completely was he accustomed to be let alone.

Before Tom could respond to the knock it was followed by a cry of mingled entreaty and command, such as only hungry babies know how to emit.

"I've fetched the poor little dear around, sir!" remarked a woman whose marvellous rotundity of person showed to fine advantage as she waved her screaming parcel as though it were incense wherewith to purify Tom's bachelor-room.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated.

"You'd ought to git a cow," said nurse, still brandishing her charge. "There! there! there! It's got wind this

minute, mixin' milk. Have you found a nurse, sir? And baby wants clothes."

"It's got on too many clothes now," said Tom. "I think that's what it's crying about; see how red and hot it is!"

Poor inexperienced Tom! he had offended the woman—cast recklessly overboard his only anchor!

She dropped her shrieking charge upon Tom's bed, and started towards the door.

"Very well, sir!" she said solemnly, "I see you know all about babies—I may go!"

"Oh! oh!" gasped Tom, "do not! In the name of mercy do not! It shall have clothes! Why do you say I want a nurse? Are not you one? I assure you I know nothing, absolutely nothing of babies!—I never to my knowledge touched one!"

Real despair is impressive. The woman was mollified.

"I am, sir," she said, turning confidentially to Tom, "a '*monthly*.' I am willing to stay with you while I can. But, sir, a person in my position is no dependence. My summons may come any day or hour. It's impossible to calculate. Day and night is all the same to me. There ain't on earth to me a thing so inscrutable as this impossibility of calculating when we shall be sent for. I'll work for you while I can, sir, but when my call comes, no earthly thing can keep me."

Tom took all these remarks in a religious point of view. From a person of Mrs. Primmins' robustness, they amazed him. He felt a vague fear lest, as he mentally expressed it, there might be "a bee in the old lady's bonnet."

"Oh! cheer up! cheer up, Auntie," he said, "you look hale and hearty. You've overtired yourself with my poor sister. If you'll stay and take charge of that little thing for me, I'll risk your getting a '*summons*.'"

"Your poor sister found great consolation in your promise for her child," remarked Mrs. Primmins pathetically. "It's a desperate resort leaving a baby to a young man, but in her strait she was fain to catch at any straw."

"Can you," said Tom, looking gloomily at his now silent prize on the bed, "can you give me any advice? You couldn't have waited till to-morrow before bringing it, could you?" he added half reproachfully.

"Of course not," said Mrs. Primmins. "Well! you're no account! Now let me think."

"Do, in Heaven's name," ejaculated Tom.

Mrs. Primmins placed her arms akimbo.

Tom fervently prayed for light on the meditations.

"I have it," cried Mrs. Primmins; "Malviny's got to take it!"

"Bless your dear soul," responded Tom. "Malviny's the very one! What a talent you have for managing, auntie dear!"

There was Tom, his very self! He had hit on exactly the right compliment to pay the old nurse. He was actually floating through life on this instinct he had for saying the most pleasant thing to every body. Mrs. Primmins of all things desired the reputation of a manoeuvrer, as it was, of course, the one of all others that she did *not* deserve.

"Yes," she cried, chuckling, "I can manage. Let me alone! And first thing in the morning, I'll go there with you. Now," said she, seizing her charge, who was beginning to squirm, "now I'll see what's to be got out of your landlady."

Winking violently with first one eye and then the other, she started to go; then, with a sudden solemnity, she reinserted her head in the doorway.

"If I'm summoned," she said, "it's above all else. If I'm called, I must go, day or night!"

"Certainly," said Tom, much puzzled, "but you won't be, Auntie!" As the young man walked abroad to get his dinner, he felt impressed with an almost mysterious awe of the old nurse.

"To think of living always with death grinning one in the face like that," he muttered.

In the night Tom's dream of peace was again dispelled.

Another knock on his door.

"Am I under a ban?" growled Tom; "what's the matter now?"

"I'm called," said the voice of Mrs. Primmins, "my summons has come!"

"Oh, the devil!" cried Tom, lost to all sense of the importance of conciliating the nurse. "Go to bed! Hold on till morning!"

In the morning Tom, who, happy fellow! always slept soundest under a sense of depression, did not make his appearance until nine o'clock. He found that Mrs. Primmins had actually disappeared for parts unknown. In the arms of his hitherto stern landlady he found his charge nestling. A new light—that of love—was beaming in the solemn woman's eye,—that woman, thought Tom, who would see any one of her boarders starve and rot for ten cents a-day saved! He looked at his little responsibility with a feeling of awe, almost a suspicion of witchcraft. It is customary to shake the head, and wonder at the amazing Providence that sometimes removes a mother and throws a young infant upon the charity of others! Why not also consider reverently the innate instinct of motherhood that rises in every female heart at sight of a baby so bereaved!

"I have undertaken," said the landlady, giving Tom a smile such as he had never dreamed could rest on *her* features, "I have undertaken to go with you in search of Mrs. Primmins' niece, Malviny!"

Several hours later, Tom Collins sprang from a light wagon in which he had driven to the door of a pretty cottage.

"We will make one last effort by inquiring here," he said to his landlady, who held the baby.

With his usual impetuosity he pushed directly through into the little rear kitchen. There, he forgot his errand, forgot every thing except what he saw. A young girl, plump, neat, and rosy,

stood, with round arms bared, before a table. She was assiduously occupied in caressing, with her white hands, little lumps of dough into shape. Then she placed them in rows in a big black pan. For a moment she did not see Tom. He, unreasoning, impulsive fellow, forgot his errand—forgot every thing, in short, and began envying those lumps of dough. He felt instinctively that he, too, possessed a great capacity for being moulded by some such hands as those.

Suddenly she turned. Such a dimpling smile! such rosy embarrassment! Tom, great black-haired, jetty-eyed giant that he was, thought this little plump blonde an angel. Thought! why, he was sure of it!

After a while he came partially to his senses, and said, "I'm looking for one Malvina Barker."

"And that is me," said the rosy lips.

"Then I've brought you a baby," he said abruptly.

A good deal of astonishment can be put into a pair of bright blue eyes without spoiling them—and so there was. Fortunately, at this point the landlady appeared, and so, a moment later, did Malvina's mother, called up from the cellar by the voices.

Negotiations were soon completed.

Tom again in his little room, found it the loneliest, dreariest place he had ever in his life looked upon.

A couple of days later he concluded that it would be inhuman not to go and inquire after his little charge. In an incredibly short space of time he was seized with the same impression again. Then he went to take to baby, who had not yet learned that the moon is more distant than the door-knob, a box of geographical blocks. Then he went to inquire if it needed pocket-money; and he told Malvina that he knew she was not kept awake nights with it, because her eyes were so bright.

This time Malvina's mother told Tom that of course they were very plain people, and no fit associates for a young "gent" like him, but that if he *wished* to stay, there was plenty of strawberries and cream for tea.

Tom stayed, and after tea the moon came out. Oh! that wicked, shameless moon! Tom, by its light, told Malvina right out that her eyes were bluer than Heaven—her lips sweeter than roses—and all that.

When they parted, Malvina went to her room and cried.

What could such a perfect king of a man mean by talking like that to her? Of course, he could not mean to marry a little school-mistress only home on a vacation!

Tom acted queerly, too, when alone in his room. He took a pencil and paper, and figured and calculated. He made a list of all the little properties he possessed. He added them up and he added them down. Then he set down a list of all the things he was accustomed to spend money upon that could be dispensed with. Then he brought out a book on economy, where it tells how a man can live cheaper with a frugal wife than he can alone. He was astonished to find that book so intensely interesting!

The next day Tom went again to see the baby. In fact, it had seemed to him as though the afternoon never would come. He had more waiting to do at the cottage, for Malvina's mother received him, and she did not appear. At last his impatience spurred him to ask.

"I don't want you to see her again, young man. I will be frank with you and tell the truth!"

"Oh! Mrs. Barker," cried Tom.

"She's a simple child, sir, and is in danger not to understand that attentions from one like you can mean nothing."

"Dear Mrs. Barker, you mistake me entirely. I must see her this once. I must indeed! If *she* sends me away, I will never come again."

Tom conquered. When he explained to Malvina about his small income and consulted with her about its sufficiency, she told him that he ought to be ashamed indeed to waste such heaps of money on one. He should have sent half to the heathen.

Tom's income has thus far held out better than when he was single. Young men, try it!

SOCIETY *versus* INSANITY.

ON the 10th of November, 1854—as related by M. Devergie in a memoir read before the Imperial Academy of Medicine at Paris—a young man aged nineteen, the son of a prominent merchant of Bordeaux, dined with his father, to whom he was much attached, and his stepmother, whom he had regarded with gradually increasing aversion for several years.

The dinner passed without any unusual incidents till dessert, when young Julius left the table and repaired to the drawing-room to warm himself. Not finding a fire kindled, he went to his own chamber, took his fowling-piece and started out for a stroll through the country, as was his custom. He had not left the house, however, before the idea of suicide, which had haunted his mind for several weeks, suddenly recurred to him, and was as suddenly changed into the thought of killing his stepmother.

Without stopping one instant he threw aside his fowling-piece, and going to his brother's room took two pistols which had been loaded three weeks. He had pistols of his own which he might have taken, and which had been charged only the day before.

He descended into the dining-room, approached his stepmother, who was still at the table with his father, and pointing a pistol at her head, discharged it with instantly fatal effect.

Madame X. fell to the floor, and the young man recoiling, rested motionless against the wall. His father rose to seize him, but a temporary feeling of self-preservation being aroused in Julius, he fled across the kitchen, through the midst of the terrified domestics, and escaped from the house, crying, "I am a madman, an idiot; I have killed my stepmother!"

He soon, however, changed his mind, and surrendered himself to the commis-

sary of police, to whom he related all the circumstances of the crime.

Before and until the murder, the life of this young man had been exemplary. He had performed his duties in the counting house of his father with assiduity, and was an excellent son and brother. Though rich, he had studiously avoided dissipation of every kind.

Such were the obvious features of the homicidal act. Julius was tried before the Imperial Court at Pau. Calmeil, Tardien, and Devergie, the most eminent alienists in France, testified in favor of the insanity of the prisoner, and he was acquitted on that ground.

But it was mainly through the evidence of the last of the physicians named that this result was brought about. Instead of confining his testimony to abstract theories, Devergie dwelt at length upon the concomitant circumstances of the homicide, the antecedents of the accused, his several characteristics, and his conduct subsequent to the deed. From the inquiries which he made he ascertained that the young man had among his ancestors a maternal uncle who had a propensity to suicide, and who died insane; another maternal relative who had all his life been eccentric, and a paternal aunt who had actually killed herself.

It was also developed that the accused had always been subject to motiveless outbursts of passion. One day he struck a servant with his whip for not being sufficiently active in obeying an order, and another day he became furiously angry because he could not at once enter a room where his stepmother was taking a bath. "When he became very angry," said one of the witnesses, "he always seized upon something or some one."

He had also been contemplating suicide, and a month before the offence, had given his views at length upon the subject to Dr. Brunet. He was taciturn



in disposition, and avoided the companionship of young men of his own age.

In his own account of the act, he said:

"When I ascended to my room on the day of the crime, I was not thinking of any thing. I should not have gone upstairs if I had found a fire in the drawing-room. When I reached my room, having no evil intentions, the notion of suicide possessed me; then, my thoughts taking another direction, I threw aside my fowling-piece, ran to my brother's chamber, armed myself with two pistols, and went back to the drawing-room actuated by I know not what force which dragged me, and in spite of myself. If my father had addressed to me one word when I entered the drawing-room, a single word, whatever it might have been, I should not have killed my stepmother."

The circumstances of the act, it having been committed in broad daylight in presence of his father, and the fact of his having delivered himself up to justice, were also adduced as tending to show an absence of criminality.

On the other hand, there was the hatred he was known to have entertained for his stepmother; and this was argued by the prosecution as a proof that the act was premeditated and malicious.

As I have said, the prisoner was acquitted, but public opinion was very much against him, so much so that he left France and went to reside in Belgium. As is usual in such cases, the press, conducted as it too frequently is by irresponsible persons, ignorant of the first principles of mental science, raised a furious outcry against the medical experts. They were accused of having been actuated by mercenary motives, and of having let loose upon society a monster of iniquity, whose crime should have been expiated on the guillotine. They had simply expounded the sciences of mental physiology and pathology as they understood them, but with nothing like the certainty which in our day the ophthalmoscope, the dynamograph, and the aesthesiometer give to similar investigations. They had arrived at their conclusions solely by the observation of

intellectual phenomena and not by the employment of physical means. One great source of positiveness was therefore wanting.

Now for the sequel.

On the 29th of January, 1859, over five years after the homicide, Julius hastily quitted Brussels, where he had lived in great retirement, abandoned his furniture and all he possessed, and reentered France with nothing but his personal attire. He went to Bordeaux, alighted at a hotel and passed the night there, visiting neither his father nor his brother, who still lived in the city. In the morning he purchased a brace of pistols, hired a cab, was driven to the cemetery, and at his request was conducted to his stepmother's tomb. He then sent away his guide, knelt down on the grave, and writing several sentences in his memorandum-book, laid this on the monument, and then with one of his pistols blew out his brains. Among the sentences traced in his memorandum-book was this: "I wish to die upon the tomb of her whom I have so much loved and regretted."

"How," asks Devergie, "shall we reconcile this assertion, made at the moment of committing suicide, with the opinion entertained by some, that the cause of the murder was the deep aversion that the young man had nourished towards his stepmother during ten years?"

"Evidently the language, as well as the termination of his life by suicide, are the work of a lunatic. Not the slightest doubt can now be felt even by the most prejudiced concerning the correctness of the decision of the Assize Court at Pau, and the scientific foresight which led to that judgment."

On the evening of the 15th of September, 1851, the drama entitled *Adrienne Lecouvreur* was being acted at the theatre of the Celestins, in Lyons. It was about half-past eight o'clock, and the curtain had risen on the second act of the play, when a horrible event occurred which threw actors and audience into a state of confusion and fright. A

young lady had been stabbed to the heart by a man who sat immediately behind her. Uttering a cry, she drew the dagger from her breast and fell lifeless and covered with blood into the arms of a lady near her. The man who had killed her remained standing erect, his arms crossed on his chest, and his manner perfectly impassible. The husband of the young lady, ignorant of the fatal nature of the wound his wife had received, seized the assassin—"What have we done to you," he exclaimed, "that you should commit this outrage?" "Nothing," answered the man, "I do not even know you; I am a miserable wretch—do with me as you wish; I do not wish to escape." He was at once arrested, and without opposing the least resistance was conducted to the nearest police-station.

The young lady, thus murdered, had only been married a few months, and was visiting Lyons with her husband, a professor in a college at Limoges.

The murderer was named Antoine Emanuel Jobard, and was a clerk in a mercantile establishment at Dijon. He was but twenty years old. His parentage was respectable, and his education had been well cared for. During the four years he had lived at Dijon, he had, to all appearances, conducted himself well. His conduct, nevertheless, had not been exemplary.

Soon after his arrest Jobard was visited by the magistrate, who interrogated him minutely in regard to all the circumstances in any way connected with the crime. To all questions he replied calmly and respectfully, without evincing the least emotion. As he declared in the first instance, he did not even know his victim; seated behind her for an instant only, he had not seen her face. He had only perceived that she wore a gray silk dress, and he had looked at her no longer than was sufficient for him to determine where to strike. "I have killed her to be killed in return;" he repeated many times, "to be killed after I have had sufficient time for repentance."

"In the midst of the pious family in which I lived," he continued, "I ob-

served all the outward ordinances of religion, but I was at heart a hypocrite. I led an abandoned and depraved life, and yet I deceived every body by my apparent devoutness. I became disgusted with myself, but had not the strength to abstain from the shameful vices that enslaved me. Not being able to change my conduct, I resolved to get rid of my life. I could not think of suicide, for that crime would have resulted in my appearing before God loaded with sins. I therefore determined to do something which would cause me to be condemned to death by the law. I would thus have a sufficient time for repentance, and I was satisfied that I would also obtain pardon of God for all my offences."

He then went on to state that he had endeavored to do as little harm as possible in obtaining his end. He had not killed a depraved person, because that would have sent one unprepared for death into the presence of God. He had thought of killing a priest just after he had celebrated mass. Accident had led him to Lyons and to the theatre. Here the victim and the opportunity were at once offered him.

When asked if he fully comprehended the enormity of his crime, he replied that he did, but that he intended to repent.

During the whole course of Jobard's interrogation he remained perfectly calm and apparently emotionless; his pulse was not accelerated above the normal standard—beating with regularity sixty-six times a minute; his answers were given with deliberation and exactness.

The following day he was confronted with the corpse of the murdered woman. On his way to the hotel he expressed his disinclination for this ceremony, declaring that it was useless as he would not be able to recognize her. In going up the stairs his legs gave way under him; he trembled in every muscle, and a cold sweat broke out on his body. Brought face to face with the corpse, he exclaimed that he did not recollect the face; he only knew that the wound was where he intended to make it. At the same time his countenance expressed horror and fright, and he fell to the floor weeping

and in a state of extreme prostration. His pulse was feeble, intermittent, and beating sixty-eight times a minute.

It is interesting to study the thoughts of a person situated as was this young man, who, being apparently rational on all other subjects, felt himself impelled by a power in regard to one which he was unable to resist. The report given in the *Causés Célébres* is full, and the custom which prevails in France of frequently interrogating a criminal, whatever its value in jurisprudence, is certainly capable of yielding fruitful results to mental science.

Now Jobard begins the record of his mental aberration with the statement that he had contracted many grave vices from which he was powerless to abstain. He assumes the impossibility of reform, and at the same time is conscious that he must arrest his course of depravity. Clearly, if these premises are correct, there is but one alternative left, and that is death. He declares this with perfect distinctness; the force of it overpowers him; he constantly regrets the necessity, but his determination does not waver. At first he thinks of suicide, but he soon rejects this, for although he might repent of all his other sins, the act of self-destruction is a crime of so much magnitude as to condemn his soul to everlasting punishment, and from this sin he would have no time to repent.

Then the idea that he must commit an act which would forfeit his life to the state took possession of his mind. For then, no matter what the crime, he would have ample opportunity between the period of its commission and his execution to make his peace with God. During six months he thought almost continually of this subject, and the necessity became daily more apparent. He must die, and he must kill some one in order to die with safety to his soul. "I wish," he exclaimed during one of his interrogations, "that I could have been condemned to death for some trifling offence. I regret having been obliged to commit murder. It was, however, necessary. I regret this necessity." On the 18th of September he was

again interrogated. He then declared that he had always understood that his crime was one for which he was responsible both to God and man. "But," he added, "my character was weak, impressionable and changeable. When I prayed, I prayed like a saint; an instant afterwards sin claimed me, and I delivered myself without resistance to my false ideas. As to the liberty of acting freely, I was free certainly, and I would have stopped had I been able to comprehend the falsity of my reasoning. My action was criminal, I know, and I went on towards it without reflection. If I could have thought correctly, if I could have confided my thoughts to some one and been advised, I would never have committed the deed." Then he added, "The course of my ideas is very different to-day from what it was yesterday. To-day, if I could go back, I would not do what I have done; I begin to see things differently."

One night while in prison he had the hallucination that his victim appeared to him. He complained of headache, his vision was confused, thought of every kind gave him pain in the head, and he had a profuse hemorrhage from the nose, after which he felt better.

Several physicians examined him before his trial, and, as is usual in every case which admits of a difference of judgment, and as always will be till human reason becomes infallible, different opinions were formed of his mental condition.

Thus one of the physicians, M. Magaud, saw in Jobard a man led away by a violent passion which he had allowed to assume a governing influence over his mind, but which at one time certainly he might have controlled; a man moreover who had had a clear idea of his responsibility, and who had prepared with intelligence and with great firmness of will all the details of his criminal scheme.

The others, MM. Gromier and Tavernier, arrived at an entirely opposite conclusion. Taking into consideration the antecedents of Jobard's life, the circumstances attending the commission of the

murder, his subsequent conduct, and the physical and mental phenomena exhibited by him while in confinement, they expressed the opinion that the act was committed while he was suffering from an attack of homicidal and suicidal mania, and that he ought not to be held accountable for a violation of law perpetrated without the influence of his natural will.

Dissatisfied with these contradictory views, the Government commissioned Dr. Gensoul to examine the prisoner, and he coincided with MM. Gromier and Tavernier.

The conclusions of these three physicians were, 1st, That at the moment of committing the murder Jobard was suffering from a paroxysm of homicidal mania. 2d, That he ought not to be considered responsible for an act done without the participation of his normal will. 3d, But as this kind of insanity is dangerous to society, society has the right to put Jobard in such a position as will render it impossible for him to do further harm, and that therefore he should be placed for life in a lunatic asylum.

Nevertheless, Jobard was indicted and tried for murder with premeditation.

The trial was long, and several medical witnesses, including those mentioned, appeared for one side or the other. The jury, after an absence of only ten minutes, came into court with a verdict of guilty as to the homicide and the premeditation, but with extenuating circumstances. He was then condemned to imprisonment for life at hard labor.

Considerable sympathy was manifested for Jobard throughout France, and even the Government exhibited an exceptional leniency towards him. He was allowed to delay his departure for the galleys, and soon after his arrival at Toulon, ostensibly as a reward for good conduct, was permitted to open a small shop and sell tobacco and little articles of various kinds to the convicts. He remained, however, incapable of fixing his attention, and still continued to suffer from pain in the head. He had no further exacerbation of his malady.

In the two cases the particulars of which have been given, the plea of insanity was urged by the accused and considered, though with different results, by the juries. In the one instance there was an entire acquittal of all criminality; in the other, a verdict which carried with it a penalty barely less than that awarded to the highest degree of murder. If the first was right and just, the second was wrong and unjust; for Jobard was certainly as insane when he killed the lady in the theatre as was Julius when he murdered his stepmother, and the history of the case much more fully supports the plea made in extenuation of his guilt. I am inclined to think that the action in the case of Julius was as inadequate as that relative to Jobard was severe, and that both should have been incarcerated in an insane asylum for the term of their natural lives. And for the following reasons:

The objects of punishment are—

1st. The safety of society.

2d. The reformation of the individual who has offended against the law.

The latter is usually lost sight of even in the most civilized communities, or else is feebly attempted, and therefore need not be dwelt upon in the present connection.

The safety of society is supposed to be secured in two ways:

1st. By the effect which punishment has upon the offending individual in intimidating him, in causing him to suffer mental or physical pain as a sort of recompense which he owes to society for his crime, or in placing him in such a condition that it will be impossible for him ever again or for a limited period to break the laws.

2d. By the example which is afforded to others who might feel inclined to commit crimes, but whose vicious inclinations are kept in check by the certainty or probability of the law taking hold of them should they pass the prescribed bounds.

In providing for its safety, society has almost invariably carried out the maxim of securing the greatest good to the greatest number, and has therefore to a

great extent disregarded the natural rights of individual persons. For example, it is certainly unjust to the individual to punish him for the violation of a law the very existence of which is unknown to him. Society does not care for this; safety for the property and lives of the majority is of paramount importance, and therefore the offender is fined, incarcerated, or put to death, according to the extent of his crime, notwithstanding the fact of his ignorance. And this it does not so much for the purpose of avenging the violation of the law as to act upon others by the force of example and to prevent the escape of criminals by a plea which it would be difficult in many cases to disprove.

The laws which formerly prevailed extensively, relative to attainder of blood for certain crimes, and which still exist in a more or less modified form in some countries, were likewise unjust to individuals. For acts of high treason, not only were the offenders themselves put to death, but all their kindred within certain degrees were killed or banished, with forfeiture of estates; and even now, in the most enlightened nations of the earth—except our own—the heirs of a traitor who is punished with death are deprived of the property which in the natural course of events would have descended to them. Individuals are thus punished for a relation wholly beyond their control, in order that treason may be "made odious" and society protected.

Looking at the matter, therefore, from a similar point of view, no valid argument can be adduced against the punishment of the insane, even though they be morally irresponsible for their acts by reason of delirium, dementia, or morbid impulse. It is reported of an English judge that he once addressed a criminal in these words:

"You have been convicted of the crime of murder. It has been alleged in your defence that you were actuated by an irresistible impulse. This may be true, but the law has an irresistible impulse to punish you, and it therefore becomes my duty to sentence you to be hanged."

In reference to such lunatics, a distinguished French magistrate observed to Marc, an eminent alienist, "*These men are madmen; but it is necessary to cure their mad acts in the Place de Grève.*"

These judicial opinions are adduced not as meriting full approval, but merely to show how selfishly society protects itself even against insane violators of its laws.

The existence of a delusion is regarded in law as evidence of insanity, and the fact that an individual accused of crime has such a false conception of his mind, is considered a valid defence. This is doubtless correct practice in many cases, but it should be understood that an act may be the direct and logical consequence of a delusion, and still be criminal. For instance, if I entertain the delusion that a certain person has injured me, I may be insane, but even if I am, I ought to be punished if I kill the individual who I imagine has done me a wrong.

A case illustrative of the view here expressed occurred a couple of years ago. The following outline of the circumstances was published at the time in the *London Lancet*.

The prisoner, Charles Anderson, was convicted of deliberately taking the life of James Marchin, one of the crew of the ship *Raby Castle*, on her homeward voyage from Penang. The circumstances of the case were of an extraordinary character. The prisoner, on the 28th of September, 1866, shipped in the vessel as an able seaman and carpenter. It appeared that during the voyage he gave many indications of an eccentric though weak intellect, of a perfectly harmless character. The deceased was a mulatto. The prisoner regarded him with apprehension, and was said to be under the delusion that Marchin was a Russian Finn. It appears that there is some extraordinary superstition among sailors, that the presence of a Russian Finn on board a vessel is likely to lead to the destruction of that vessel, together with the loss of the crew. The prisoner believed this. He was frequently heard to mutter to himself some incoherent expressions, to the effect that he could not



go on in this way, and that he must kill the Russian Finn, or they would never get to London. On no occasion had any personal quarrel arisen, or ill-feeling been manifested between the prisoner and the deceased. Matters continued to go on in the same manner, the delusion of the prisoner being well known to, and regarded in a good-humored spirit by, his shipmates. No one anticipated the terrible result. During the night of the 24th of November the prisoner had to watch on deck, and when free to act and unobserved, he seems to have gone to the bunk where the unfortunate deceased man was sleeping, and attacked him with a carpenter's axe, inflicting five desperate wounds upon his neck and shoulders, the effect of the former injuries being nearly to sever the head from the body. The prisoner was immediately suspected as the murderer. He was seen to be washing blood from his hands, and to throw an axe overboard. He was at once seized and asked how he had come to murder his comrade. The reply he made was, that "if he had not done so, the ship would have gone on the rocks, and they would all have been lost." There had been a heavy gale of wind blowing at the time, and there appeared to be no doubt that he had committed the act under the impression that if he did not kill the deceased, both his own safety and that of the crew would be endangered. Under these facts, notwithstanding the charge of the learned judge, the Baron Channell, the jury found the accused guilty of wilful murder, ignoring the suggestion of any unsoundness of mind, and therefore withholding from the verdict any recommendation to mercy.

The learned judge accompanied the sentence of death with such observations as leave little doubt relative to the impression on his own mind, even though he condemned the prisoner according to law. He observed, "that the jury had found themselves compelled to convict the prisoner of wilful murder; and as to the act itself, there was no doubt he had committed it. The defence set up was, that all the time he was laboring under a delusion which compelled him to commit

the crime, and that, therefore, he was not responsible. It was not contended that he did not on ordinary occasions fully appreciate the difference between right and wrong, but it was said that he was laboring under a delusion, and that the effect of this delusion was to compel him to commit the act. The jury have carefully considered the matter, and they have arrived at the conclusion that they are not justified, under the circumstances, in acquitting him on the ground of insanity, and it therefore became his duty to pass upon him the sentence of the law for the crime of murder." The prisoner bowed to the judge, and was then removed.

The sentence of Anderson was subsequently, on the recommendation of several medical gentlemen, commuted to imprisonment for life.

In regard to the propriety of Anderson's punishment there can be no reasonable doubt. Delusions such as his do not justify homicide, and were a few like him severely punished, there would be less superstition and fewer delusions. While death is the penalty for murder, such lunatics as Anderson should be made to suffer it. His crime was deliberate and premeditated, and the fact that it originated in ignorance and false intellectual processes, though it may lessen his criminality, does not make it any safer for society to remit the punishment.

Again, some of the insane are such monsters of depravity that they should be slain, upon the same principle that we slay wild and ferocious beasts. Such a one was the Alton murderer. On a fine afternoon a clerk in a lawyer's office took a walk out of town. He saw some little girls playing in a field near the road. One of them, a bright and lively child, he persuaded to go with him into an adjoining hop-garden, and sent the others home by giving them some half-pence. Shortly afterward he was seen alone, and he returned to his office and made an entry in his diary. The little girl was missed; her parents became alarmed. Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that she was last seen going toward the hop-gar-

den, and on searching there, her body was found cut up into small pieces. What she underwent before the butchery could not be ascertained, because parts of her body could not be found at all. Suspicion fell on the lawyer's clerk, and he was arrested. His desk was searched, and a diary found, in which was this newly-made entry: "Killed a little girl; it was fine and hot."

The evidence at the trial showed that a near relative of his father was in confinement, suffering from homicidal mania, and that his father had also been insane. It was likewise proved by many witnesses that the prisoner was unlike other people; that he was subject to attacks of melancholy, during which he would weep without evident cause; that his conduct had been capricious, and that it had been necessary to watch him, for fear that he would commit suicide. Taking these circumstances into consideration, there is more than a reasonable probability that this wretch was insane. But the jury disregarded them; a verdict of guilty was rendered, and he was executed.

All psychologists recognize the force of example. A man commits suicide in some unusual manner, and straightway this becomes the prevailing mode of accomplishing self-destruction. All are likewise familiar with the principle called the "force of suggestion." An individual becomes melancholic from an exaggeration of his selfish instincts. His emotion might carry him no farther, till suddenly he hears that a terrible murder has been committed. He eagerly reads the details; he broods over all the minutiae, till they are assimilated to his own morbid thoughts. He perhaps learns that the perpetrator is insane, and will, thus, probably escape punishment. Nothing is therefore more in consonance with his ideas than to go and do likewise, and the suggestion soon ripens into a frightful reality. Let it be understood that such murderers will be punished, and they will the better control their morbid impulses.

That many of the insane possess great powers of self-control is well known to all those who have studied the various

phases of mental aberration. The influence of rewards and punishments is by no means nugatory, and a discipline very healthful to their disordered intellects or emotions can be thus brought to bear upon them. Every superintendent of a lunatic asylum knows that many of his worst patients can be improved in their conduct, mind, and character, by being rewarded when they deserve commendation, and punished when they have incurred censure. These rewards and punishments not only influence the patients directly concerned, but are understood and commented upon by many of the others.

Now the same is true of the insane outside of asylums—and there are many such who pass through life scarcely suspected of being the subjects of mental aberration, but who simply wait for the exciting cause which is to bring their latent susceptibilities into action. Let them understand that insanity does not license an individual to do what he pleases without punishment, and a power is brought to the aid of their wavering intellects which may turn the scale definitely in their favor. It is not only for the safety of society, therefore, that insane criminals should be punished.

Of course, the punishments should be adapted to the nature of the crime and the character of the insanity. Without pretending at this time to go into details, it may be stated as the opinion of the writer that an insane person who commits murder should never again be allowed to go at large. He should be incarcerated for the term of his natural life in a penitentiary asylum, both as a means of protecting society and as providing opportunities for his cure.

One word in regard to the duties of medical experts.

They have nothing to do with the law. It is their business to expound the science of the subject regardless of the consequences either to the prisoner or society. They do this by answering questions that are put to them on the witness-stand, and after they have studied the facts or alleged facts of the case. So far, therefore, as regards their opinions

in the matter at issue, they are based upon testimony, or what they are told by counsel is testimony. It thus frequently happens that experts called on the two sides of a case give answers that apparently are diametrically opposite, and this not because there is any essential difference in their views, but because the same hypothetical questions are not put to each. The way to avoid this great difficulty is for the hypothetical questions which are supposed to embrace the facts to be put by the court, and not by the lawyers; or for the judge rigidly to exclude statements that are not in evidence.

Again, an expert gives his opinions after having devoted time and labor to the study of the science and circumstances on which they are based. His appearance on the witness-stand is therefore but a small part of his labor.

Courts in England, in California, and in Illinois, have distinctly recognized the right of experts to compensation far greater than ordinary witness-fees, and have ordered the payment of satisfactory sums. Medical experts regard it as their duty to testify to all *facts* within their knowledge when called on so to do. But their opinions are their capital, just as opinions are a lawyer's or judge's capital, and neither society nor individuals have a right to take them by force. A great deal of unwarrantable criticism on this point has recently been indulged in by a portion of the newspaper press. However, when a prominent case comes into court—one which involves much popular feeling, it will generally be found that the losing side spares neither judge, jury, counsel, nor experts in their unjust attempts to manufacture public opinion.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

##### THE VAMPIRE OF EUROPE.

OF course, there is but one question for comment this month, and that is the infamous war which the French Mephistopheles has managed to stir up between the two leading Christian nations of Europe. A more needless, causeless, heartless, unprincipled war was never precipitated by human ambition and wickedness upon innocent nations. It is absolutely without a decent pretext; the nominal justification of it put forth by the principal instigator,—the choice of a Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne,—has no more substance in it than the complaint of the wolf against the lamb for muddling the water below him. Even if Prussia had directly countenanced and promoted that solution of the Spanish difficulty, with the consent of the Spanish people, it was no business of France, whose ruler has so loudly proclaimed the autonomy of each people. But Prussia disclaimed all pretension of mixing in Spanish affairs as soon as it was signalled that her act would give offence. Yet the war was none the less proclaimed

and prosecuted. Napoleon was bent on war, and he made war for no other reason than his own will. Knowing that the French people were jealous of the growth and consolidation of Prussia, and knowing that a successful war would facilitate the establishment of his dynasty, he took advantage of that popular jealousy in order to compass his own ends. He has called hundreds of thousands of soldiers to the field; he has excited the bad passions of Europe; he has imperilled the prosperity and peace of the world, that he might snatch, from success, the imperial crown for his son. No considerations of the awful interests involved, no regards for the lives of men, no Christian principles, no humanities, withhold him for a moment from the desperate game which he has determined to play. A gambler from the outset, a perjurer and a murderer, he carries the motives and the methods of his original *coup d'état* into the politics of the world. Let us hope, as a recompense, that the world will at length discover the magnitude of his meanness and malignity. The disclosures made as

to the secret treaties ought to open the eyes of all mankind to the real character of this imperial Jack Sheppard. England, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, Italy,—all ought to see that in him they have their worst enemy,—an enemy ready for any foul scheme to be accomplished by any execrable means. That gallant and noble nation, upon whose liberties he has sat like an incubus for twenty years, ought to shake herself free of the gigantic oppression. The United States, which he would have throttled to death if he had been able, in the great struggle for union and liberty, should regard him only with loathing and hate. The most stupendous of public criminals—the shabbiest of private intriguers—the most monstrous of egotists,—the whole race of man should vomit him forth as its greatest opprobrium and pest. What is to come of the war, no man as yet knows; but if it shall have the effect of destroying the prestige of the treacherous and blood-thirsty Bonapartes, it will perhaps be worth the temporary miseries it will cost.

#### A PLAGUE OF FROGS.

Miss Cobbe, in her "Ethical and Social Studies," complains of the freedom with which the biographers of eminent persons often detail the most secret actions of life. She argues that while the cause of truth may be subserved by this minuteness of inquiry, another far more important cause,—that of reverence for the privacy of the human soul,—is outraged. "The man's most secret life," she says, "his most private memoranda, his letters written in the haste of passion or remorse to his closest intimates, are violated and thrown open to the world. The public have got the truth; but they have lost something almost equally precious,—the sense of the sanctity of the heart's and soul's secrets. Or, rather, we may say that a special and individual truth has been insured by the sacrifice of the universal principle of truthfulness and confidence between man and man, whereby we trust each other with things sacred." But if there is ground for a complaint

of this kind, how shall we measure the injury inflicted upon a community by the habit, now becoming more and more prevalent, of turning every thing of private life into food for the newspapers? It would seem as if no privacy were possible any more, either to individuals or families. Let any event occur to bring a person in any degree before the public, and instantly he is converted into a sort of public property or show. Whatever concerns him, his past life, his domestic relations, his interior thoughts, are made the subjects of curiosity and of exposition. The reporters swarm about him as the flies in summer about a piece of carrion. They are more numerous, persecuting, and pestiferous than the tax-gatherers of the later days of the Roman Empire. They insist not only upon entering his house, questioning his servants, looking into his closets, rifling his drawers, and feeling his pockets, but they put him through a series of cross-examinations, as if he were a criminal upon the stand, or a victim of the inquisition. If he refuses to respond, he has the pleasure of seeing himself caricatured or vilified in the next day's edition of a morning print; and if he is placable and communicative, he finds his confessions tricked out with all manner of exaggeration and embellishment. The frogs in the kneading-troughs of the Egyptians could scarcely have been a greater nuisance than these Bohemians are getting to be; but sometimes they are more than a mere annoyance,—they become defamers and assassins of character. They do not scruple to insinuate or to proclaim openly charges that unjustly blast the reputations of innocent men and women, or which, when they are not wholly unfounded, inflict a vast amount of needless anguish. Surely, the editors of our journals ought to have self-respect enough to prevent this abuse from going any further.

#### THE OLDEN TIMES.

No doubt our Right-Reverend correspondent, who writes so interesting an account of the ancient ways of New

York society, believes those times to have been superior to the present. But the actual generation will scarcely share in his opinion. The patriarchal forms of social life had their advantages and their charms, but they had also their evils and miseries. For the patriarchs themselves, or the leading families, who possessed wealth, culture, refinement, easy and courteous manners, and all the means and appliances of agreeable intercourse, it was doubtless very pleasant; but for the common sort, for the working-people, the servants, the slaves, we hardly think it so pleasant. Then, as now, they had to toil, but to toil without the conveniences and the comforts and the hopes of rising which relieve the strain in our modern societies. Besides, in all cases, we look at the past, as we do at the remote, with some degree of illusion. We see its salient and prominent features only, its general characteristics, and not its details, which are often ugly and harsh and repulsive. Sir Walter Scott, by the vigor of his poetic imagination, contrived to invest even feudalism with a most attractive garb; he got us in love with knights and barons and tournaments and minstrels; but the readers of history know that the feudal times, in spite of their pomp and color and blazon, were the most awfully wretched times for the debased and ignorant masses that the world ever saw. They were times of universal rapine, bloodshed, cruelty, superstition, famine, and want. So our colonial societies may be made to take on a charming simplicity and heartiness and decorum; but when we come to look closer into them, as we are able to do now and then by private letters, &c. &c., we see them every whit as full of suffering and wrong as the present times, with infinitely more coarseness. As society grows in wealth and numbers, the lower sort, that is, the rude and uncultivated sort, come more and more to the top; they give a tone to the prevailing manners; vulgarity of speech and bearing is more conspicuous; but all the while civilization is diffusing itself and spreading. If there are

fewer thoroughly educated men, there are more who have some education; and if there are fewer real gentlemen, there are more who have some knowledge of what good manners are. In the older and earlier times, one man in a thousand may have been a model for the Christian and the scholar; but now it is the thousand who are undergoing a transition, not into models, but into a better state. The light which touches the pinnacles of the Alps may be a purer and brighter light than that which is mingled with the vapors of the vales; but the latter is still light, which will gradually purify itself from miasmas and mists, and yet shine with a beautiful radiance. The civilization of a community is to be measured not alone by the degrees of altitude, but by the degrees of latitude; not by the scattered elevations to which it has climbed, but by the broadness of the fields over which it has been diffused.

#### PUBLIC PARKS AND THE ENLARGEMENT OF TOWNS.

One of the most interesting and sensible papers read at a recent meeting of the Social Science Association, was that by Mr. Fred. Law Olmstead on Public Parks and the Enlargement of Towns, and we are glad to see that it has been published in a pamphlet. It is full of suggestion and sound thought, the result of many years of experience operating upon a vigorous brain and a noble heart. Mr. Olmstead begins by referring to the almost irresistible tendency of population in all countries to gather into towns. The time was when the best sort of people liked living in the country, and the rural gentry were not only the most cultivated, but the ruling class. Even in England, which has so long been celebrated for its snug country homes, and beautiful estates, on which the owners resided all the year round, maintaining a hospitable cheer, and keeping up the amusements of field and hall, people are rushing to the cities. Our farmers' sons and daughters are not happy unless they have the prospect before them of ultimately settling in town.



The former want to become merchants or shopkeepers, in order to participate in urban enjoyments, and the latter dream of nothing but city fashions, city delights, city beaux. London is getting to be more and more the heart of England, as Paris has long been the heart of France. Glasgow grows six times faster than the rest of Scotland, Berlin twice as fast as the rest of Prussia, and Dublin holds its own while Ireland depopulates. Such being the fact, it becomes one of the most important questions, how the people of the towns can be made most comfortable, most healthful, most refined, in a word, most civilized. Mr. Olmstead's answer is, by the proper regulation and planting of the streets, and the multiplication of parks which will admit of all kinds of neighborly recreation. Nor, in our opinion, does he exaggerate the importance of these means. The gregarious instincts of human beings are nowhere so safely, harmoniously, innocently, beneficially gratified, as in the free, open-air assemblages of well planned and well-regulated parks.

We New Yorkers, who have felt the inestimable benefit of the Central Park, will commend with all our hearts to the residents of smaller cities the wise remarks of Mr. Olmstead, than whom no man in the nation is more competent to give advice on the subject.

#### RURAL NEIGHBORHOODS.

We do not believe, however, that the country is going to be wholly deserted for the cities; on the contrary, we think that by means of a park-like arrangement, rural neighborhoods may be made as attractive as any towns. The great drawback of country life, now, is its solitariness, or the want of those conveniences which are to be found only in larger aggregations of families. The farmer and his family are comparatively isolated, or, if they have neighbors, they are so remote as to be of little use as society. Each house must suffice for itself, not only raising its own supplies, but furnishing its own recreations and amusements.

If teachers for the children are wanted, they can only be had at great expense. Men of wealth even, who retire into the country, very soon find themselves deprived of many of the comforts to which they were accustomed, of ordinary human intercourse often, and are glad to hurry away to the watering places in summer and to return to the cities in winter. The remedy for this is in some sort of united settlement, where the lands, though not owned in common, may yet be laid out in common, and where a sufficient number of families will be joined together to command a good market, good mechanics, good teachers, and an adequate social intercourse. We have heard of one or two of these settlements, not far from this city, where all the advantages of both town and city life are combined to a surprising degree. The residents have their separate houses and patches of ground, but a common park to ride and walk in, plentiful supplies, good society, a frequency of amusements, and, in short, such attractions, that instead of going to Newport or Saratoga in the hot months, and instead of returning to the Fifth Avenue Hotel or the Everett in the winter, they stay all the year round in their own homes. Such rural parks, if more generally established, would counteract the tendency to concentrate in towns, and lend a charm to country life which, to the greater part of people, it has not now. To ruralize the cities, as Mr. Olmstead proposes, by shade-trees and public grounds, and urbanize the country by contiguous buildings and the clustering of estates, are at this time the supreme *desiderata* of a higher civilization; and without them, it appears to us, both city and country will degenerate.

#### APARTMENT HOUSES.

What our correspondent says of the scheme of building houses in flats has a good deal of practical sense in it, and his suggestions will be heeded by capitalists who, like Mr. Stuyvesant and Mr. Livermore, will undertake the introduction of the new system. But one form in which "apartments" are likely to

come up he has not yet maturely considered. It is that in which a number of families unite to put up a common edifice, and conduct, on the joint-stock principle, a kind of combined household. No one who has thought of the subject will for a moment doubt the practicability, the economy, and the convenience of such a union. Families may cooperate in their expenses in a way which will be a great saving to each, while it procures for all the luxuries of a large establishment. The success of the club-system for bachelors has been demonstrated in all the large cities abroad, and even in our own city, and we see no reason why the club-system could not be applied to families, without in the least infringing on their privacy. Some gentlemen, indeed, have already devised such a system, have procured their architectural plans, and made some progress in the organization of a company; and doubtless as soon as the cold weather arrives,—if such a consummation ever comes—will bring their scheme before the public.

#### DISRAELI AGAIN.

We published in our July number an article entitled "Disraeli as Statesman and Novelist," by Mr. J. M. Bundy, which contained as few errors of fact as most magazine contributions of a biographical sort. These errors we correct, at the instance of the author of the article mentioned, and are as follows:

1st. That Isaac Disraeli, the father of the novelist, was a foreigner in England. The former was born in England in 1765, and it was the grandfather of Benjamin Disraeli who was a Venetian merchant, came over to England in the reign of George II, and was the founder of the family. 2d. That Benjamin Disraeli was the editor of the "Representation," a daily paper founded by

some friends of Mr. Canning. Although this circumstance is narrated as a fact in the "American Cyclopaedia," we now learn that the statement is erroneous. Mr. Disraeli was a boy, and wholly unknown, at the time this short-lived paper was started. 3d. That Mr. Disraeli believed "in the success of the rebellion." This was not the case, and there was a prevalent impression in this country at the time to this effect. On the other hand, whatever may have been their private sympathies, both Mr. Disraeli and the late Lord Derby held a contrary opinion, and the consequence of this opinion was that the Tory party, during our war, never made any demonstration, *as a party*, in favor of the South, although isolated Tories, as well as isolated Liberals, did. We make these corrections without comment, as due to the truth of history.

#### ANOTHER PLAN FOR BROADWAY.

If Broadway is to be given up to a railroad, the best plan for one yet proposed is that of Mr. Richard P. Morgan, of which we published a view last month. It seems to us to combine more advantages, with fewer disadvantages, than any other that we have studied. Our readers will remember that it proposes a sort of iron gothic arch, to be stretched from one side of the street to the other, and supporting a platform on which the cars are to run. The practicability of it will be confessed by any competent engineer, while its superiority to other plans consists in this, that it will not interfere with the street traffic below, will not obstruct access to the stores already built, and will cost, according to the estimates, some two millions of dollars less than the underground plan. Besides, as a structure it will be ornamental, which is more than can be said of most things of the kind.

## LITERATURE—AT HOME.

ENGLISH Fiction is more largely indebted to Charles Dickens than to any novelist of the century, for more than any other novelist he brought it home to "the bosoms and business of men." Before his time fiction occupied itself with the lives and fortunes of the great, not necessarily royal personages, and the nobility and gentry, but those who move in the upper walks of society; but he came and changed all that, effecting a Revolution without parallel in the world of letters. He saw, like Shakespeare, that there was nothing in humanity beneath his notice,—nothing too low for his art, except unmitigated wickedness, which happily does not exist in nature. Whatever concerned man interested him, as it did Shakespeare, particularly whatever concerned man in the lower walks of life, whence he drew his most admired creations. His sympathies were averted from high life, so called, of which he knew nothing, or only so much as enabled him to caricature it, but they overflowed in all other directions, rejoicing to expend themselves in the service of the poor and the suffering.

"He taught the virtues first and last;  
He taught us manhood more and more;  
The simple courage that stands fast—  
The patience of the poor:  
Love for all creatures, great and small,  
And trust in Something Over All."

The very quality, however, which made Dickens what he was, and which gave him such power over us, was the one quality above all others which needed the most careful watching; for strength pushed to excess always ends in weakness. As long as Dickens was content to draw character he was strong; as soon as he attempted to correct abuses, he was weak. He was by nature a novelist, not a jurist, a political economist, a statesman. He thought otherwise, at least in the later years of his

life, and his novels degenerated in consequence, many of the characters therein standing for ideas, the effect of the whole being that of a blue-book giving itself life in a dream. We forgive this in Dickens, (as what do we not forgive in writers whom we love?) and were it confined to him we should say nothing about it. But unfortunately it is not confined to him, for, being his weakest and worst trait, it is the very one which his imitators have seized upon, and reproduced with most success. They have caught the trick so completely that we cease to think of the great magician whom these little jugglers have elbowed off the stage. What a brilliant player, for instance, is Mr. Charles Reade, manipulating the balls of prison-reform, mad-houses, and trades-unions; and how dextrous is Mr. Wilkie Collins, with the abuses of Irish and Scottish marriages! Mr. Collins is a man of genius, whose greatest defect is an excess of cleverness in the construction of plots, and whose greatest excellence is insight into character of a certain sort. His range is narrow, but within that range he is a master. One character in his last novel, *Man and Wife* (Harper & Brothers), is an addition to Literature. We mean, of course, Geoffrey Delamayn, an athlete, who exhibits in perfection the ultimate result of the extreme physical training which is having its apotheosis in England. We are familiar with the Muscular Christian of Mr. Kingsley, and his followers,—a popular myth, which the author of "Guy Livingstone" has done all he could to discredit, without intending it, and which Mr. Collins, fully intending it, has now, we think, shattered forever. We commend Geoffrey Delamayn to Mr. Collins's admirers, as being the finest study of character that he has yet produced,—the natural result of unnatural causes,—

not such an arrested development as Mr. Kingsley's Muscular Christian, but such a perfected development as Achilles, the Achilles of the nineteenth century,—slow, good-tempered, restrained, but cunning, brutal, murderous—the Muscular Pagan. We shall not enter into the plot of "Man and Wife," partly because it is difficult to analyze the plots of Mr. Collins, and partly because the majority of novel-readers must already be familiar with it. Our opinion is that it is at once the simplest and the best that Mr. Collins has yet constructed; and we trust it portends a turning on his part to the world of probable occurrences. How clever he can be he has shown us over and over again; let him show us now that he can be natural. And let him in future drop social abuses, which Mr. Reade *will* make his own to the end of the chapter. What we want is not reformers, but novelists—such novelists as Dickens was in the early part of his career, as Thackeray was all through his career, and as Mr. Collins can be when he chooses. He has no equal in the art of telling a story, and but few equals in drawing character, when character "pure and simple" is his object, as it evidently was in several of the actors in "Man and Wife," as Sir Patrick Lundie, Bishopriggs, and Geoffrey Delamayn.

— There was a time when Miss Julia Kavanagh was in the front rank of English lady-writers, but it was before George Eliot wrote "Adam Bede" and "Romola," and Mrs. Edwards, "Steven Lawrence" and "Archie Lovell." Miss Kavanagh is not equal to these ladies, but she is superior to many who now have the public ear, and who may be said to have pushed her from her stool—some of them with an impudence which is refreshing, dressed as they are in the very garments they have stolen from her wardrobe. What distinguished her from her sister novelists of twenty years ago was the vigorous life she imparted to her heroines, and the graphic manner in which she painted the love-struggles between them and her heroes, who were drawn with equal vigor. She

was as truly the novelist of love as was George Sand, whom she resembled as much as an English nature could a French one, and a lesser genius a greater. But one day she found her occupation gone, or rather we did,—for in place of her characters came others of the same race, though of different parentage, who usurped their place in our hearts. Twenty years ago we should have thought more of *Sylvia* (D. Appleton & Co.) than we do to-day, for then it would have possessed a freshness it lacks now. It is a pleasant story, however, and to those whose memories are less thickly peopled than ours with lovers, it will have a charm often wanting in works of profounder and more original character. The heroine, Sylvia Nardi, an Italian girl with a dash of English blood in her veins, is such a woman as most determined men would be glad to win; for once won they would be sure of her till death. We prefer her to many heroines with fewer faults, and to any of the present brood, of whom Jane Eyre, somewhat beautified and softened, is the type. Whether in her place we should prefer Mr. Meredith to the more brutal and stupid heroes who are now in fashion, we hardly know, but we suppose we should, having a weakness for a gentleman. There is little that is new in "Sylvia," but for old work, it is faithfully and well done.

— Though the thoughts of mankind have turned for ages towards the East, it is still in certain regions less known than any other portion of the civilized globe. One would think that Palestine, for example, would by this time have been thoroughly explored; that its mountains would have been ascended, its valleys penetrated, its rivers tracked to their sources, its ruined cities excavated, and its secret places brought to light. But one would be mistaken in so thinking, for much of it is still a *terra incognita*. No river in the world is so widely known as the Jordan, and of none has the world remained really ignorant so long. Flowing through a land which men have agreed to call Holy, and through which for thousands of years has flowed the

holiest stream of history, it is only within a year or two that the Jordan has been navigated from Tell el Kady to the Sea of Galilee. The record of this journey has just been republished by the Harpers, under the title of *The Rob Roy on the Jordan*, by J. Macgregor, M.A., the Rob Roy being the name of the canoe in which the journey was performed. We all remember something of the difficulties attending Eastern travel, and at first sight it would seem as if there should not be many here: for what can be easier than to paddle one's own canoe? Precisely; but not in a river like the Jordan, to which one has to get his canoe, from England first, and last from Damascus, and along which, when one has finally got it there, it must occasionally be carried on land; or the Jordan is not navigable throughout, as Mr. Macgregor satisfied himself, and as he will satisfy his readers, if they follow him as closely as we have done. He is not a good writer, particularly at the beginning of his volume, but he has so much to tell us that is interesting, that we are content to overlook his slovenly and over-fervid style. He strikes us as being a narrow man, who has eyes for nothing but what he set out to see; consequently his chapters on the Suez Canal and the Nile are dull and meagre. He is better when he comes to Abana and Pharpar; better still in the giant cities of Bashan, and best of all on the Jordan. Here is his description of its mouth: "At this place the papyrus is of the richest green, and upright as two walls on either hand, and so close in its forest of stems and dark, recurring hair-like tops above, that no bird can fly into it, and the very few ducks that I found had wandered in by swimming through chinks below, were powerless to get wing for rising; and while their flappings agitated the jungle, and their cackling shrieks told loudly how much they wished to escape from the intruder, the birds themselves were entirely invisible, though only a few yards from me all the time. But they were safe enough from me or any other stranger, for in no part could I ever get the point of the Rob

Roy to enter three feet into the dense hedge of this curious floating forest."

— Though admiration of greatness is inherent in man, it manifests itself differently in men of different lands. We have never been overburdened with it in America, and what we have is generally bestowed upon public men, beginning with our military leaders, and ending with our leading politicians. Washington was a great Name sixty or seventy years ago, but is he such to-day? Does the Father of his Country still have power over the minds of his children? We doubt it. Of course, we respect his memory, or think we do, and we try to like to read about him. Without doubt he was a great man—for his age; but what was his age compared with ours? What was his resistance to England and George the Third, compared with our resistance to the South and Jefferson Davis? Why, some of our generals lost more men in one battle than he ever had under him at one time. The Revolutionary War, indeed! There was no such thing as war then, as we understand the word now; at most it was a series of skirmishes, some of which were won by us, and some of which were won by the British. Neither side was whipped, but they were tired out first, so we obtained our freedom. This, or something like it, is probably the opinion of the average American in regard to what Paine called "the times that tried men's souls," and to the man whom Henry Lee declared to be "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." We shall not undertake to say that our irreverent contemporary is wholly in the wrong, but we will say that a Republic has forgotten something when it has forgotten to honor the men who founded it. It is more than whispered that some of our first great men were not really great, and the charge may be true; but they were great enough to do their work, and do it well, which is more than can be said of our great men now. Is there one of the later brood in whom we are so interested as to be willing to read four or five hundred pages about his



home and its belongings—we will not say now, while he is alive and likely to disappoint us any day, but after he has gone to the house appointed for all the living? The reader may answer for himself: we only know, as concerns ourselves, that no such man has existed in the present century in America. There was such a man, however, seventeen days before the century commenced, and we have been so far interested in him (with the thermometer at 90°) as to read a large volume about the trifles he left behind him. It is a new edition of a volume published some years ago, entitled *The Home of Washington*, and is published now for "the canvassing trade," by Messrs. A. S. Hale & Co., of Hartford, the author and illustrator being Mr. Benson J. Lossing, whose name is familiarly associated with American annals.

—Those who are interested in the Woman Question will probably be interested in *The Feminine Soul*, by Elizabeth Strutt (H. H. & T. W. Carter), though it is not a book to fully satisfy either its advocates or opponents, since it goes a little too far for the latter, and by no means far enough for the former. We wondered at its moderate tone until we turned to the Prefatory Epistle, and saw that it bore the date of 1856, when our wonder ceased. It was the opinions of a lady fourteen years ago that we had been reading, not the opinions of the mob of women of to-day, and we could not but remark the difference between them. What Miss Strutt claimed for her sex then, most men would have granted willingly; what the noisy ones of the sex are claiming for it now, few men can grant at all. Not to enter, however, upon this interminable subject, we are at one with Miss Strutt in many of the positions she takes. We agree, for example, with this: "That there are duties and offices proper to Man, which principally take him abroad, and duties and offices proper to Woman, which principally keep her at home, is indeed a truth so evident that they must be very visionary theorists who can maintain that the

pursuits proper to each could be undertaken, without disadvantage, by either." We do not agree with this passage, which to our masculine apprehension is merely an ingenious excuse for feminine flirtation: "Even the desire so inherent in Women, of admiration in general society, too often attributed by Men to mere vanity, and designated by them as such, is frequently in itself only a less healthy craving of the desire of being beloved; and the homage of the many is, by most Women, only sought to raise their own value in the eyes of the one whose love they really prize." We think Miss Strutt hardly does justice to Woman's capacity for Literature; for while we agree with her that women are neither good historians, nor good historical novelists, and that they are not equal to epic poems and tragedies, we insist that they can and do write poems which many men might be proud to own, and fictions which no man could write, and which all men are better for having read. Whether she is just to women in the matter of science, and the motives which impel them in that direction, we shall not undertake to decide. It was not her own spontaneous inclination and desire for astronomical knowledge which led Caroline Herschell to devote night after night to the fixed watching of the heavens; it was love for her brother, her desire not to be separated from him, in the object or pursuit of her studies, that gave her strength to sacrifice to him the hours she would otherwise naturally have devoted to repose, love giving her an interest in every star she noted down, as a common good, a fresh bond of congratulation and rejoicing with the brother so dear to her. So, at least, Miss Strutt maintains, and adds: "In the same way other women have plunged into the pursuits of their husbands; have called themselves geologists, mineralogists, entomologists, conchologists, zoölogists, chemists, botanists, and what not; and have tried to persuade themselves they were studying the sciences pertaining to the terms from innate passion for them; though they must all

the time have felt conscious that beyond their natural perception of what might be beautiful in each, that beauty apparent on the surface, without including the trouble of laborious calculation or research, they cared not whether the sun went round the earth, or the earth went round the sun; and so on with the whole circle of the sciences." Ladies, it's Miss Strutt who says this, not we.

—The death of no English author ever created so profound an impression as the death of Charles Dickens, who is mourned by millions as if each one among them had lost in him a friend. Volumes have already been written about him, in the newspapers and magazines, and have been read as eagerly as his own works, every man and woman of us wishing to learn all there was to be learned concerning the great Humorist—when and where he was born, what manner of person he was, how he lived and wrote, the words that fell from his lips, who were his friends, and how it was that he died. We knew more of him a month after his death, than we now know of Thackeray, who has been dead nearly six years; of Byron, who has been dead upwards of half a century; and of Shakespeare, who has been dead upwards of two centuries and a half! And still we know much less than we desire, even those who held, and hold, that Dickens, inexhaustible as his genius seemed, was not so great intellectually as Thackeray. We shall probably have many biographies of him, of which at least one ought to be good, as it certainly will be authentic. We refer to the memoir which, report says, Mr. John Forster is to write, and which, we trust, will be more sympathetic than his biography of Landor. Till we have this Life of Dickens, we must be content with such lesser lives as the enthusiasm of his friends and admirers may lead them to write. The first two instalments towards the Dickensiana of the future are *Charles Dickens, a Sketch of his Life and Works*, by F. B. Perkins (G. P. Putnam & Sons), and *Speeches, Letters, and Sayings of Charles Dickens* (Harper & Brothers). Neither are as

satisfactory as we could wish, but each is more satisfactory, for what it is, than any single memoir or paper that we have seen. Mr. Perkins has collected all that he could find in print relating to Dickens, and has arranged his materials in five chapters. We have been interested in his compilation, especially in the last chapter, which is a translation of the first chapter of the last volume of Taine's "History of English Literature." It is a study on the genius of Dickens, and while it surprises us by its acuteness, it shows, we think, that no Frenchman, however acute, can fully enter into the English nature. The volume of "Speeches, Letters, etc." has somewhat disappointed us, though we are still glad to have it. We knew that Dickens had a talent for off-hand speaking, but we think less of this talent, now that we have the speeches of his lifetime before us, than we did after reading his speeches at intervals in the journals. The few letters given are delightful. The Introduction, though brief, contains particulars in regard to the early writings of Dickens which are not to be found elsewhere, and which must have been exhumed from the newspapers of the period. The Life by Mr. G. A. Sala is the best paper that we have seen from his pen for a long time. The concluding paragraph is happily done: "Only the other day the sorrowing crowds were pressing round his tomb in Poet's Corner, and so throwing garlands into his grave as to make it a well of flowers. Men plucked the sprigs from their button-holes; women took the posies from their bosoms to place them on his coffin-plate. I wait for the crowd to disperse, and, as quietly as I may, I place one green chaplet on the tomb of one I knew so long, I revered so deeply, I loved so dearly."

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Experiences of the Higher Christian Life in the Baptist Denomination.* Being the Testimony of a number of Ministers and Private Members of Baptist Churches to the Reality and Blessedness of the Experience of Sanctification through Faith in the Blood of Jesus Christ. Edited by JOHN Q. ADAMS. 12mo. pp. 237. N. Y., Sheldon & Co.

*An Account of the Remarkable Occurrences in the*

- Life and Travels of Col. James Smith* during his Captivity with the Indians, 1755-59, with an appendix by W. M. DARLINGTON. Ohio Valley Historical Series. 8vo. cloth, pp. xii, 190. Cincinnati, R. Clarke & Co.
- Pioneer Life in Kentucky.* A series of Reminiscential Letters by DANIEL DRAKE, M. D. 8vo. cloth, xvi, 264. Cincinnati, R. Clarke & Co.
- Bessie Langton*, a story of 52 to 55. HAWLEY SMART, author of "A Race for a Wife," etc. 8vo. paper, pp. 201. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.
- Sanctum Sanctorum*, or Proof-sheets from an Editor's table. THEODORE TILTON. 12mo. cloth, pp. 325. N. Y., Sheldon & Co.
- Woman's Friendship*, a story of Domestic Life, by GRACE AGUILAR, author of "Home Influence," etc. New edition, 12mo. cloth. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.
- The Young Ship Builders of Elm Island*, Rev. ELIJAH KELLOGG. 16mo. cloth, pp. 304. Boston, Lee & Shepard.
- Mary Osborne*, by JACOB ABBOTT, author of "Rollo Books," etc. 16mo. cloth, pp. 301. N. Y., Dodd & Mead.
- Tuscha Grondie*, a Legendary Poem, by LEVI BISHOP. 8vo. cloth, pp. 444. Albany, Weed, Parsons & Co.
- Life and Alone*, a novel. 12mo. cloth, pp. 407. Boston, Lee & Shepard.
- Juno and George*, by JACOB ABBOTT, author of "Rollo Books," etc. 16mo. cloth, pp. 312. N. Y., Dodd & Mead.
- Independent First Reader*, containing the most valuable features of the Word System, Object Lesson, etc. J. MADISON WATSON. 16mo. cloth, pp. 80. N. Y., A. S. Barnes & Co.
- A Popular and Practical Introduction to Law Studies*, by SAMUEL WARREN, of the Inner Temple, edited, with additions and alterations, by ISAAC GRANT THOMPSON. New edition, 12mo. sheep. Albany, John H. Parsons, Jr.
- Venetia*, a novel, by Rt. Hon. B. DISRAELI, author of "Vivian Grey," etc. New edition, 8vo. paper. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.
- Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language*, in which its forms are illustrated by those of the Sanskrit, Greek, etc. FRANCIS A. MARCH. 8vo. cloth, pp. x, 265. N. Y., Harper Bros.
- Miss Van Kortland*, a novel by the author of "My Daughter Elinoor." 8vo. paper, pp. 180. N. Y., Harper Bros.
- Life of Bismarck, Private and Political*, with descriptive notices of his ancestry. J. G. L. HENKEL. Translated and edited by K. R. H. MCKENZIE. 8vo. cloth, pp. xxviii 491, with upwards of 100 illustrations. N. Y., Harper Bros.
- Christianity and Greek Philosophy*, or the relation between spontaneous and reflective thought in Greece, and the positive teaching of Christ and His Apostles. B. F. COCKER, D.D. 12mo. cloth, pp. x, 631. N. Y., Harper Bros.
- History of Hortense*, daughter of Josephine, Queen of Holland, mother of Napoleon III. J. S. C. ABBOTT. 16mo. cloth, with numerous engravings, pp. 378. N. Y., Harper Bros.
- An English-Greek Lexicon*, by C. D. YONGE, edited by Hy. Drisler, D.D. Columbia College. 8vo. sheep, new edition, revised and enlarged. N. Y., Harper Bros.
- O. T.*, a Danish Romance by HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. New edition, 8vo. cloth, pp. 280. N. Y., Hurd & Houghton.
- The Lady of the Ice*, a novel by JAS. DE MILLE, author of "The Dodge Club Abroad." 8vo. paper, illustrated by C. G. Bush, pp. 144. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.
- Guendoline's Harcest*, a novel by the author of "Beggars on Horseback." 8vo. paper. N. Y., Harper Bros.
- Stern Necessity*, a novel by F. W. ROBINSON, author of "Poor Humanity," "No Man's Friend," etc. 8vo. paper. N. Y., Harper Bros.
- The Modern Job*, by HENRY PETERSON. 16mo. cloth, pp. 124. Phila., Peterson & Co.
- Sermons* preached at Brighton by the late Rev. F. W. ROBERTSON. New edition, complete in one vol. 12mo. cloth, pp. 539. N. Y., Harper Bros.
- Appleton's Handbook of American Travel.* Northern and Eastern Tours, with maps and various skeleton tours. 12mo. cloth. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.
- Vivian Grey*, a novel by the Rt. Hon. B. DISRAELI, author of "Lothair," etc. 8vo. paper. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.
- Annual of Hudson & Menet* for 1870, containing a full list of all newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Canada, with statistical information for the use of advertisers. N. Y., Hudson & Menet.
- Oxygen-Gas as a Remedy in Disease.* Second edition, paper, by ANDREW H. SMITH, M.D. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.
- Miss Thackeray's Works.* 8vo. cloth, pp. 425. N. Y., Harper Bros.
- On Sea-Sickness.* FORDYCE BARKER, M.D. 16mo. cloth, pp. 36. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.
- The Children's Speaker*, by CHAS. NORTHEND, A.M. 16mo. cloth, pp. 173. N. Y., A. S. Barnes & Co.
- Kilmory*, a novel, by WM. BLACK, author of "In Silk Attire," etc. 8vo. paper, pp. 138. N. Y., Harper Bros.
- Miriam Alroy, a Romance of the 12th Century*, by Rt. Hon. BENJ. DISRAELI, author of "Lothair," "Vivian Grey," etc. New edition, 8vo. paper, pp. 108. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.
- Days of Bruce*, a story from Scottish History, by GRACE AGUILAR, author of "Home Influence," etc. 2 vols. 12mo. cloth. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.
- The Broken Seal*, or Personal Reminiscences of the Morgan Abduction and Murder. By SAMUEL D. GREENE. 12mo. cloth, pp. 304. Boston, H. H. & T. W. Greene.
- John A. Love-Story*, by Mrs. OLIPHANT, author of "A Son of the Soil," "Chronicles of Caringford," etc. 8vo. paper. N. Y., Harper Bros.
- Life, Letters, Lectures, and Addresses* of Rev. F. W. ROBERTSON, Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. 12mo. cloth, pp. 840. N. Y., Harper Bros.

## LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE ABROAD.

MR. TENNYSON, in his early days, published many poems which he has since dropped from the "complete editions" of his works; and printed "for private circulation," others which he has never acknowledged. "The Lover's Tale" is the rarest of these, and several others are contained in a volume called "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," published in 1833. Another volume, "Poems by two Brothers," including the first productions of the present laureate which attracted notice, are eagerly sought by collectors; and a copy of the first two works named, found together, was sold at Sotheby's in London a few weeks ago for 4*l.* 12*s.* Two or three well-known literary men are carefully gathering materials for a complete edition of all that Mr. Tennyson has ever published; but unless the author's own consent is obtained for reviving what he has deliberately chosen to disavow, it can only be given to the world in America.

— Among the great public works interrupted by the war between France and Prussia is the restoration of the Frankfurt Cathedral, the building in which the Emperors of Germany were crowned, which was destroyed by fire ten years ago. The plans were completed a few weeks ago; including the entire removal of the shell of the old tower, two hundred and fifty-six feet high, and the building of a new one on its site seventy-seven feet higher. Subscriptions had been obtained of 563,000 florins, more than half enough to complete the work, King William of Prussia giving 200,000 florins. But the war panic in Frankfurt has driven "the Dom" out of the people's minds. The Cathedral of Cologne, too, a far more important architectural monument, is in the heart of the region likely to be devastated by war; and apprehensions are expressed lest it be destroyed or

injured. The completion of it, which was promised about 1875, is at least sure to be delayed. This cathedral has just had a very beautiful glass window of the sixteenth century restored to it, which was carried off and stored for safety in a vault during the French occupation under Napoleon, when so many of the finest ornaments of the building were destroyed by the invaders. The Domban enthusiasts are in terror lest this fine work of art prove to have been replaced only in time to be destroyed by the same enemy which it so narrowly escaped two generations ago.

— A new life of Lord Byron by the industrious German biographer, Karl Elze, has just appeared (Berlin, Oppenheim). It is by far the most valuable contribution to Byron literature which has followed Mrs. Stowe's attack on the poet's fame, and aims to be a standard work, independent of passing controversies. Herr Elze esteems Byron more and admires him less than any of his British biographers; and makes him no monster, either of genius or of vice.

— "Ahmed le Fellah," the striking romance of M. Edmond About, which appeared as a serial in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* early last year, has been translated into English (The Fellah, by Edmond About, translated by Sir Randal Roberts, Bart.; London, Chapman & Hall). Under the form of a story attractive and effective in itself, it gives more real information upon men and life in Egypt than any other book; and leaves the impression that a country furnished by nature with resources scarcely equalled in the world is kept a waste by bad customs and government.

— The British Royal Commission appointed to consider the propriety of introducing the French or "metrical" system of weights and measures into Great Britain, and including among its

members several of the first names in the scientific world, has reported that, in its opinion, "the time has now arrived when the law should provide, and facilities be afforded by the government, for the introduction and use of metric weights and measures in the United Kingdom." Already, for six years past, the use of these weights and measures has been lawful, equally with the English standards; and the Commission does not yet recommend the exclusive use of the metric system. But a strong party in England are in favor of it, and it seems likely that before many years the French units of measurement will be the only ones sanctioned by British law. Meanwhile it is reported that the metrical standards now in use in different countries, and even in different places in France, are not identical; and a conference was held in Paris in August, between representatives of the United States, Russia, Prussia, Great Britain, and France, to determine what the precise units shall be. Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, attended on behalf of this country.

— Herr Von Reumont has completed his great History of the City of Rome (*Geschichte der Stadt Rom*, von Alfred M. Reumont, 3 bände; Berlin, Von Decker). It is particularly full for all the great popes in the middle ages, and gives carefully compiled annals also extending to the present time.

— Professor John Tyndall gives in *Nature* an interesting account of the recent researches of M. Pastern into the "Silk-worm disease." From 1853 to 1865 the weight of silk-worms produced in France fell off eighty-five per cent. under this scourge, but its nature was not understood, although numerous prizes had been offered for the discovery of a remedy, and many scientific men had long made the subject a special study. In June, 1865, M. Pastern, who "had never seen a silk-worm," undertook the investigation, and after some years of careful experiment and inquiry, proved that the disease consists of the multiplication of a certain kind of corpuscles, which propagate rapidly in the moth, where

they are easily detected, as well as in the egg and the worm, where they are invisible under the microscope, and which shorten the life and diminish the size of the worm. He discovered how to separate healthy from diseased moths, and thus to isolate the epidemic; and he believes that it can thus be wholly destroyed, and the former prosperity of the silk-culture more than restored.

— M. Victor Prou attempts, in *Cosmos*, to explain the very dry summer experienced this year in Western Europe, as the result of an unusually long and severe winter within the arctic circle. The great ice-fields of the North Atlantic and Polar Sea do not break up early enough to supply the usual source of the rains of spring and early summer in the temperate zone. Mr. Prou is confident that a judicious use of the tremendous explosive agents produced by modern chemistry, to break up the ice at the end of a severe polar winter, will restore the needed supply of rain and equalize the temperature; and so proposes an "Insurance Company against Drought." It would be pleasant to see nitro-glycerine in sub-marine batteries put to some better use than blowing up French and Prussian ships.

— At the June meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, Dr. Sigerson read a rather startling paper on the atmosphere, illustrating at once the delicacy of chemical research and the unpleasant mixtures which are sometimes breathed by men. In the air of iron-works, he discovered hollow balls of iron, about one two-thousandth of an inch in diameter; in shirt-factory air, there are little filaments of linen and cotton, with minute eggs; threshing machines and mills fill the air with fibres, starch-grains and spores; in printing-offices, antimony from the types is breathed, and in stables and barbers' shops, scales and hairs. Tobacco-smokers breathe the globules of nicotine; and, in short, every workshop fills the atmosphere with floating fragments of the materials used.

— No financial event in America ever attracted so much attention in Eu-



rope as the gold-panic of September last. Scores of conflicting accounts of it have gone the rounds of the continental newspapers, and several journals of high character have taken the pains to prepare detailed histories of it, in its causes and consequences as well as its daily progress. Perhaps the most careful of these accounts is that in the *Journal des Economistes*, for July; but the most popular sketch of gold-gambling in New York is that given by *Europa*, No. 25, for 1870. The readers of these articles are able to see clearly, what is so completely hidden from many of the very men who have these scenes before their eyes, that the fundamental weakness of our financial system is in the long suspension of specie payments; and that, so long as our currency is fluctuating in value, the national credit can never be secure.

— The most careful biography of Washington Irving yet written now appears, strange to say not in America, whose literature he almost founded, nor in England which he loved, nor in Spain which he celebrated and served, but in Germany—and in Germany, a country and a language which Irving knew and valued less than he certainly would have done, had he lived later. In two compact volumes (Washington Irving, *Ein Lebens und Characterbild*, von Adolf Laun; Berlin, R. Oppenheim), Herr Laun gives the results of an affectionate and intelligent study of his subject in all its aspects, and succeeds in presenting a remarkably interesting and correct picture of the great diplomatist, traveller, and master of English style.

— The sculptor, Wendler, has just completed, for the old St. Mary's church in Dantzic, an altar, the work of two busy years, which has been exhibited and greatly approved in Berlin. It is said to compare favorably with the former well-known altar in this church built by Michael Schwartz three hundred years ago, to which it bears a general resemblance. It is nearly seventy feet high, carved in massive oak, supporting figures of Christ, the principal apostles and the evangelists, and richly gilt, yet

so as to make the fine color of the wood conspicuous.

— The Paris Conservatory of Music has had a gift of 120,000 francs, the income to be used at fixed periods as a prize for the best complete opera, both words and music. Just at this time a letter from Richard Wagner is published, declaring that he will never write for the lyric stage again; apparently because "his *Meistersinger*" has been hissed so much and criticized so severely. But his "*Walkyre*" was then about to be presented in Munich, before the court of his royal patron and friend, for the first time, and his "*Lohengrin*" was in rehearsal at the Italiens in Paris; perhaps their reception may encourage him to produce more of the "music of the future." If not, some of the American compliments to the Rienzi overture, as given here so often and so well last winter, must be sent out to him.

— Europe is far behind the United States in the opportunities afforded to women for medical study and practice. In Edinburgh the Council of the University voted down Professor Mason's proposition to admit students on the same conditions without regard to sex, by 58 to 47. In Vienna a Russian Jewess, who applied for admission to clinical lectures, has been rejected, and it is declared that women are *ex-officio* unacceptable as students; and in Munich the minister of public instruction formally announces that matriculation at the University of Bavaria is conditioned upon the male sex of the applicant. London seems to be the only place where the question is much discussed, but there it is admitted that the women have the best of the argument, and that the claims of Drs. Elizabeth Blackwell and Miss Garrett had not been answered, that the medical profession is peculiarly a work for their sex. In Paris, however, their right to learn all they can, and to do all the good they can, is not disputed.

— The state of religion in Germany is a subject much talked and written of, but really little understood; and two strangely different but equally interesting works, which have just appeared con-

cerning it, are full of novel and instructive matter. "Religious Thought in Germany, by the *Times*' Correspondent at Berlin," (London, Tinsley Bros.), is a reprint of a remarkable series of letters in the *London Times*, picturing with much effect the general skepticism of the thinking people, and the materials for a superstitious reaction among the ignorant. "Religious Life in Germany during the War of Independence, in a series of historical and biographical sketches," by William Baur, minister in Hamburg (authorized translation, 2 vols., London, Strahan), contains earnest and carefully studied lives of some of the most remarkable characters of the beginning of the century, Heinrich von Stein, Fichte, Arndt, Heffens, Schleiermacher, Von Holberg, and others; so told as to depict the effects of practical faith, under the most opposite theoretical beliefs and the most varied circumstances. The reader of both books will conclude that the last half-century has made terrible havoc with religious tendencies and forms among the Germans.

— The formal proclamation of the dogma of papal infallibility was delayed until it had ceased to excite watchful attention from the press and the public, the Franco-Prussian war having engrossed all thoughts. But it may yet prove to have been a more important event in universal history than the nomination of a Hohenzollern to Isabella's throne, or Benedetti's insult to King William. It seems likely to be followed at once by the repeal of the Austrian concordat, and the withdrawal of Napoleon's troops from Rome; that is, by the virtual abandonment, by the strongest Catholic governments in Europe, of the papacy. Already it has given occasion to a flood of pamphlets and newspaper discussions, upon doctrinal and historical questions connected with it, none of which, however, upon either side, have any permanent value, either literary or ecclesiastical. The dogma itself, in its official form, merely makes the Pope the supreme doctrinal oracle and judge in his Church, when he pronounces formally, and in the name of the Church, upon

points of doctrine and practice; not implying that he must needs be a wise or good man in himself. It thus adds little to the logical difficulties of the Roman Catholic position for its controversialists, while vastly increasing the dignity and glory with which "the viceregent of God upon earth" will be regarded by the priest-ridden masses of unquestioning believers.

— A recent number (96) of the series of *Lectures on Natural Science*, issued by Messrs. Virchow and Holtzendorff, of which we have before spoken as the most valuable presentation of the outlines of science for popular reading ever published in any language, contains a discussion of the skulls of men and of apes (über Menschen und Affenschädel), by Dr. Rudolf Virchow; perhaps the highest authority in general anatomy in the world. He controverts the too rapid conclusions of Karl Vogt and Hæckel, who have thought it easy to point out the exact nature and manner of the transition, by natural selection, from the ape-brain to that of man; and, while not disputing the general theory of the descent of man from lower forms of being, he shows that the differences between monkeys and men are too wide, and our ignorance of any intermediate forms too complete, to enable any plausible zoological pedigree to be worked out for us.

— A very curious work is in preparation by Mr. Mitford, the Secretary of the British Legation in Japan; a collection of the best original novels of the Japanese language, with illustrations by native artists. The appetite for stories of civilized life seems to be nearly sated among habitual novel-readers, but here is something really new.

— The French and English are rejoicing over discoveries of extensive beds of good mineral coal in Algeria and Bengal. At Laghat, in the French possessions in Africa, a bed has been opened which promises to supply all Algiers and southern France with fuel; while at Midnapur, within seventy miles of Calcutta, some well-diggers have struck a bed of excellent coal, from which it is hoped that the British

steamers in the trade to India and to Australia can be supplied. But neither formation has been sufficiently explored to make its extent or value certain.

— The famous prison of the Conciergerie in Paris is undergoing reconstruction. The court in which the massacres of September took place, and the larger court, are already destroyed, and all the cells in which prisoners awaited the summons to the guillotine are to be removed, except the one in which the Queen Marie Antoinette spent her last days; this will be preserved just as she left it, as a memorial of her. Foreign journals revive curious and touching descriptions of the scenes of the Revolution within its walls; the most complete of which is the narrative of Count Benignot, who had the rare good fortune to escape the guillotine, and to be released after a long imprisonment in 1794, and who was afterwards a minister both of Napoleon and of Louis XVIII.

— The journals of the two hemispheres are filled with memorials of Charles Dickens, perhaps the most successful author the human race has yet produced. He has reached more readers in his lifetime, and made a deeper and better impression upon them, than any other writer of any age; and his fame, which grew steadily until his death, is left by him in its full splendor. Critics waste their time in attempting to define his place and rank in literature, while the reading world is sorrowing over his grave. He may have little in common with the few great creators and guides of thought, who, one in many ages, lay the corner-stones of human culture—the Homers, Platos, Shakespeares—and his active influence, unlike theirs in its rapid growth, may be unlike theirs, too, in its short duration; but the work he has done for this generation will cause it to give better brains and hearts to its children, and to their remotest descendants, until he finds his place among the highest of the

"Many men, whose names on earth are dark,  
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die,  
So long as flame outlives its parent spark."

— The power of great economic

achievements to change the face of the world, is illustrated by the alarm into which many Frenchmen have fallen, at the prospect that a railway will soon be built from Germany through Switzerland into Italy, by way of the St. Gothard pass. The North German Federal Assembly has authorized the Government to give a large sum for this project; and it is said that Italy and Switzerland are eager to carry it out, in the hope of diverting to this route the travel and the most valuable part of the traffic between India and the East, on one hand, and England and all northern Europe on the other. A glance at the map will show how it is conceivable that, in this way, Venice or Genoa or Naples might one day become the capital of the Mediterranean commerce, in place of Marseilles.

— A very doubtful discovery is that reported by Heinrich Schliemann, from the village of Eiplak, or New Ilium. He has been excavating in the plain of Troy, and has discovered, several feet under ground, the foundations of a large building, which, he asserts, is doubtless Priam's palace, in which Hector sacrificed to Zeus; and the thick walls of the citadel of Priam, "the crown of Troas," in which, as the second Iliad reports, the goddess Iris appeared to Hector.

— Dr. F. W. Ebeling has written an unsatisfactory biography of Count Von Beust, in two considerable volumes (Leipzig, Wöller), treating almost exclusively of his Saxon life and services, and diplomatically withholding what every body wants most to know—the true history of the Austrian Government during his administration. It is, of course, written under Von Beust's own supervision, in this case giving the author peculiar facilities for concealment and reserve.

— Russia, as described in most recent books—and there are legions of them which profess to describe it,—is a sort of barbarous imitation of Parisian society in an Icelandic climate. But "Aus Russland's Vergangenheit, von

Wilhelm Pierson" (Leipzig, Duncker & Humboldt), gives the results of long observation and study of the people, before they were invaded by European culture, and thus forms a curious and sometimes startling picture of their customs, manufactures, fashions, modes of labor and thought. It is sometimes imagined, by ill-informed people, that Russia and the United States are to share the world's great future between them; but a little wholesome truth about the Muscovites will satisfy Americans that, socially, politically, and morally, it is well to keep at the other end of Christendom from them.

— Dr. David Strauss, author of the "Life of Jesus," has finished a work on Voltaire, intended to be a critical estimate of his position in literature and his services to modern thought, which is looked for in Germany with deep interest by all classes. There is much in which the writer resembles his subject, though Strauss is almost as superior to Voltaire in sincerity, truthfulness, critical depth, and logical exactness, as he is inferior in wit, fire, and versatility.

— The geographer Kiepert has spent the Spring months in Palestine, making researches and measurements which promise important corrections in the maps of that country. He has made some interesting discoveries, chiefly new identifications of places named in sacred history, and reports the country free from disturbance, and the weather favorable to his work.

— A new department is organizing in the French Ministry—that of "Letters, Sciences, and the Fine Arts." The control of the Imperial Institute, the Imperial Library, and the other Government libraries, and the general interests of literature, science, and art, are to be under its protection, and it will have power to grant subsidies for scientific and geographical explorations, and for the publication of contributions to history. The Imperial Library of Paris, the noblest in the world, has hitherto been under the nominal care of the Department of Instruction, and has been so wretchedly neglected, that it is des-

titute of many of the most common and useful books in the English and German languages, while most of its resources are wholly unused, for want of the necessary means of access to them—such as catalogues, attendants, &c. It is hoped that all this will now be reformed as fast as possible.

— Professor Mategazza, the Italian chemist, has made an elaborate series of researches into the origin and effects of ozone in the atmosphere. He confirms the belief that its presence is destructive of malaria, and protects against infectious disease. He finds that odorous flowers throw off ozone in amounts proportioned to the strength of their odors; and recommends that such flowers be placed in houses where there is any reason to fear the existence of malaria.

— The doctrine, first put forth last winter by Professor Coryville Thompson, that the formation of chalk-rock, and the deposit in it of organic fossils, have gone on continuously from the early part of the tertiary epoch until now, in the North Atlantic Ocean, has been heartily embraced by many of the leading geologists and naturalists of Europe. "We may be said to be still living in the cretaceous epoch," says Dr. Thompson; and Dr. Carpenter approves the statement, and declares that "the idea is one which must exert so important an influence on the future course of geological inquiry, that its introduction will be one of the landmarks in the history of the science." Certainly it seems utterly to overthrow, if admitted, all conclusions whatever as to chronology, founded on the nature and succession of rocks, and to leave the geologists nothing on which to build up a record of the past except the progressive changes of organic life.

— It is now twenty-seven years since Hermann Burmeister first published his "History of Creation," and in successive editions he has improved it by his own careful studies, as well as by the results of other investigators, until it may be regarded as the best, as it certainly is, to untechnical readers,

the most intelligible, general account of what is known of animated nature. Professor Burmeister is free from the prejudices of all schools, from the narrowness of some specialists, and from hasty devotion to unestablished theories; but he fairly states the evidence in favor of the views to which the scientific world now leans, without disguising their difficulties or their unsolved problems. The changes which the earth has undergone in condition and temperature, with their causes, the origin of life, the succession of organisms, and the relations of species to one another, are among the subjects which he discusses, with such sobriety and fullness of knowledge, that some of the leading European critics rank his recent eighth edition with Humboldt's "Cosmos" in importance. A French translation of this work, by M. E. Maupas, has just appeared (Paris, F. Savy), and will bring it within reach of many to whom the German original is inaccessible. Now that a host of English works on various branches of the same subject are claiming attention, many of them misleading or worthless, it is to be hoped that this standard and authoritative treatise will be translated.

— We cannot call any thing of Mr. Richard A. Proctor's either worthless or misleading, without qualification; but his new work, "Other Worlds than Ours; the Plurality of Worlds Studied under the Light of Recent Scientific Researches" (London, Longmans, Green & Co.), is certainly disappointing. Mr. Proctor thinks that recent discoveries in astronomy have gone very far to prove that some of the other planets are inhabited by living beings, if not by intelligent observers of the skies, and he devotes a volume of more than three hundred pages to setting them forth in this point of view. His presentation of them, though excessively diffuse, is often interesting, but he makes out no case. It is of Mars that he thinks his point best proved, and he enthusiastically discusses "Mars, the miniature of our earth;" but the established facts on which he relies are simply that

this planet has a varied surface, which may be made up of land and water; that it has an atmosphere, of unknown density and composition, which contains something like watery vapor, and throws down, in winter, heavy masses of something like snow; and that its cold winters and changes of climate, though far more severe than ours, may possibly be so tempered by atmospheric influences as not at once to destroy all such life as we know. When we consider how very slight a change in the composition of the atmosphere, as, for example, either an increase or a deficiency in the amount of carbonic acid, would destroy vegetable and animal life; or how, in the absence of the moon—and Mars has none—the ocean would become stagnant, or how quickly every living thing would perish, even on the earth, were it removed as far from the sun as Mars is, or any of a score of other nice balances between destructive powers, which are essential to the habitability of the earth, Mr. Proctor's scientific arguments appear of little value. It is really the theological argument from final causes alone on which the book rests—assuming that the worlds were created for a purpose, and, unable to conceive of any worthy purpose but as the scene of life, the author concludes that this must be their *raison d'être*. This reasoning recurs on every page; but, good or bad, it has nothing to do with science.

— One of the most entertaining books of the year is "A Series of Letters of the First Earl of Malmesbury, his Family and Friends, from 1745 to 1820," edited by his grandson, the Right Honorable the Earl of Malmesbury, G. C. B. (2 vols., London, Bentley). The first Earl was the son of Mr. James Harris, the author of the once famous "Hermes," or Principles of Universal Grammar, and therefore the grand-nephew of the great Lord Shaftesbury, of the "Characteristics." He was an Oxford boy, of Fox's set; entered the diplomatic service at Madrid in 1767, and, from that time until his death, in 1820, was intimately acquainted with



all the secret history and with all the leading statesmen of Europe. The Earl's diaries and public correspondence were published by the same editor in 1844; but the cream of history is that which does not come first to the surface, and nothing more rich than these volumes in hints to the historian, for unravelling the plots that define nations and build up dynasties, and for illustrating the manners of the times, has of late years been given to the press.

— The action of the Convocation of Canterbury, in appointing committees of scholars to revise the authorized version of the Scriptures, has given rise to endless discussion in the English journals, but with small results in contributions to the subject. Dr. C. J. Ellicott publishes his "Considerations on the Revision of the English Version of the New Testament" (London, Longmans), which contain nothing new. The Convocation is not likely to sanction any thing but the most conservative treatment of King James's text; and both the bigoted friends and the severest critics of that work seem to expect that its revision will only unsettle people's confidence in the words of their Bible, without really meeting the demand for a fair representation in the English tongue of the results of modern scholarship.

— M. Emile Le Roy, already famous as a scientific physiologist and physician, has just published an elabo-

rate work on Suicide ("Etude sur le Suicide et les Maladies Mentales dans le département de Seine-et-Maine, avec points de comparaison près en France et à l'étranger. Paris, Masson"). He has examined the subject in a broader light than any of the statisticians or medical jurists who have treated it, investigating the relations of suicide, and of the states of mind which occasion it, to age, sex, and race, to the climate and the seasons, to occupations, passions, and habits, to political and economical causes, and to social customs. There are few problems which have puzzled social philosophers more than the explanation of some of the strange uniformities presented by the statistics of suicide; as, for instance, why far more Scandinavians and Germans kill themselves than Italians or Slavonians; why self-murder is everywhere far more common in summer than in winter; why fewer men and more women commit suicide on Sunday than on any other day; and many other curious general facts, some of which M. Le Roy succeeds not only in explaining, but in making instructive, as instances of striking induction from statistical information. It will surprise many to learn that the bad preëminence in the proportion of suicidal deaths commonly supposed to belong to France is really characteristic only of Paris, and that self-murder is really fifty per cent. more common among the British people than among the French.